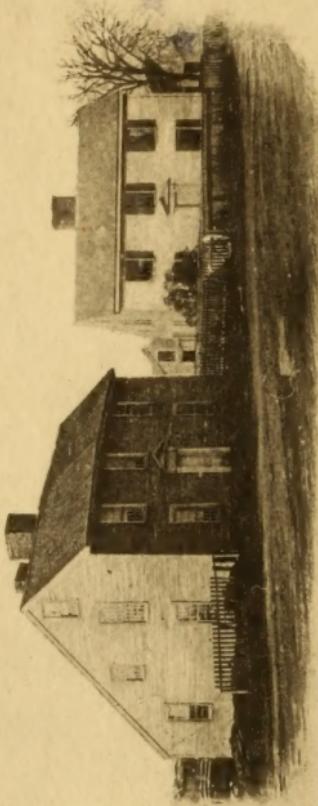




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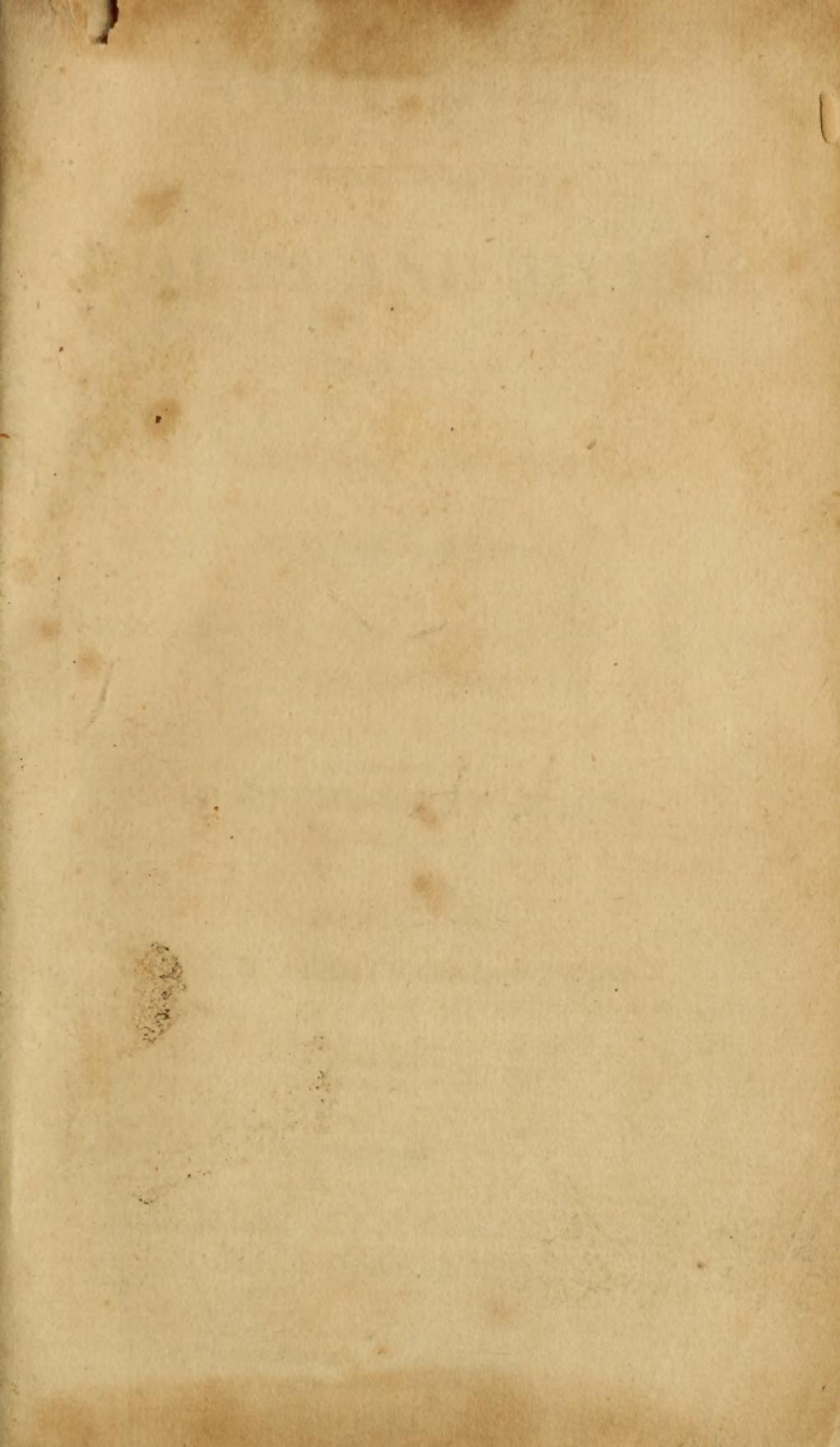
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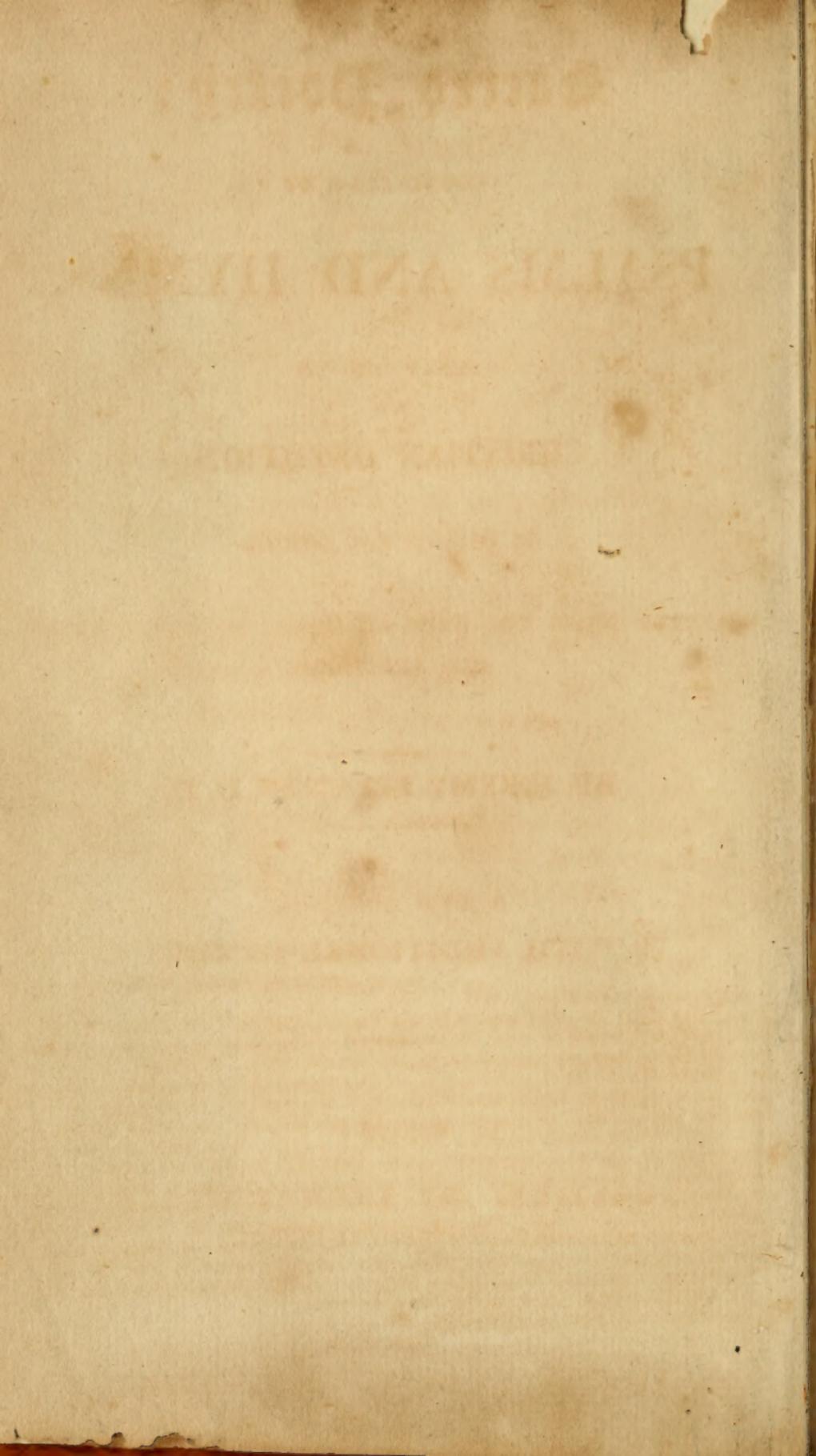


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*John Adams*  
**Sacred Poetry:**

CONSISTING OF

**PSALMS AND HYMNS,**

ADAPTED TO

**CHRISTIAN DEVOTION,**

In publick and private.

SELECTED FROM THE BEST AUTHORS, WITH VARIATIONS  
AND ADDITIONS.

BY JEREMY BELKNAP, D. D.

A NEW EDITION,

WITH ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

BOSTON :

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS WELLS,  
No. 3 Hanover-Street.

Lincoln & Edmands, Printers.

1820.

X ADAMS 264.20

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, *to wit* :

*District Clerk's Office.*

BE it remembered, that on the fourth day of November, A. D. 1812, and in the thirty-seventh year of the Independence of the United States of America, THOMAS and ANDREWS and WEST and BLAKE, of the said district, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:—"Sacred Poetry : consisting of Psalms and Hymns adapted to Christian Devotion, in publick and private. Selected from the best Authors, with variations and additions. By Jeremy Belknap, D. D. A new edition, with additional Hymns."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned." And also to an Act entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, 'an Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

WILLIAM S. SHAW,  
*Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.*

## PREFACE.

---

DR. JOHNSON hath observed concerning devotional poetry, that “the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction.” Inferior subjects may be heightened by the charms of rhetorick, but this is too sublime to receive any decoration from human eloquence; and we often debase it by making the attempt.

Dr. WATTS, in one of his hymns, hath said,

“Join all the names of *love* and power  
“That ever *men* or angels bore ;  
“All are too *mean* to speak his worth,  
“Or set *EMANUEL*’s glory forth.”

Yet, such was the imperfection of one of the best of men, that we frequently find in his divine poems, epithets and allusions taken from “mortal beauties,” and applied to the Saviour, with a license disgusting to the spirit of devotion. It has been my aim to avoid these familiarities; and either to change or omit such epithets and allusions.

The names of the authors from whom this Selection is made, are subjoined to each psalm or hymn; excepting when they are unknown, or have requested concealment. Most of these names are familiar to the readers of poetry; but there is one, to whom I am largely indebted for some of the most elegant of these productions, who is but little known in this country, and of whom I conceive the following account will be acceptable to every reader.

"ANNE STEELE was the eldest daughter of a dissenting minister at Broughton, in Hampshire, a man of piety, integrity, benevolence, and the most amiable simplicity of manners. She discovered in early life, her love of the muses, and often entertained her friends with the truly poetical and pious productions of her pen. But, it was her infelicity, as it has been of many of her kindred spirits, to have a capacious soaring mind enclosed in a very weak and languid body. She lived for the most part a life of retirement in the same peaceful village where she began and ended her days. The duties of friendship and religion occupied her time, and the pleasures of both constituted her delight. Her heart was apt to feel, often to a degree too painful for her own felicity; but always with the most tender and generous sympathy for her friends. Yet, she possessed a native cheerfulness; of which, even the agonizing pains she endured, in the latter part of her life, could not deprive her. In every short interval of abated suffering, she would, in a variety of ways, as well as by her enlivening conversation, give pleasure to all around her. Her life was a life of unaffected humility, warm benevolence, sincere friendship, and genuine devotion. She waited with christian dignity for the hour of her departure: when it came, she welcomed its approach; and having taken an affectionate leave of her friends, closed her eyes with these animating words on her lips, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."\*

\* This account is taken from the preface to the third volume of her "miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse," published under the name of THEODOSIA, by the Rev. Caleb Evans, of Bristol, 1780, after her decease.

It is humbly apprehended, that a grateful and affectionate address to the exalted Saviour of mankind, or a hymn in honour of the Eternal Spirit, cannot be disagreeable to the mind of God. To stigmatize such an act of devotion with the name of *idolatry*, is (to say the least) an abuse of language. It cannot be justly charged with derogating from the glory due to the ONE God and Father of all, because he is the ultimate object of the honour which is given to *his* Son and to *his* Spirit.

In this Selection, those Christians who do not scruple to sing praises to their Redeemer and Sanctifier, will find materials for such a sublime enjoyment; whilst others, whose tenderness of conscience may oblige them to confine their addresses to the Father only, will find no deficiency of matter suited to their idea of “the chaste and awful spirit of devotion.”

BOSTON, MAY 10, 1795.

N. B. The characters denoting the sharp or flat key, are prefixed to each psalm or hymn at my request, by the Rev. Dr. MORSE, of Charlestown.

THE Hymns from the 300th to the end, are added to this edition, and have been selected by a successor of the Rev. Author. It is hoped that they will increase the value of the Collection, and will serve to cherish that spirit of genuine devotion which the whole work is eminently adapted to promote.

Nov. 1812.

# PSALMS.

---

## PSALM I. *Common Metre,*

\*

The Happiness of the Righteous and the Misery of the Wicked.

- 1 BLEST is the man who shuns the place  
Where sinners love to meet ;  
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,  
And hates the scoffer's seat :
- 2 But in the statutes of the Lord  
Has plac'd his chief delight ;  
By day he reads or hears the word,  
And meditates by night.
- 3 He, like a tree of gen'rous kind,  
By living waters set,  
Safe from the storm and blasting wind,  
Enjoys a peaceful state.
- 4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair  
Shall his profession shine ;  
Whilst fruits of holiness appear  
Like clusters on the vine.
- 5 Not so th' impious and unjust ;  
What vain designs they form !  
Their hopes are blown away like dust,  
Or chaff before the storm.
- 6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand  
Among the sons of grace,

When Christ, the Judge, at his right hand  
Appoints his saints a place.

- 7 His eye beholds the path they tread,  
His heart approves it well ;  
But crooked ways of sinners lead  
Down to the gates of hell.

WATTS.

PSALM II. *Common Metre.*

#

The Exaltation of Christ.

- 1 ATTEND, O earth, when God declares  
His uncontroll'd decree ;  
• “Thou art my Son, this day, my Heir,  
“Have I begotten thee.

- 2 “Upon my holy Zion's hill  
“My King I thee ordain ;  
“And though thy foes dispute my will,  
“Thou shalt for ever reign.

- 3 “Ask and receive thy full demands,  
“Thine shall the heathen be ;  
“The utmost limits of the lands  
“Shall be possess'd by thee.

- 4 “Thy righteous sceptre thou shalt sway,  
“And all thy foes command ;  
“Just as the potter breaks the clay,  
“And moulds it with his hand.”

- 5 Be wise, ye princes, then ; give ear,  
Ye judges of the earth ;  
Worship the Lord with holy fear,  
Rejoice with awful mirth.

- 6 Approach the Son with due respect,  
To him your homage pay ;  
Lest ye persist in your neglect,  
And perish in your way.

7 If but in part his anger rise,  
 Who can endure the flame?  
 Then blest are they whose hope relies  
 On his most holy Name.

TATE, varied.

PSALM II. *Short Metre.*

#

The Death, Resurrection and Glory of Christ.

- 1 MAKER, and sov'reign Lord  
 Of heav'n, and earth, and seas,  
 Thy providence confirms thy word,  
 And answers thy decrees.
- 2 The things so long foretold  
 By David, are fulfill'd ;  
 When Jews and Gentiles join'd to slay  
 Jesus, thy holy Child.
- 3 Why did the Gentiles rage,  
 And Jews with one accord  
 Unite their counsels to destroy  
 Th' Anointed of the Lord ?
- 4 Rulers and kings agree  
 To form a vain design ;  
 Against the Lord they join their pow'rs,  
 Against his Christ combine.
- 5 The Lord derides their rage,  
 And will support his throne ;  
 He who hath rais'd him from the dead,  
 Hath own'd him for his Son.
- 6 He asks, and God bestows  
 A vast inheritance ;  
 Far as the earth's remotest ends  
 His kingdom shall advance.

WATTS.

## PSALM III. Common Metre.

b

Doubts and Fears suppressed.

- 1** My God, how many are my fears !  
 How fast my foes increase !  
 Their number, how it multiplies !  
 How fatal to my peace !
- 2** The lying tempter would persuade  
 There's no relief from heav'n ;  
 And all my swelling sins appear  
 Too great to be forgiv'n.
- 3** But thou, O Lord, art my defence,  
 On thee my hopes rely ;  
 My sinking spirit thou wilt raise,  
 And lift my head on high.
- 4** In former times of deep distress  
 To God I made my pray'r :  
 He heard me from his holy hill ;  
 Why should I now despair ?
- 5** Guarded by him, I lay me down  
 My sweet repose to take ;  
 For I through him securely sleep,  
 Through him in safety wake.
- 6** Salvation to the Lord belongs,  
 His arm alone can save ;  
 Blessings attend thy people here,  
 And reach beyond the grave.

TATE and WATTS, united and varied.

## PSALM IV. ver. 6, 7. Common Metre. \* or b

True Happiness only in God.

- 1** WHEN fancy spreads her boldest wings,  
 And wanders unconfin'd,  
 Amidst the varied scene of things  
 Which entertain the mind ;

- 2 In vain we trace creation o'er,  
     In search of sacred rest ;  
     The whole creation is too poor  
         To make us fully blest.
- 3 In vain would this low world employ  
     Each flatt'ring specious wile ;  
     For what can yield a real joy  
         But our Creator's smile ?
- 4 Let earth with all her charms depart,  
     Unworthy of the mind ;  
     In God alone our restless heart  
         An equal bliss can find.
- 5 Great Source of all felicity,  
     To thee our wishes tend !  
     Do not these wishes rise from thee,  
         And in thy favour end ?
- 6 Thy favour, Lord, is all we want,  
     Here would our spirit rest ;  
     O seal the rich, the boundless grant,  
         And make us fully blest !

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM IV. ver. 8. *Long Metre.*

\*

*An Evening Song.*

- 1 Thus far the Lord has led me on,  
     Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,  
     And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known  
         Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
     And I, perhaps, am near my home ;  
     But he forgives my follies past,  
         And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,  
     Peace is the pillow for my head ;

His ever watchful eye shall keep  
Its constant guard around my bed.

- 4 Faith in his name forbids my fear :  
O may thy presence ne'er depart !  
And in the morning let me hear  
The love and kindness of thy heart.
- 5 Thus when the night of death shall come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground ;  
And wait thy voice to break the tomb,  
With glad salvation in the sound.

WATTS.

PSALM V. *Common Metre.*

\*

For the Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear  
    My voice ascending high ;  
To thee will I address my pray'r,  
    To thee direct mine eye.
- 2 Thou art a God before whose sight  
    The wicked shall not stand ;  
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
    Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 3 But to thy house will I resort,  
    To taste thy mercies there ;  
I will frequent thine holy court,  
    And worship in thy fear.
- 4 O may thy Spirit guide my feet  
    In ways of truth and grace !  
Make ev'ry path of duty straight  
    And plain before my face.
- 5 The men who love and fear thy name  
    Shall see their hopes fulfill'd ;  
The mighty God will compass them  
    With favour, as a shield.

WATTS.

## PSALM VI. Common Metre.

**b**

Prayer in Sickness.

- 1** IN anger, Lord, rebuke me not,  
    But spare a wretch forlorn ;  
Correct me not in thy fierce wrath,  
    Too heavy to be borne.
- 2** Sorrow and pain consume the day,  
    I waste the night with cries,  
Counting the minutes as they pass,  
    Till the slow morning rise.
- 3** My tortur'd flesh distracts my mind,  
    And fills my soul with grief ;  
How long, O Lord, wilt thou delay  
    To grant me thy relief ?
- 4** The gloomy shades of death cannot  
    Thy glorious acts proclaim ;  
No pris'ner of the silent grave  
    Can magnify thy name.
- 5** He hears when dust and ashes pray,  
    He pities all my groans ;  
He saves me for his mercy's sake,  
    And heals my broken bones.
- 6** The virtue of his sov'reign word  
    Restores my fainting breath ;  
To him will I devote that life  
    Which he has sav'd from death.

TATE and WATTS united and varied.

## PSALM VII. Common Metre.

**\* or b**

Confidence in God.

- 1** My trust is in my heav'nly Friend,  
    My hope in thee, my God ;  
Rise, and my helpless life defend  
    From those who seek my blood,

- 2 If malice lurk'd within my heart,  
     Before thy piercing eyes,  
     I should not dare appeal to thee,  
     Nor ask my God to rise.
- 3 Impartial Judge of all the world,  
     I trust my cause to thee ;  
     According to my righteousness  
     So let thy sentence be.
- 4 Let wicked arts of wicked men  
     Be wholly overthrown ;  
     But guard the just, O God, to whom  
     The hearts of both are known.
- 5 Then will I all the righteous ways  
     Of Providence proclaim ;  
     I'll sing the praise of God most high,  
     And celebrate his name.

TATE and WATTS, united.

PSALM VIII. Common Metre.     ※ or b  
     Divine Condescension.

- 1 O THOU, to whom all creatures bow,  
     Within this earthly frame !  
     Through all the world, how great art thou,  
     How glorious is thy name !
- 2 When heaven, thy glorious work on high,  
     Employs my wond'ring sight ;  
     The moon that nightly rules the sky,  
     With stars of feebler light ;
- 3 Lord, what is man ! that thou shouldst choose  
     To keep him in thy mind !  
     Or what his race, that thou shouldst prove  
     To them so wondrous kind !
- 4 Him next in power thou didst create  
     To thy celestial train ;

Ordain'd with dignity and state  
O'er all thy works to reign.

- 5 They jointly own his powerful sway,  
The beasts that prey or graze ;  
The bird that wings its airy way,  
The fish that cuts the seas.

- 6 O thou, to whom all creatures bow,  
Within this earthly frame,  
Through all the world, how great art thou !  
How glorious is thy name !

TATE.

PSALM VIII. *Long Metre.* b

Adam and Christ, or the old and new Creation.

- 1 LORD, what was man when made at first,  
Adam, the offspring of the dust,  
That thou shouldst set him and his race,  
But just below an angel's place ?
- 2 That thou shouldst raise his nature so,  
And make him Lord of all below ;  
Make every beast and bird submit,  
And lay the fishes at his feet !
- 3 But what sublimer glories wait  
To crown the second Adam's state !  
What honours shall thy Son adorn,  
Who condescended to be born !
- 4 See him below his angels made !  
See him in dust among the dead !  
To save the world from death and sin :  
But he shall reign with power divine.
- 5 The world to come, redeem'd from all  
The mis'ries that attend the fall,  
New made and glorious, shall submit  
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

WATTS.

PSALM IX. ver. 10, 11. L. M.



## Encouragement to Faith.

- 1 SING** to the Lord, who loud proclaims  
His various and his saving names ;  
**O** may they not be heard alone,  
But by our sure experience known.
- 2** The great Jehovah be ador'd,  
Th' eternal, all-sufficient Lord ;  
Through all the world, most high confess'd,  
By him 'twas form'd, and is possess'd.
- 3** Awake, our noblest powers, to bless  
The God of Abra'm, God of Peace ;  
Now, by a dearer title known,  
Father and God of Christ his Son.
- 4** Through every age his gracious ear  
Is open to his servant's pray'r ;  
Nor can one humble soul complain  
That he has sought his God in vain.
- 5** What unbelieving heart shall dare  
In whispers to suggest a fear,  
While still he owns his ancient name,  
The same his power, his love the same.
- 6** To thee our souls in faith arise,  
To thee we lift expecting eyes,  
And boldly through the desert tread,  
For God will guard where God shall lead.

DODDRIDGE.

PSALM X. Common Metre.

b

## A Prayer for Deliverance from Oppression.

- 1 WHY** doth the Lord stand off so far,  
And why conceal his face,  
**W**hen great calamities appear,  
And times of deep distress ?

- 2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride  
     Thy justice and thy power?  
 Shall they erect their heads in pride,  
     And better men devour?
- 3 Arise, O God! lift up thy hand,  
     Attend our humble cry;  
 No enemy shall dare to stand,  
     When God our help is nigh.
- 4 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,  
     And still incline thine ear;  
 Thou knowest what thy children say,  
     And thou their voice wilt hear.
- 5 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,  
     No more despise the just;  
 And mighty sinners shall confess  
     They are but earth and dust.

WATTS.

PSALM XI. *Long Metre.*

b

The Justice of Divine Providence.

- 1 ON God my steadfast hopes rely;  
 Why do my foes insulting cry,  
 "Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove,  
 "And seek the mountain's lonesome grove?"
- 2 Behold the wicked aim their darts  
     Against the men of upright hearts!  
 If government be overthrown,  
     Who then the injur'd cause will own?
- 3 The Lord, enthron'd above the sky,  
 On suff'ring virtue casts his eye:  
 Though he afflict his saints, to prove  
     Their patience, and to try their love;

- 4 Yet lawless hands and hearts impure,  
 His frowns vindictive will endure ;  
 His lightning wings its rapid way,  
 His thunder fills them with dismay.
- 5 Where truth and justice hold their place,  
 God will reveal his gracious face ;  
 Delighted in the upright mind  
 His own reflected beams to find.

MERRICK, with additions.

PSALM XII. *Common Metre.*

b

*Corruption of Manners.*

- 1 HELP, Lord ! for men of virtue fail,  
 Religion loses ground ;  
 The sons of wickedness prevail,  
 And treacheries abound.
- 2 Their oaths and promises they break,  
 Yet act the flatt’rer’s part ;  
 With fair deceitful lips they speak,  
 And with a double heart.
- 3 Scoffers appear on every side,  
 Where a vile race of men  
 Are rais’d to seats of power and pride,  
 And bear the sword in vain.
- 4 Lord, when iniquities abound,  
 And blasphemy grows bold ;  
 When faith is hardly to be found,  
 And love is waxen cold ;
- 5 Is not thy chariot hast’ning on ?  
 Hast thou not given the sign ?  
 May we not trust and live upon  
 A promise so divine ?

6 Thy word, like silver seven times try'd,  
   Through ages shall endure ;  
 The men who in thy truth confide,  
   Shall find thy promise sure.

WATTS.

PSALM XIII. *Common Metre.*

b

Complaint under Temptation.

- 1 How long wilt thou conceal thy face ?  
   My God, how long delay ?  
 When wilt thou send thy heavenly rays  
   To drive my fears away ?
- 2 How long shall my distressed soul  
   Struggle and toil in vain ?  
 Thy word can all my foes control,  
   And ease my raging pain.
- 3 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,  
   My soul in safety keep ;  
 Make haste, before my eyes are seal'd  
   In death's eternal sleep.
- 4 How would the tempter boast aloud,  
   If I become his prey,  
 And all the host of hell grow proud,  
   At thy so long delay !
- 5 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,  
   And Satan hide his head ;  
 He knows the terrors of thy look,  
   And hears thy voice with dread.
- 6 Thou wilt display that sov'reign grace  
   On which my hopes have hung ;  
 I shall employ my lips in praise,  
   And vict'ry shall be sung.

WATTS.

## PSALM XIV. Common Metre.

b

## Universal Depravity.

- 1 FOOLS in their hearts believe and say,  
“ That all religion’s vain ;  
“ There is no God that reigns on high,  
“ Or minds th’ affairs of men.”
- 2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane  
Corrupt discourse proceeds ;  
And by their impious hands are done  
Abominable deeds.
- 3 The Lord, from his celestial throne,  
Look’d down on things below,  
To find the men that sought his grace,  
Or did his justice know.
- 4 He saw that all were gone astray,  
Their practice all the same ;  
That none did fear his Maker’s hand,  
That none did love his name.
- 5 Their tongues are us’d to speak deceit,  
Their slanders never cease ;  
How swift to mischief are their feet,  
Nor know the paths of peace !
- 6 Such seeds of sin, that bitter root,  
In every heart are found ;  
Nor will they bear diviner fruit  
Till grace refine the ground.

WATTS.

## PSALM XV. Common Metre.

x or b

## The Citizen of Zion.

- 1 LORD, who’s the happy man that may  
To thy blest courts repair ?  
And whilst he bows before thy throne,  
Shall find acceptance there ?

- 2 'Tis he, whose truly honest heart  
     By rules of virtue moves ;  
     Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak  
         The thing his heart disproves :
- 3 Who never will a slander forge,  
     His neighbour's fame to wound ;  
     Nor hearken to a false report,  
         By malice whisper'd round :
- 4 Who vice, when drest in pomp and power,  
     Can treat with just neglect ;  
     And piety, though cloth'd in rags,  
         Religiously respect :
- 5 Who to his plighted vows and trust  
     Has ever firmly stood ;  
     And though he promise to his loss,  
         He makes his promise good :
- 6 Who seeks not in oppressive ways  
     His treasure to employ ;  
     Whom no reward can ever bribe  
         The guiltless to destroy :
- 7 The man, who by his steady course  
     Has happiness insur'd,  
     When earth's foundations shake, shall stand,  
         By Providence secur'd.

TATE.

PSALM XV. *Long Metre.*      ✗ or b  
     The Virtues of a Christian.

- 1 Who shall ascend thy heavenly place,  
     Great God, and dwell before thy face ?  
     The man who loves religion now,  
         And humbly walks with God below ;
- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,  
     Whose lips still speak the thing they mean ;

No slanders dwell upon his tongue,  
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 He will not trust an ill report,  
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt ;  
Sinners of state he can despise,  
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.

4 Firm to his word he ever stood,  
And always makes his promise good ;  
Nor will he change the thing he swears,  
Whatever pain or loss he bears.

5 He never deals in bribing gold,  
And mourns that justice should be sold ;  
If others vex and grind the poor,  
Sweet charity attends his door.

6 He loves his enemies, and prays  
For those who curse him to his face ;  
And doth to all men still the same  
That he could hope or wish from them.

7 Yet, when his holiest works are done,  
His soul depends on grace alone :  
This is the man thy face shall see,  
And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

WATTS.

PSALM XVI. First Part. L. M. b  
Good Works profitable to Men.

1 PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need ;  
For succour to thy throne I flee ;  
But have no merit there to plead,  
My goodness cannot reach to thee.

2 Oft have my heart and tongue confess  
How empty and how poor I am ;  
My praise can never make thee blest,  
Nor add new glory to thy name.

- 3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap  
Some profit by the good I do ;  
These are the company I keep,  
These are the choicest friends I know.
- 4 Let others choose the sons of mirth,  
To give a relish to their wine ;  
I love the men of heav'nly birth  
Whose works and language are divine.

WATTS.

## PSALM XVI. Second Part. C. M. b

The Blessings of Nature and Grace.

- 1 LET heathens to their idols haste,  
And worship wood or stone ;  
But my delightful lot is cast  
Where the true God is known.
- 2 In this enlighten'd, pleasant land,  
My happy portion lies ;  
Where nature's ever bounteous hand  
All human want supplies.
- 3 Therefore my soul shall bless the Lord,  
Whose precepts give me light,  
And consolation still afford  
In sorrow's dismal night.
- 4 I strive each action to approve  
To thine all-seeing eye ;  
No danger shall my hope remove,  
For thou art ever nigh.
- 5 Thou shalt the paths of life display,  
Which to thy presence lead ;  
Where pleasures dwell without alloy,  
And joys which never fade.

WATTS and TATE varied.

## PSALM XVI. Third Part. C. M.

※

The Death and Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 "I SET the Lord before my face,  
"He bears my courage up ;  
"My heart and tongue their joys express,  
"My flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 "My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave  
"Where souls departed are ;  
"Nor quit my body to the grave,  
"To see corruption there.
- 3 "Thou wilt reveal the path of life,  
"And raise me to thy throne :  
"Thy courts immortal pleasure give,  
"Thy presence, joys unknown."
- 4 Thus in the name of Christ the Lord  
The holy David sung ;  
And Providence fulfils the word  
Of his prophetic tongue.
- 5 Jesus, whom every saint adores,  
Was crucify'd and slain ;  
Behold the tomb its prey restores !  
Behold he lives again !
- 6 When shall my feet arise and stand  
On heaven's eternal hills ?  
There sits the Son, at God's right hand,  
And there the Father smiles.

WATTS.

## PSALM XVII. Common Metre.

b

The transforming Vision of God.

- 1 My God, the visits of thy face  
Afford superior joy,  
To all the flatt'ring world can give,  
Or mortal hopes employ.

- 2 But clouds and darkness intervene,  
My brightest joys decline ;  
And earth's gay trifles oft ensnare  
This wand'ring heart of mine.
- 3 Lord, guide this wand'ring heart to thee ;  
Unsatisfy'd I stray ;  
Break through the shades of sense and sin,  
With thy enliv'ning ray.
- 4 O let thy beams resplendent shine,  
And every cloud remove ;  
Transform my powers, and fit my soul  
For happier scenes above.
- 5 Lord, raise my faith, my hope, my heart,  
To those transporting joys ;  
Then shall I scorn each little snare,  
Which this vain world employs.
- 6 Then, though I sink in death's cold sleep,  
To life I shall awake ;  
And, in the likeness of my God,  
Of heav'nly bliss partake.

MRS. STEELE.

PSALM XVII. *Long Metre.*

\*

## The Resurrection.

- 1 W H A T sinners value I resign ;  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show ;  
But the bright world to which I go,  
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;  
When shall I wake and find me there !
- 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !  
I shall be near and like my God,

And flesh and sense no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
Then burst the chains with glad surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

WATTS.

## PSALM XVIII. First Part. L. M. b

Confidence in divine Protection.

- 1 No change of times shall ever shock  
My firm affection, Lord, to thee ;  
For thou hast always been a rock,  
A fortress and defence to me.
- 2 Thou my deliv'rer art, my God ;  
My trust is in thy mighty power ;  
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,  
At home my safeguard and my tower.
- 3 To heaven I made my mournful prayer,  
To God address'd my humble cry ;  
Who graciously inclin'd his ear,  
And heard me from his throne on high.
- 4 The Lord did on my side engage,  
From heaven my righteous cause upheld,  
And sav'd me from the furious rage  
Of threat'ning waves that proudly swell'd.
- 5 Thou to the just shalt justice show,  
The pure thy purity shall see ;  
Such as perversely choose to go,  
Shall meet with due returns from thee.
- 6 Who then deserves to be ador'd  
But God, on whom my hopes depend ?  
Or who, except the mighty Lord,  
Can with resistless power defend ?

TATE

PSALM XVIII. Sec. Part. L. M. **a or b**

God executing Judgment on his Enemies.

- 1** INCUMBENT on the bending sky,  
The Lord descended from on high,  
And bade the darkness of the pole  
Beneath his feet tremendous roll.
- 2** Thick woven clouds around him clos'd,  
His secret residence compos'd ;  
And waters, high suspended, spread  
Their dark pavilion o'er his head.
- 3** His voice th' Almighty Monarch rear'd,  
Thro' heaven's high vault in thunder heard ;  
And down in fiercer conflict came  
Tremendous hail and mingled flame.
- 4** With aim direct, his shafts were sped,  
In vain his foes before them fled ;  
Around his dreadful lightnings stray,  
And sure destruction marks their way.
- 5** Earth's basis, open to the eye,  
And ocean's springs were seen to lie,  
As the tempestuous fury pass'd,  
And o'er them rag'd the dreadful blast.

MERRICK.

PSALM XVIII. Third Part. L. M. **b**

Sincerity proved, or the Equity of Providence.

- 1** LORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,  
Hast made thy truth and love appear ;  
Before my eyes, I set thy laws,  
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.
- 2** Since I have learnt thy holy ways,  
My actions have proclaim'd thy praise ;  
Or if my feet did e'er depart,  
'Twas never with a wicked heart.

- 3 What sore temptations broke my rest ;  
 What wars and strugglings in my breast !  
 But through thy grace that reigns within,  
 I hope to conquer every sin.
- 4 With an impartial hand, the Lord  
 Deals out to mortals their reward ;  
 The kind and faithful souls shall find  
 A God more faithful and more kind.
- 5 The just and pure shall ever say  
 God is more pure and just than they ;  
 And men that love revenge shall know  
 God hath an arm of vengeance too.

WATTS.

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PSALM XVIII. Fourth Part. C. M. \*

Thanksgiving for Victory.

- 1 To thine almighty arm we owe  
 The triumph of the day ;  
 Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,  
 And melt their strength away.
- 2 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,  
 And break united powers ;  
 By thee their lofty walls we scale,  
 Or burn their proudest towers.
- 3 God speaks ! and at his fierce rebuke  
 Whole armies are dismay'd ;  
 His voice, his frown, his angry look,  
 Strike all their courage dead.
- 4 He forms our soldiers for the field,  
 With all their martial skill ;  
 Instructs their hand the sword to wield,  
 And gives them hearts of steel.

- 5 The Lord our Saviour ever lives,  
 His name be ever blest ;  
 His powerful arm the vict'ry gives,  
 And gives his people rest.

WATTS.

## PSALM XIX. First Part. C. M. \*

The Voice of Nature proclaiming God.

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,  
 Which that alone can fill ;  
 The firmament and stars express  
 Their great Creator's skill.
- 2 The dawn of each returning day  
 Fresh beams of knowledge brings ;  
 And from the dark returns of night,  
 Divine instruction springs.
- 3 Their powerful language to no realm  
 Or region is confin'd ;  
 'Tis nature's voice, and understood  
 Alike by all mankind.
- 4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense  
 Through earth's extent display,  
 Whose bright contents the circling sun  
 Does round the world convey.
- 5 No bridegroom, on his nuptial day,  
 Has such a cheerful face ;  
 No giant does like him rejoice  
 To run his glorious race.
- 6 From east to west, from west to east,  
 His restless course he goes ;  
 And, through his progress, cheerful light  
 And vital warmth bestows.

TATE.

## PSALM XIX. Sec. Part. C. M. ♩ or b

The Excellency of Scripture.

- 1 GOD's perfect law converts the soul,  
Reclaims from false desires ;  
With sacred wisdom his sure word  
The ignorant inspires.
- 2 The statutes of the Lord are just,  
And bring sincere delight ;  
His pure commands in search of truth  
Assist the feeblest sight.
- 3 His perfect worship here is fix'd,  
On sure foundations laid ;  
His equal laws are in the scales  
Of truth and justice weigh'd.
- 4 Of more esteem than golden mines,  
Or gold refin'd with skill ;  
More sweet than honey, or the drops  
Which from the comb distil.
- 5 My trusty counsellors they are,  
And friendly warning give ;  
Divine rewards attend on those  
Who by thy precepts live.
- 6 But what frail man observes how oft  
He does from virtue fall ?  
O cleanse me from my secret faults,  
Thou God, who know'st them all.

TATE.

PSALM XIX. *Long Metre.*

¶

Nature and Scripture compared.

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,  
In every star thy wisdom shines ;  
But when our eyes behold thy word,  
We read thy name in fairer lines.

- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights and days thy power confess ;  
But the blest volume thou hast writ  
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise  
Through the whole earth, and never stand ;  
So when thy truth began its race,  
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,  
Till through the world thy truth has run ;  
Till Christ hath all the nations blest  
That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise ;  
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,  
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,  
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven ;  
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

WATTS.

PSALM XIX. *Six Line L. M.*

- 1 GREAT God, the heaven's well order'd frame  
Declares the glory of thy name ;  
Here thy rich works of wonder shine ;  
A thousand starry beauties there,  
A thousand radiant marks appear  
Of boundless power and skill divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,  
The dawning and the dying light  
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read ;  
With silent eloquence, they raise  
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,  
And neither sound nor language need.

3 Yet their divine instructions run

Far as the circuit of the sun,

And every nation knows their voice ;

Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,

He publishes his Maker, God,

Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4 But when we read thy written word,

What light and joy those leaves afford !

These are our study and delight :

Not honey so invites the taste,

Nor gold that hath the furnace past,

Appears so pleasing to the sight.

5 From the discov'ries of thy law,

The perfect rules of life we draw ;

But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,

Which makes our guilty conscience clean,

Converts our soul, subdues our sin,

And gives a free but large reward.

6 Who knows the errors of his thoughts !

Forgive, O Lord, our secret faults,

And from presumptuous sins restrain :

Accept the tribute of our praise,

That we have read thy book of grace,

And book of nature, not in vain.

WATTS.

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PSALM XIX. *Short Metre.*

※

For the Lord's Day Morning.

1 BEHOLD, the morning sun

Begins his glorious way,

His beams through all the nations run,

And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,

It spreads diviner light ;

It calls dead sinners from their tombs,  
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word !

And all thy judgments just !

For ever sure thy promise, Lord,  
And we securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain

Are thy directions given !

O may I never read in vain,  
But find the path to heaven !

5 I hear thy word with love ;

O help me to obey !

Send thy good Spirit from above,  
To guide me, lest I stray.

6 Whilst with my heart and tongue

I spread thy praise abroad ;

Accept the worship and the song,  
My Saviour and my God.

WATTS.

PSALM XX. *Long Metre.*

b

For a Day of Prayer in War.

1 Now may the God of power and grace  
Attend his humble people's cry ;  
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,  
And sends deliv'rance from on high.

2 The name of Jacob's God defends  
Better than shields or brazen walls ;  
He from his sanctuary sends  
Succour and strength when Zion calls.

3 Well he remembers all our sighs,  
His love exceeds our best deserts ;  
His love accepts the sacrifice  
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

- 4 In his salvation is our hope,  
 And in the name of God, the Lord,  
 Our troops shall lift their banners up,  
 Our ships shall spread their flags abroad.
- 5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,  
 And some of chariots make their boast ;  
 Our surest expectations are  
 From thee, the Lord of heavenly host.
- 6 Save us, O Lord, from guilty fear,  
 And let our hopes be firm and strong ;  
 Till thy salvation shall appear,  
 And joy and triumph raise the song.

WATTS.

PSALM XXI. *Long Metre.*

## The Exaltation of Christ.

- 1 DAVID rejoic'd in God his strength,  
 Rais'd to the throne by special grace ;  
 But Christ the Son appears at length,  
 Fulfils the triumph and the praise.
- 2 How great is the Messiah's joy  
 In the salvation of thy hand !  
 Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,  
 And giv'n the world to his command.
- 3 Thy goodness grants whate'er he will,  
 Nor doth the least request withhold ;  
 Blessings of love prevent him still,  
 And crowns of glory, not of gold.
- 4 Honour and majesty divine  
 Around his sacred temples shine ;  
 Blest with the favour of thy face,  
 And length of everlasting days.

WATTS.

## PSALM XXII. First Part. C. M.

b

The Sufferings and Glory of Christ.

- 1 "Now, in the hour of deep distress,  
"My God, support thy SON,  
"When horrors dark my soul oppress,  
"O leave me not alone!"
- 2 Thus did our suff'ring Saviour pray,  
With mighty cries and tears;  
God heard him in that dreadful day,  
And chas'd away his fears.
- 3 Great was the vict'ry of his death,  
His throne exalted stands;  
And all the nations of the earth  
Shall bow to his commands.
- 4 A num'rous offspring shall reward  
The Saviour's dying groans;  
"I call them," saith the glorious Lord,  
"My daughters and my sons."
- 5 The meek and humble souls shall see  
His table richly spread;  
And all that seek the Lord shall be  
With joys immortal fed.

WATTS, varied.

## PSALM XXII. Second Part. L. M.

b

Christ's Death and Resurrection.

- 1 Now let our mournful songs record  
The dying sorrows of our Lord,  
When he complain'd in tears and blood,  
Like one forsaken of his God.
- 2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,  
And shook their heads, and laugh'd in scorn;  
"He rescu'd others from the grave,  
"Now let him try himself to save.

- 3 "Behold the Man who did pretend  
   "God was his father and his friend ;  
   "If God the blessed lov'd him so,  
   "Why doth he fail to help him now ?"
- 4 O harden'd people ! cruel priests !  
   How they stood round like savage beasts !  
   Like lions gaping to devour,  
   When God had put him in their power !
- 5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,  
   Till streams of blood each other meet ;  
   By lot his garments they divide,  
   And mock the pangs in which he dy'd.
- 6 But God his Father heard his cry ;  
   Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high ;  
   The nations learn his righteousness,  
   And humble sinners taste his grace.

WATTS.

PSALM XXII. Third Part. C. M.      **x or b**

Obedience to God due from all Men.

- 1 LET all the various tribes of men  
   To God their homage pay ;  
   And distant nations of the earth,  
   One sovereign Lord obey.
- 2 'Tis his prerogative supreme  
   O'er subject kings to reign ;  
   'Tis just that he should rule the world,  
   Who does the world sustain.
- 3 The rich, whom he with plenty feeds,  
   His goodness shall confess ;  
   The sons of want, whom he believes,  
   Their bounteous patron bless.
- 4 With humble confidence to God  
   Let all for aid repair ;

For he who first their beings gave,  
Will make them still his care.

- 5 Blest time ! when all of human birth,  
Devoted to his name,  
Shall to their heirs, his sacred truth  
And glorious acts proclaim.

TATE varied.

## PSALM XXIII. Common Metre. ✠

God's tender Care of his People.

- 1 THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,  
Is pleas'd to be my guide ;  
The shepherd by whose constant care  
My wants are all supply'd.
- 2 In tender grass he makes me feed,  
And gently there repose ;  
Then leads me to cool shades, and where  
Refreshing water flows.
- 3 He does my wand'ring feet reclaim,  
And, to his endless praise,  
Instruct with humble zeal to walk  
In his most righteous ways.
- 4 I'll pass the gloomy vale of death,  
From fear and danger free ;  
For there his aiding rod and staff  
Defend and comfort me.
- 5 With lib'ral and unceasing care,  
He does my table spread ;  
He crowns my cup with cheerful wine,  
With oil anoints my head.
- 6 Since God doth thus his wondrous love  
Through all my life extend,  
That life to him I will devote,  
And in his temple spend.

TATE.

PSALM XXIII. *Short Metre.*

God's tender Care of his People.

- 1 THE Lord my shepherd is,  
I shall be well supply'd ;  
Since he is mine, and I am his,  
What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the place  
Where heav'nly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim ;  
And guides me in his own right way,  
For his most holy name.
- 4 Whilst he affords his aid,  
I cannot yield to fear ; [shade,  
Tho' I should walk through death's dark  
My God is with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes,  
He does my table spread ;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of his love  
Shall crown my future days ;  
Nor from his house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak his praise.

WATTS.

PSALM XXIII. *Six Line Long Metre.*

God our Shepherd.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye.

- My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;  
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,  
My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amidst the verdant landscapes flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,  
His bounty shall my pains beguile,  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With lively greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;  
Thy friendly staff shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dismal shade.

ADDISON.

PSALM XXIV. *Common Metre.*

The Man whom God approves.

- 1 This spacious earth is all the Lord's,  
The Lord's her fulness is ;  
The world, and they who dwell therein,  
By sov'reign right are his.
- 2 He fix'd the land and spread the seas,  
With all which they contain ;  
Then man in his own image form'd,  
O'er all these works to reign.
- 3 But for himself, this Lord of all  
One chosen seat design'd :

O who shall to that sacred hill  
Desir'd admittance find ?

- 4 The man whose hands and heart are pure,  
Whose thoughts from pride are free ;  
Who honest poverty prefers  
To gainful perjury.
- 5 This is the man on whom the Lord  
Shall shower his blessings down ;  
Whom God his Saviour shall be pleas'd  
With righteousness to crown.
- 6 Such is the character of those  
Who seek the face of God ;  
Whose happy feet shall stand within  
The place of his abode.

TATE varied.

PSALM XXIV. *Long Metre.*



Heaven the Residence of Saints, and the Ascension of  
Christ.

- 1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,  
And men and worms and beasts and birds ;  
He rais'd the building on the seas,  
And gave it for their dwelling place.
- 2 But there's a brighter world on high,  
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky ;  
Who shall ascend that blest abode,  
And dwell so near his Maker, God ?
- 3 He who abhors and fears to sin,  
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,  
Him shall the Lord, the Saviour bless,  
And clothe his soul with righteousness.
- 4 These are the men, the pious race  
Who seek the God of Jacob's face ;  
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,  
And dwell in everlasting light.

- 5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,  
Behold the King of glory nigh !  
Who can this King of glory be ?  
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.
- 6 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,  
To make the Lord, the Saviour way ;  
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,  
The Conq'ror comes, with God to dwell.
- 7 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before,  
He opens heaven's eternal door,  
To give his saints a blest abode  
With their Redeemer and their God.

WATTS.

PSALM XXV. *Short Metre.*

b

Seeking Divine Forgiveness and Direction.

- 1 To God I lift my eyes,  
My trust is in his name ;  
And they whose hope on him relies,  
Shall never suffer shame.
- 2 From the first dawning light  
Till the dark evening's shade,  
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,  
And ask thy heav'nly aid.
- 3 Remember all thy grace,  
And lead me in thy truth ;  
Forgive the sins of riper age,  
And follies of my youth.
- 4 Thro' all the ways of God,  
Both truth and mercy shine,  
To those who with religious hearts  
To his blest will incline.
- 5 He those in safety guides  
Who his direction seek,

And in his sacred paths will lead  
The humble and the meek.

- 6 For thy own goodness' sake,  
Save thou my soul from shame ;  
And pardon all my sins, though great,  
Thro' my Redeemer's name.  
TATE and WATTS united and varied.

PSALM XXVI. *Long Metre.*

b

## Self Examination.

- 1 JUDGE me, O God, and prove my ways,  
And try my reins, and try my heart ;  
My faith upon thy promise stays,  
Nor from thy word my feet depart.
- 2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit  
With men of vanity and lies ;  
The scoffer and the hypocrite  
In my esteem shall never rise.
- 3 In innocence I'll wash my hands,  
From pride and guilt and folly clear ;  
Then at thy sacred altar stand,  
And hope to find acceptance there.
- 4 I love thy habitation, Lord,  
The temple where thy honours dwell ;  
There shall I hear thy holy word,  
And there thy works of wonder tell.
- 5 Let not my soul be join'd at last  
With men of treachery and blood ;  
Since I my days on earth have past  
Among the saints, and near my God,

WATTS varied.

PSALM XXVII. *Common Metre.*    **⌘ or ⚡**

The Church is our Safety and Delight.

- 1 THE Lord of glory is my light,  
And my salvation too ;  
God is my strength, nor will I fear  
What mortal flesh can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires ;  
O grant me an abode  
Among the churches of thy saints,  
The temples of my God !
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,  
And see thy glory still ;  
Shall hear thy messages of love,  
And learn thy holy will.
- 4 When troubles rise and storms appear,  
There may his children hide ;  
God has a strong pavilion, where  
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,  
Leave me to want or die,  
My God would make my life his care,  
And all my need supply.
- 6 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,  
And keep your courage up ;  
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,  
And elevate your hope.

WATTS.

PSALM XXVII. *Long Metre.***⚡**

The Safety of trusting in God.

- 1 THE Lord, my Saviour, is my light,  
What terrors can my soul affright ?  
Whilst God, my strength, my life is near,  
What mortal shall alarm my fear ?

- 2 When num'rous hosts besiege me round,  
 My courage shall maintain its ground ;  
 Tho' war should rise in dread array,  
 God is my strength, my hope, my stay.
- 3 This only bliss my heart desires,  
 To this my ardent wish aspires,  
 In God's own house to spend my days,  
 To hear his word and speak his praise.
- 4 When troubles rise, my guardian God  
 Will hide me safe in his abode :  
 Firm as a rock my hope shall stand,  
 Sustain'd by his almighty hand.
- 5 Should every earthly friend depart,  
 Should love forsake a parent's heart ;  
 The God on whom my hopes depend,  
 Will be my father and my friend.
- 6 Ye humble souls, in every strait  
 On God with faith and patience wait ;  
 His hand shall life and strength afford ;  
 Wait, therefore, ever on the Lord.

MRS. STEELE.

b

PSALM XXVIII. *Common Metre.*

The humble Suppliant trusting in God.

- 1 O LORD, my rock, to thee I cry,  
 In sighs consume my breath ;  
 Hear me, O Lord, or I shall be  
 Like those who sleep in death.
- 2 Regard my supplication, Lord,  
 The cries that I repeat,  
 With weeping eyes and lifted hands,  
 Before thy mercy seat.
- 3 If wicked men thy works despise,  
 Nor will thy grace adore,

Thy justice shall avenge the cause,  
And build them up no more.

- 4 But I, with gratitude inspir'd,  
Thy praises will resound ;  
From whom, the cries of my distress  
A gracious answer found.
- 5 As thou hast fill'd my heart with joy,  
'Tis just that I should raise  
The cheerful tribute of my thanks,  
And celebrate thy praise.
- 6 Preserve thy people, Lord, and deign  
Thy heritage to bless ;  
Crown them with plenty and with peace,  
With honour and success.

TATE varied.

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PSALM XXIX. *Long Metre.*



The Majesty of God in Thunder.

- 1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,  
Give to the Lord renown and power ;  
Ascribe due honours to his name,  
And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud  
O'er the vast ocean, and the land ;  
His voice dissolves the wat'ry cloud,  
And lightnings blaze at his command.
- 3 When he from heaven in thunder speaks,  
With majesty and terror crown'd,  
His voice the stately cedar breaks,  
And throws its scatter'd limbs around.
- 4 His voice divides the flames of fire,  
And forked streaks of lightning sends ;  
The mountain trembles at his ire,  
The lofty forest lowly bends.

- 5 His lightning rends the firmest rock,  
And pierces deep the solid ground ;  
The hinds affrighted feel the shock,  
And shudder at the awful sound.
- 6 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,  
The Thund'rer reigns forever king ;  
But makes his church his blest abode,  
Where we his praise securely sing.
- 7 In gentler language, here the Lord  
The counsels of his grace imparts ;  
Amidst the raging storm, his word  
Speaks peace and comfort to our hearts.

WATTS and TATE united and varied.

PSALM XXX. *Common Metre.*



Prayer heard.

- 1 **B**E**N**E**A**T**H** my God's protecting arm,  
How did my soul rejoice !  
And fondly hop'd no future harm  
Would interrupt my joys.
- 2 Lord, 'twas thy favour fix'd my rest ;  
Thy shining face withdrew,  
Then troubles fill'd my anxious breast,  
And pain'd my soul anew.
- 3 Again to thee, O gracious God,  
I rais'd my mournful eyes ;  
To thee I spread my woes abroad,  
With supplicating cries.
- 4 What glory can my death afford,  
In the dark grave confin'd ?  
Shall senseless dust adore the Lord,  
Or call thy truth to mind ?
- 5 Hear, O my God, in mercy hear,  
Attend my plaintive cry ;

Be thou, my gracious Helper, near,  
And bid my sorrows fly.

6 Again I hear the voice divine ;  
New joys exulting bound ;  
My robes of mourning I resign,  
And gladness girds me round.

7 Then let my utmost glory be  
To raise thy honours high ;  
Nor let my gratitude to thee  
In guilty silence die.

8 To thee, my gracious God, I raise  
My thankful heart and tongue ;  
O be thy goodness and thy praise  
My everlasting song !

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM XXX. *Long Metre.*

Recovery from Sickness.

- 1 FIRM was my health, my day was bright,  
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night ;  
Fondly I said within my heart,  
“Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.”
- 2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,  
Which made my mountain stand so long ;  
Soon as thy face began to hide,  
My health was gone, my comfort dy'd.
- 3 Corrected by a Father's rod,  
I cry'd aloud to thee, my God ;  
“If laid in dust, can I declare  
“Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there ?
- 4 “Hear me, O God of grace,” I said,  
“And bring me from among the dead ;”  
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,  
Thy pard'ning love removed my guilt.

- 5 My sad complaints in praises end,  
And tears of gratitude descend ;  
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,  
And ease and gladness gird me round.
- 6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,  
Thy power and goodness shall proclaim ;  
Thy praise shall sound thro' earth & heav'n,  
For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiv'n.

WATTS.

PSALM XXXI. *Common Metre.* \*

Relief from Distress.

- 1 COME, O ye saints, your voices raise  
To God in grateful songs ;  
And let the mem'ry of his grace  
Inspire your hearts and tongues.
- 2 His frown what mortal can sustain ?  
But soon his anger dies ;  
His life-restoring smile again  
Returns, and sorrow flies.
- 3 Her deepest gloom, when sorrow spreads,  
And light and hope depart,  
His face celestial morning sheds,  
And joy revives the heart.
- 4 To thee, my God, oppress'd with grief,  
I breath'd my humble cry ;  
Thy mercy brought divine relief,  
And wip'd my weeping eye.
- 5 Thy mercy chas'd the shades of death,  
And snatch'd me from the grave ;  
O may thy praise employ that breath  
Which mercy deigns to save !

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM XXXI. *Long Metre. ✠ or b*

Confidence in God.

- 1 **L**ORD, in thy great, thy glorious name,  
I place my hope, my only trust ;  
Save me from sorrow, guilt and shame,  
Thou ever gracious, ever just.
- 2 Thou art my Rock, thy name alone  
The fortress where my hopes retreat ;  
O make thy pow'r and mercy known !  
To safety guide my wand'ring feet.
- 3 To thy kind hand, all gracious Lord,  
My soul I cheerfully resign ;  
My Saviour God, I trust thy word,  
For truth, immortal truth, is thine.
- 4 I hate their works, I hate their ways,  
Who follow vanity and lies ;  
But to the Lord my hopes I raise,  
And trust his power who built the skies.
- 5 What perfect bliss, O bounteous Lord,  
Immensely great, divinely free,  
Hast thou reserv'd for their reward,  
Who fear thy name, and trust in thee !
- 6 Blest be the Lord, forever blest,  
Whose mercy bids my fear remove ;  
The sacred walls, which guard my rest,  
Are his almighty pow'r and love.
- 7 Ye humble souls, who seek his face,  
Let sacred courage fill your heart ;  
Hope in the Lord, and trust his grace,  
And he will heav'nly strength impart.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM XXXII. *Long Metre.*

b

The Marks of true Repentance.

- 1 HE's blest whose sins have pardon gain'd,  
No more in judgment to appear ;  
Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,  
And whose repentance is sincere.
- 2 From guile his heart and lips are free ;  
His humble joy, his holy fear,  
With deep repentance well agree,  
And join to prove his faith sincere.
- 3 Whilst I kept silence, and conceal'd  
My load of guilt within my heart,  
What torment did my conscience feel !  
What agony of inward smart !
- 4 Heavy on me thy hand remain'd,  
By day and night alike distress'd ;  
Till quite of vital moisture drain'd,  
Like land with summer drought oppress'd.
- 5 No sooner I my wound disclos'd,  
The guilt that tortur'd me within,  
But thy forgiveness interpos'd,  
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.
- 6 For this display of sov'reign grace,  
In my distress so freely giv'n,  
Each humble soul will seek thy face,  
And find his way to peace and heav'n.

TATE and WATTS united and varied.

PSALM XXXII. *Short Metre.*

b

Confession and Pardon.

- 1 O BLESSED souls are they,  
Whose sins are cover'd o'er,  
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord,  
Imputes their guilt no more !

- 2 They mourn their follies past,  
And keep their hearts with care ;  
Their lips and lives, without deceit,  
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 When I conceal'd my guilt,  
I felt the fest'ring wound ;  
But I confess'd my sin to thee,  
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,  
Let saints keep near the throne ;  
Our help, in time of deep distress,  
Is found in God alone.

WATTS.

PSALM XXXIII. *Common Metre.*

¶

The Works of Creation and Providence.

- 1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,  
The work belongs to you ;  
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,  
How holy, just, and true !
- 2 His mercy and his righteousness  
Let heav'n and earth proclaim ;  
His works of nature and of grace  
Reveal his wondrous name.
- 3 His wisdom and almighty word  
The heav'nly orbits spread ;  
And by the Spirit of the Lord  
Their shining hosts were made.
- 4 He bade the liquid waters flow  
To their appointed deep ;  
The flowing seas their limits know,  
And their own station keep.
- 5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,  
With fear before him stand ;

He spoke, and nature took its birth,  
And rests on his command.

6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,  
And breaks their vain designs ;  
His counsel stands thro' every age,  
And in full glory shines.

WATTS.

PSALM XXXIII. *Six Line L. M.* ☒

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

1 HAPPY the nation, where the Lord  
Reveals the treasure of his word,  
And builds his church, his earthly throne ;  
His eye the heathen world surveys,  
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways,  
But God, their Maker, is unknown.

2 Let kings rely upon their host,  
And of his strength, the warrior boast ;  
In vain they boast, in vain rely :  
In vain they trust the brutal force,  
Or speed, or courage of the horse,  
To guard his rider, or to fly.

3 The eye of thy compassion, Lord,  
Doth more secure defence afford,  
When death and danger threat'ning stand ;  
Thy watchful eye preserves the just,  
Who make thy name their fear and trust,  
When wars or famine waste the land.

4 In sickness, or the bloody field,  
Thou, our Physician, thou, our Shield,  
Send us salvation from thy throne ;  
We wait to see thy goodness shine,  
Let us rejoice in help divine,  
For all our hope is God alone.

WATTS.

## PSALM XXXIV. First Part. C. M.

※

Encouragement to trust and love God.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,  
Till all who are distress'd,  
From my example comfort take,  
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just :  
Protection he affords to all  
Who make his name their trust.
- 4 O make but trial of his love !  
Experience will decide,  
How blest are they, and only they  
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear ;  
Make you his service your delight,  
Your wants shall be his care.
- 6 Whilst hungry lions lack their prey,  
The Lord will food provide  
For such as put their trust in him,  
And see their wants supply'd.

TATE.

## PSALM XXXIV. Second Part. C. M. b

The Way of Holiness and its Reward.

- 1 APPROACH, ye piously dispos'd,  
And my instruction hear ;  
I'll teach you the true discipline  
Of God's religious fear.

- 2 Let him who length of life desires,  
   And prosp'rous days would see,  
 From sland'ring language keep his tongue,  
   His lips from falsehood free :
- 3 The crooked paths of vice decline,  
   And virtue's ways pursue ;  
 Establish peace where 'tis begun,  
   And where 'tis lost, renew.
- 4 The Lord from heav'n beholds the just  
   With favourable eyes ;  
 And when distress'd, his gracious ear  
   Is open to their cries.
- 5 Deliv'rance to his saints he gives,  
   When his relief they crave ;  
 He's nigh to heal the broken heart,  
   The contrite spirit save.

TATE.

## PSALM XXXV. ver. 12, 13, 14. C. M.      b

Love to Enemies.

- 1 BEHOLD the love, the gen'rous love,  
   Which holy David shows !  
 Hark, how his tender pity moves  
   To his afflicted foes !
- 2 When they are sick, his soul complains,  
   And seems to feel the smart ;  
 The spirit of the gospel reigns,  
   And melts his pious heart.
- 3 How did his flowing tears condole,  
   As for a brother dead !  
 And, fasting, mortify'd his soul,  
   Whilst for their life he pray'd !

- 4 They groan, and curse him on their bed,  
Yet still he pleads and mourns ;  
And double blessings on his head  
The righteous God returns.
- 5 O glorious Type of heav'nly grace !  
Thus Christ the Lord appears ;  
Whilst sinners curse, the Saviour prays,  
And pities them with tears.
- 6 He, the true David, Israel's King,  
Bless'd and belov'd of God,  
To save our souls from death and sin,  
Shed his own precious blood.

WATTS.

PSALM XXXVI. First Versi. L. M. ♫  
The Perfections and Providence of God.

- 1 THY mercy, Lord, my only hope,  
The highest orb of heav'n transcends ;  
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope  
Above the spreading skies extends.
- 2 Thy justice like the hills remains,  
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are ;  
Thy providence the world sustains,  
The whole creation is thy care.
- 3 Since of thy goodness all partake,  
With what assurance should the just  
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,  
And saints to thy protection trust !
- 4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,  
To banquet on thy love's repast ;  
And drink, as from the fountain head,  
Of joys that shall for ever last.
- 5 Then let thy saints thy favour gain,  
To upright hearts thy truth display ;

With thee, the springs of life remain,  
Thy presence is eternal day.

TATE.

## PSALM XXXVI. Sec. Versi. L. M. \*

The Divine Being and Perfections.

- 1 HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,  
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;  
Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud,  
Which veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep :  
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,  
Both men and beasts thy bounty share ;  
The whole creation is thy charge,  
But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 O God, how excellent thy grace,  
Whence all our hope and comfort springs !  
The sons of Adam, in distress,  
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of thy house  
We shall be fed with rich repast ;  
There mercy like a river flows,  
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 6 Life, like a fountain full and free,  
Springs from the presence of the Lord ;  
And in thy light, our souls shall see  
The glories promis'd in thy word.

WATTS.

## PSALM XXXVII. First Part. C. M. b

The Cure of Envy and Unbelief.

- 1 Why should I vex my soul, and fret  
To see the wicked rise?  
Or envy sinners waxing great,  
By violence and lies?
- 2 As flow'ry grass, cut down at noon,  
Before the evening fades,  
So shall their glory vanish soon,  
In everlasting shades.
- 3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,  
And practise all that's good;  
So shall I dwell among the just,  
And never want for food.
- 4 I to my God my ways commit,  
And cheerful wait his will;  
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,  
Shall my desires fulfil.
- 5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,  
And make thy judgments known;  
Fair as the light of dawning day,  
And glorious as the noon.
- 6 The meek shall still the earth possess,  
And be the heirs of heav'n;  
True riches in abundant peace,  
To humble souls are giv'n.

WATTS.

## PSALM XXXVII. Second Part. C. M. b

Religion in Words and Deeds.

- 1 Why do the wealthy wicked boast,  
And grow profanely bold?  
The meanest portion of the just  
Excels the sinner's gold.

- 2 The wicked borrows of his friends,  
But ne'er designs to pay ;  
The just is merciful, and lends,  
Nor turns the poor away.
- 3 His alms with lib'ral hand he gives  
To all the sons of need ;  
His mem'ry to long ages lives,  
And blessed is his seed.
- 4 His lips abhor to speak profane,  
To slander or defraud ;  
His ready tongue declares to men  
What he has learn'd of God.
- 5 The law and gospel of the Lord  
Deep in his heart abide ;  
Led by the Spirit and the word,  
His feet shall never slide.
- 6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand,  
Preserv'd from ev'ry snare ;  
They shall possess the promis'd land,  
And dwell for ever there.

WATTS.

PSALM XXXVII. Third Part. C. M. **X** or **b**  
The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

- 1 My God, the steps of pious men  
Are order'd by thy will ;  
Though they should fall, they rise again,  
Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The Lord delights to see their ways,  
Their virtue he approves ;  
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,  
Nor leave the men he loves.

- 3 The heav'ly heritage is theirs,  
Their portion and their home ;  
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs  
Of blessings long to come.
- 4 The haughty sinner have I seen,  
Not fearing man or God ;  
Like princely laurel, fair and green,  
Spreading his arms abroad ;
- 5 And lo, he vanish'd from the ground,  
Destroy'd by hands unseen ;  
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,  
Where all that pride had been.
- 6 But mark the man of righteousness,  
His sev'ral steps attend ;  
True pleasure runs through all his ways,  
And peaceful is his end.

WATTS.

PSALM XXXVIII. ver. 9, 10. C. M. b  
Consolation in Death.

- 1 My soul, the awful hour will come,  
Apace it hastens on,  
To bear this body to the tomb,  
And thee to scenes unknown.
- 2 My heart, long lab'ring with its woes,  
Shall pant and sink away ;  
And you, my eyelids, soon shall close  
On the last glimm'ring ray.
- 3 Whence, in that hour, shall I receive  
A cordial for my pain ?  
When, if the richest were my friends,  
Those friends would weep in vain !
- 4 Great King of nature and of grace,  
To thee my spirit flies ;

And opens all its deep distress  
Before thy pitying eyes.

- 5 All my desires to thee are known,  
And ev'ry secret fear ;  
The meaning of each broken groan  
Is notic'd by thine ear.
- 6 O place me by that mighty pow'r  
Which to such love belongs,  
Where darkness veils the eyes no more,  
And groans are chang'd to songs !

DODDRIDGE.

PSALM XXXIX. *Common Metre.*

b

*Man's Mortality.*

- 1 TEACH me the measure of my days,  
Thou Maker of my frame ;  
I would survey life's narrow space,  
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,  
How short the fleeting time !  
Man is but vanity and dust,  
In all his flow'r and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move  
Like shadows o'er the plain ;  
They rage and strive, desire and love,  
But all their noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,  
Some dig for golden ore ;  
They toil for heirs, they know not who,  
And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for then  
From creatures, earth and dust ?  
They make our expectations vain,  
And disappoint our trust.

6 This fruitless search no more be mine,  
 Such hopes I now recal ;  
 My earthly prospects I resign,  
 And make my God my all.

WATTS.

## PSALM XL. First Part. C. M.

Deliverance from great Distress.

b

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord,  
 He bow'd to hear my cry ;  
 He saw me resting on his word,  
 And brought salvation nigh.

2 Sunk in the depths of sore distress,  
 And all my struggles vain ;  
 When human help seem'd daily less,  
 He rais'd me up again.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,  
 And taught my cheerful tongue  
 To praise the wonders of his hand,  
 In a new, thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad,  
 The saints with joy shall hear ;  
 And sinners learn to make my God  
 Their only hope and fear.

5 What mercies fill my wond'ring view !  
 How many, and how great !  
 Life is too short, and words too few,  
 Their numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,  
 With hope I'll never part,  
 For God beholds my heavy wo,  
 And bears me on his heart.

WATTS.

PSALM XL. Sec. Part. C. M. \*

The divine Mission and Sacrifice of Christ.

- 1 Thus saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,  
"Give your burnt off'rings o'er ;  
"In dying goats and bullocks slain,  
"My soul delights no more."
- 2 Then spake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,  
"My God, to do thy will ;  
"Whate'er thy sacred books declare,  
"Thy servant shall fulfil."
- 3 And see, the blest Redeemer comes,  
Th' eternal Son appears ;  
And at th' appointed time assumes  
The body God prepares !
- 4 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,  
And much his truth he show'd ;  
And preach'd the way of righteousness,  
Where great assemblies stood.
- 5 His Father's honour touch'd his heart,  
He pitied sinners' cries ;  
And, to fulfil a Saviour's part,  
Was made a sacrifice.
- 6 No blood of beasts on altars shed  
Could cleanse from guilt within ;  
But the one sacrifice he made,  
Atones for all our sin.
- 7 Then was the great salvation spread,  
And Satan's kingdom shook ;  
Thus, by the woman's promis'd seed,  
The serpent's head was broke.

WATTS.

PSALM XLI. *Long Metre.*

Charity rewarded.

- 1 BLEST is the man, whose tender care  
Relieves the poor in their distress ;  
Whose pity wipes the widow's tear,  
Whose hand supports the fatherless.
- 2 His heart contrives for their relief  
More good than his own hand can do ;  
He, in the time of gen'ral grief,  
Shall find the Lord has pity too.
- 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,  
With secret blessings on his head ;  
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth  
Around him multiply their dead.
- 4 Or if he languish on his couch,  
God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n ;  
Will save him with a healing touch,  
Or take his willing soul to heav'n.

WATTS.

PSALM XLII. *Common Metre.* \* or b

The Pleasure of Publick Worship.

- 1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,  
When heated in the chase ;  
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,  
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine ;  
O when shall I behold thy face,  
Thou Majesty divine ?
- 3 I sigh whene'er my musing thoughts  
Those happy days present,  
When I, with my religious friends,  
Thy temple did frequent :

- 4** When I advanc'd with songs of praise,  
     My solemn vows to pay,  
     Amidst the joyful sacred throng,  
     Which kept the festal day.
- 5** Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?  
     Trust God, and he'll employ  
     His aid for thee, and change thy sighs  
     To hymns of sacred joy.
- 6** Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?  
     Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
     The praise of him who is thy God,  
     Thy health's eternal spring.

TATE.

PSALM XLIII. *Long Metre.*     \* or b  
     Complaint and Hope.

- 1** GOD of our strength, to thee we cry ;  
     O let us not forgotten lie !  
     Oppress'd with sorrows and with care,  
     To thy protection we repair.
- 2** O let thy light attend our way,  
     Thy truth afford its steady ray !  
     To Zion's hill direct our feet,  
     To worship at thy sacred seat.
- 3** Thy praise, O God, shall tune the lyre,  
     Thy love our joyful song inspire ;  
     To thee, our cordial thanks be paid,  
     Our sure defence, our constant aid.
- 4** Why then dejected and distrest ?  
     And whence the grief that fills our breast ?  
     In God we'll hope, and to him raise  
     A monument of endless praise.

Altered from MERRICK.

PSALM XLIV. Common Metre. ✗ or b  
In Time of War.

- 1 O LORD, our fathers oft have told,  
    In our attentive ears,  
Thy wonders in their days perform'd,  
    And in more ancient years.
- 2 'Twas not their courage, nor their sword,  
    To them salvation gave ;  
'Twas not their number, nor their strength,  
    That did their country save.
- 3 By thy right hand, thy pow'rful arm,  
    Whose succour they implor'd,  
Thy providence protected them,  
    Who thy great name ador'd.
- 4 As thee, their God, our fathers own'd,  
    So thou art still our King ;  
O therefore, as thou didst to them,  
    To us deliv'rance bring.
- 5 We will not trust our sword nor bow,  
    When we in war engage ;  
But thee, who canst subdue our foe,  
    And calm their haughty rage.
- 6 To thee the glory we'll ascribe,  
    From whom salvation came ;  
In God our shield we will rejoice,  
    And ever bless thy name.

TATE varied.

PSALM XLV. First Part. L. M. \*  
The Glory of Christ and the Power of his Gospel.

- 1 Now be my heart inspir'd to sing  
    The glories of my Saviour King ;  
My tongue shall all his worth proclaim,  
    And speak the honours of his name.

- 2 O'er all the sons of human race  
 He shines with a superior grace ;  
 Love from his lips divinely flows,  
 And blessings all his state compose.
- 3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord,  
 Gird on thy sharp victorious sword ;  
 In majesty and glory ride,  
 With truth and meekness at thy side.
- 4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,  
 Shall pierce thy foes of stubborn heart ;  
 Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,  
 Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.
- 5 Thy throne, O God,\* for ever stands ;  
 Grace is the sceptre in thy hands ;  
 Thy laws and works are just and right ;  
 Justice and grace are thy delight.
- 6 Thy Father, God, hath richly shed  
 His oil of gladness on thy head ;  
 And with his sacred Spirit blest  
 His first born Son above the rest.

\* See Hebrews, i. 8.

WATTS.

PSALM XLV. Sec. Part. L. M. x  
 Christ and his Church.

- 1 THE King of Saints, how fair his face !  
 Adorn'd with majesty and grace !  
 He comes with blessings from above,  
 And wins the nations to his love.
- 2 At his right hand our eyes behold  
 The church, array'd in purest gold ;  
 The world admires her heav'nly dress,  
 Her robes of joy and righteousness.
- 3 He forms her graces like his own,  
 He calls and seats her near his throne :

Then let thy wand'ring heart forget  
The idols of thy native state.

- 4 So shall the King the more rejoice  
In thee, the object of his choice ;  
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,  
He is thy Maker and thy Lord.
- 5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise  
To his fair palace in the skies ;  
And all thy sons, a num'rous train,  
Each like a prince in glory reign !
- 6 Let endless honours crown his head,  
Let ev'ry age his praises spread ;  
Whilst we with cheerful songs approve  
The condescensions of his love.

WATTS.

PSALM XLVI. *Long Metre.* ✖

Praise for national Peace.

- 1 G R E A T Ruler of the earth and skies,  
A word of thy almighty breath  
Can sink the world, or bid it rise ;  
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,  
And rage and noise and tumult reign,  
When war resounds its dire alarms,  
And slaughter spreads the crimson plain ;
- 3 Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,  
And marks their course, and bounds their  
Thy word the angry nations own, [pow'r ;  
And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wings,  
Reviving commerce spreads her sails,

The fields are green, and plenty sings  
Responsive o'er the hills and vales.

- 5 Thou good and wise and righteous Lord,  
All move subservient to thy will ;  
Both peace and war await thy word,  
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
- 6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,  
Thy kind protection still implore ;  
O may our hearts and lives and tongues  
Confess thy goodness, and adore !

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM XLVI. *Six Line L. M.*      ✪ or ♫

War and Peace.

- 1 God is our refuge in distress,  
A present help when dangers press ;  
In him undaunted we'll confide ;  
Though earth were from her centre tost,  
And mountains in the ocean lost,  
Dissolv'd by ev'ry rising tide.
- 2 A gentle stream with gladness still  
The city of our God shall fill,  
The sacred seat of God most high :  
God dwells in Zion, whose fair tow'rs  
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly pow'rs,  
Whilst his almighty aid is nigh.
- 3 In tumults, when the heathen rag'd,  
And kingdoms war against us wag'd,  
He thunder'd and dispers'd their pow'rs:  
The Lord of hosts conducts our arms,  
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,  
Our fathers' guardian God, and ours.

- 4 Come, see the wonders he hath wrought,  
On earth what desolations brought ;  
How he has calm'd the jarring world !  
He broke the warlike spear and bow,  
With them the thund'ring chariot too  
Into devouring flames were hurl'd.
- 5 Submit to God's almighty sway,  
For him the nations shall obey,  
And earth her sov'reign Lord confess :  
The God of hosts conducts our arms,  
Our tower of refuge in alarms,  
As to our fathers in distress.

TATE.

PSALM XLVII. *Common Metre.*

## Universal Praise.

- 1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy  
To God the sov'reign King !  
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,  
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Whilst angels shout their lofty praise,  
Let mortals learn their strains ;  
Let all the earth their voices raise,  
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 3 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,  
Let knowledge lead the song ;  
Nor mock him with a solemn sound  
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 4 In Israel stood his ancient throne,  
He lov'd that chosen race ;  
But now he calls the world his own,  
And heathens taste his grace.

WATTS.

PSALM XLVIII. *Short Metre.*

xx

Gospel Worship and Order.

- 1** **G**REAT is the Lord our God,  
And let his praise be great ;  
He makes the church his blest abode,  
His most delightful seat.
- 2** **F**ar as thy name is known,  
The world declares thy praise ;  
**T**hy saints, O Lord, before thy throne  
Their songs of honour raise.
- 3** **L**et strangers walk around  
The city where we dwell ;  
Compass and view thy holy ground,  
And mark the building well ;
- 4** **T**he order of thy house,  
The worship of thy court,  
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,  
And make a fair report.
- 5** **H**ow decent and how wise !  
How glorious to behold !  
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,  
And rites adorn'd with gold.
- 6** **T**he God we worship now  
Will guide us till we die ;  
Will be our God whilst here below,  
Our God above the sky.

**WATTS.**PSALM XLIX. *Common Metre.***b**

The Vanity of Riches.

- 1** **W**HY doth the man of riches grow  
To insolence and pride,  
To see his wealth and honours flow  
With ev'ry rising tide ?

- 2** Not all his treasures can procure  
    His soul a short reprieve ;  
Redeem from death one guilty hour,  
    Or make his brother live.
- 3** The worth of life can ne'er be told,  
    Its ransom is too high ;  
Justice cannot be brib'd with gold,  
    That man may never die.
- 4** He sees the brutish and the wise,  
    The tim'rous and the brave,  
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,  
    And hasten to the grave.
- 5** Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,  
    " My house shall ever stand ;  
" And, that my name may long abide,  
    " I'll give it to my land."
- 6** Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost ;  
    How soon his mem'ry dies !  
His name is written in the dust  
    In which his body lies.

WATTS.

PSALM L. First Part. *Common Metre.* **b**  
The last Judgment.

- 1** THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne  
    Bids the whole earth draw nigh ;  
The nations near the rising sun,  
    And near the western sky.
- 2** No more shall bold blasphemers say,  
    " Judgment will ne'er begin ;"  
No more abuse his long delay,  
    To impudence and sin.
- 3** Thron'd on a cloud, our God shall come,  
    Bright flames prepare his way ;

Thunder and darkness, fire and storm  
Lead on the dreadful day.

- 4 Heav'n from above, his call shall hear,  
Attending angels come;  
And earth and hell shall know and fear  
His justice, and their doom.
- 5 "But gather all my saints, (he cries)  
"Who made their peace with God,  
"Through the Redeemer's sacrifice,  
"And seal'd it with his blood.
- 6 "Their faith and works, brought forth to  
"Shall make the world confess [light,  
"My sentence of reward is right,  
"And heav'n adore my grace."

WATTS.

PSALM L. Second Part. L. M. b  
Hypocrisy exposed.

- 1 THE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns,  
Let hypocrites attend and fear,  
Who place their hopes in rites and forms,  
But make not faith nor love their care.
- 2 They dare rehearse his sacred name,  
With lips of falsehood and deceit ;  
A friend or brother they defame,  
And sooth and flatter those they hate.
- 3 They watch to do their neighbour wrong,  
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face ;  
They take his cov'nant on their tongue,  
But break his laws, abuse his grace.
- 4 To heav'n they lift their hands unclean,  
Defil'd with lust, and stain'd with blood ;  
By night they practise ev'ry sin,  
By day their mouths draw near to God.

- 5 And whilst his judgments long delay,  
They grow secure, and sin the more ;  
They think he sleeps as well as they,  
And put far off the dreadful hour.
- 6 O dreadful hour ! when God draws near,  
And sets their crimes before their eyes ;  
Their guilt and punishment appear,  
And no deliv'rer can arise.

WATTS.

PSALM LI. First Part. *Long Metre.* b

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

- 1 SHEW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive !  
Let a repenting sinner live ;  
Are not thy mercies large and free ?  
May not the contrite trust in thee ?
- 2 My sins, though great, do not surpass  
The riches of eternal grace ;  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,  
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean !  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess  
Against thy law, against thy grace ;  
And should thy judgment be severe,  
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,  
Seeks for some precious promise there,  
Some sure protection from despair.

6 Then shall thy love inspire my tongue,  
 Salvation shall be all my song ;  
 And all my pow'rs shall join to bless  
 The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

WATTS.

## PSALM LI. Second Part. L. M. b

The Penitent restored.

- 1 O THOU, who hear'st when sinners cry,  
 Though all my crimes before thee lie,  
 Regard them not with angry look,  
 But blot their mem'ry from thy book .
- 2 Renew me, O my God, within,  
 And form my soul averse to sin ;  
 Let thy good Spirit not depart,  
 Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,  
 Cast out and banish'd from thy sight ;  
 Thy holy joys, O God, restore,  
 And guard me, that I fall no more.
- 4 A broken heart, my God, my King,  
 Is all the sacrifice I bring ;  
 The God of grace will not despise  
 A contrite heart for sacrifice.
- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
 And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;  
 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
 And save the wretch condemn'd to die.
- 6 Then will I teach the world thy grace,  
 Sinners shall learn to seek thy face ;  
 I'll lead them in the heav'nly road,  
 And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

WATTS

PSALM LII. united with the 55th. S. M. b

Devotion and Confidence.

- 1 LET sinners take their course,  
And choose the road to death ;  
But in the praises of my God  
I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 Thou wilt regard my cries,  
O my eternal God !  
Whilst sinners perish in surprise,  
Beneath thy angry rod.
- 3 Because they dwell at ease,  
And no sad changes feel,  
They neither fear thy holy name,  
Nor learn to do thy will.
- 4 But like an olive tree,  
Within thy courts I'll stand,  
And confidently, Lord, rely  
On thy protecting hand.
- 5 With all my heavy cares,  
I'll lean upon the Lord ;  
I'll cast my burden on his arm,  
And rest upon his word.
- 6 His arm shall well sustain  
The children of his love ;  
The ground on which their safety stands  
No earthly pow'r can move.

WATTS and MERRICK.

PSALM LIII. *Long Metre.*      ✠ or b

Compared with Rom. iii. 10, 11.

The Degeneracy of the World removed by the Gospel.

- 1 BEHOLD the fool, whose heart denies  
The God who form'd the earth and skies !  
And, whilst the path of sin he treads,  
How wide the dire example spreads !

- 2 Th' eternal Sov'reign from on high  
   Cast on the sons of men his eye,  
   To see if any understood,  
   And fear'd and lov'd their Maker, God.
- 3 But all were so degen'rate grown,  
   None the true God had fully known ;  
   Both Jew and Gentile long had been  
   By lust enslav'd, and dead in sin.
- 4 Both gone from wisdom's path astray,  
   Pursu'd the errors of their way,  
   With disinal superstition blind,  
   And causeless terrors fill'd their mind.
- 5 Who, gracious God, to sinners' eyes  
   Could bid the wish'd salvation rise ?  
   Thy SON did light and truth display,  
   And turn their darkness into day.
- 6 No flesh shall boast of righteousness,  
   But guilty shall themselves confess ;  
   And when they hear thy pard'ning voice,  
   In thy salvation shall rejoice.

MERRICK, with additions.

PSALM LIV. *Particular Metre.*      b

*Deliverance from Enemies.*

- 1 THY name, O God, my heart avows ;  
   Do thou my injur'd cause espouse,  
   And be thy strength my aid ;  
   My fervent cries in mercy hear,  
   And let them by thy pitying ear  
   With full regard be weigh'd.
- 2 For people, from thy fear estrang'd,  
   With tyrants fierce, against me rang'd,  
   My fainting soul pursue ;

But 'midst my helpers, heav'n's high Lord  
Shall stand, and, faithful to his word,  
Each adverse pow'r subdue.

- 3 O let my heart, their rage repell'd,  
Itself a willing off'ring yield !  
To thee its praise shall flow ;  
Whilst to my thought thy mercies rise,  
That gave me with exulting eyes  
To see my prostrate foe.

MERRICK.

PSALM LV. *Common Metre.*

b

Impatience corrected by Faith.

- 1 O WERE I like a feather'd dove !  
If innocence had wings,  
I'd fly, and make a long remove  
From all these restless things.
- 2 Let me to some wild desert go,  
And find a peaceful home ;  
Where storms of malice never blow,  
Temptations never come.
- 3 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,  
T' escape the rage of hell !  
The mighty God, on whom I call,  
Can save me here as well.
- 4 By morning light I'll seek his face,  
At noon repeat my cry ;  
The night shall hear me ask his grace,  
Nor will he long deny.
- 5 God, my preserver and my friend,  
Can shield me when afraid ;  
Ten thousand angels must attend,  
If he command their aid.

6 I'll cast my burdens on the Lord,  
    He will sustain them all ;  
My faith shall rest upon his word,  
    And I shall never fall.

WATTS.

PSALM LVI. *Common Metre.*

God's Care of his People.

- 1 IN God, most holy, just and true,  
    I have repos'd my trust ;  
Nor will I fear what man can do,  
    The offspring of the dust.
- 2 God counts the sorrows of his saints,  
    Their cries affect his ears ;  
Thou hast a book for their complaints,  
    A bottle for their tears.
- 3 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,  
    Thou shalt receive my praise ;  
I'll sing, " how faithful is thy word,  
    " How righteous are thy ways ! "
- 4 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death ;  
    O set thy servant free,  
That heart, and hand, and life, and breath  
    May be employ'd for thee !

WATTS.

PSALM LVII. *Long Metre.*

※

Divine Protection, Grace and Truth.

- 1 My God, in whom are all the springs  
    Of boundless love, and grace unknown ;  
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,  
    Till the dark cloud be overblown.

- 2 Up to the heav'ns, I raise my cry ;  
 The Lord will my desires perform :  
 He sends his angel from the sky,  
 And saves me from the threat'ning storm.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God !  
 Above the heav'ns where angels dwell ;  
 Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,  
 And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 4 My heart is fix'd, my song shall raise  
 Immortal honours to thy name ;  
 Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,  
 My tongue, the glory of my frame.
- 5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,  
 And reaches to the utmost sky ;  
 His truth to endless years remains,  
 When lower worlds dissolve and die.
- 6 Be thou exalted, O my God !  
 Above the heav'ns where angels dwell ;  
 Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,  
 And land to land thy wonders tell.

WATTS.

PSALM LVIII. *Six Line Long Metre.*

b

The Destruction of Tyrants and Oppressors.

- 1 SHALL tyrants rule by impious laws ?  
 Shall they despise the righteous cause,  
 When innocence before them stands ?  
 Dare they condemn the helpless poor,  
 And let oppressors rest secure, [hands ?  
 Whilst gold and greatness bribe their
- 2 Do they forget th' Almighty name,  
 That God o'er all is Judge supreme ?  
 High in the heav'ns his justice reigns ;

Yet they invade the rights of God,  
And send their bold decrees abroad,  
To bind the free born soul in chains.

- 3** A poison'd arrow is their tongue,  
The arrow sharp, the poison strong ;  
And death attends where'er it wounds ;  
They hear no counsels, cries, nor tears ;  
So the deaf adder stops her ears  
Against the melody of sounds.
- 4** Break thou their teeth, Almighty Ged !  
The teeth of lions drench'd in blood,  
And crush those serpents in the dust ;  
Thy voice shall thunder from the sky,  
Their crowns shall fall, their titles die,  
Their grandeur and their pow'r be lost.
- 5** Thus shall thy justice, mighty Lord,  
Freedom and peace to men afford,  
And nations shall unite and say,  
“Sure there's a God, that rules on high,  
“Who hears th' oppressed when they cry,  
“And all their suff'rings will repay.”

WATTS altered.

PSALM LIX.      *Short Metre.*

b

For Deliverance from the Savages.

- 1** **L**ORD, let our humble cry  
Before thy throne ascend ;  
Behold us with compassion's eye,  
And still our lives defend.
- 2** For foes, a num'rous band,  
Against our lives conspire ;  
They aim destruction thro' the land,  
And spread the raging fire.

- 3 Beneath the silent shade  
   Their secret plots they lay,  
 Our peaceful towns by night invade,  
   And waste the fields by day.
- 4 And will the God of grace,  
   Regardless of our pain,  
 Permit secure that bloody race,  
   To riot o'er the slain ?
- 5 In vain their secret guile,  
   Or open force they prove :  
 Thine eye can pierce the deepest veil,  
   Thy hand their force remove.
- 6 Deliver us from death,  
   Send our invaders home ;  
 Or drive them with thy pow'rful breath  
   Thro' distant wilds to roam.
- 7 Then shall our grateful voice  
   Proclaim our guardian God ;  
 In thy salvation we'll rejoice,  
   And sound thy praise abroad.

*BARLOW, altered.*

PSALM LX. *Common Metre.*

b

Humiliation for Disappointment in War.

- 1 L O R D , hast thou cast the nation off ?  
   Must we for ever mourn ?  
   Wilt thou consume us in thy wrath ?  
   Shall mercy ne'er return ?
- 2 The terror of one frown of thine  
   Melts all our strength away :  
   Like men subdu'd by pow'r of wine,  
   We tremble in dismay.

- 3 Our country shakes beneath thy stroke,  
And dreads thy lifted hand ;  
O hear the people thou hast broke,  
And save the sinking land !
- 4 Lift up thy banner in the field,  
For those who fear thy name ;  
Defend thy people with thy shield,  
And put our foes to shame.
- 5 Go with our armies to the fight,  
And be their guardian God ;  
In vain confed'rate pow'rs unite  
Against thy lifted rod.
- 6 Our troops shall gain a wide renown  
By thine assisting hand ;  
For God shall tread the mighty down,  
And make the feeble stand.

WATTS.

PSALM LXI.      *Long Metre.*

Safety in God.



- 1 WHEN overwhelm'd with pain and grief,  
Helpless, and far from all relief,  
My heart within me sinks and dies,  
To God I lift my waiting eyes.
- 2 High on the rock my footsteps rear,  
There let me stand unmov'd, and hear  
The storms, which now around me beat,  
Roll harmless underneath my feet.
- 3 Thee, Lord, I seek, whene'er my foes,  
On mischief bent, my path enclose :  
Thou art, in ev'ry dang'rous hour,  
My steadfast hope, my strongest tow'r.
- 4 Remote from fear, within thy shrine,  
Thou, Lord, my dwelling shalt assign ;

Thy wings shall wrap me in their shade,  
For thou hast heard me when I pray'd.

- 5 Safe in thy presence let me stand,  
And share the blessings of thy hand ;  
My dwelling let thy truth defend,  
Thy mercy on my steps attend.
- 6 So shall thy love awake my song,  
My voice the willing note prolong ;  
Whilst, warm'd with zeal, my vows I pay,  
And bless thee to my latest day.

MERRICK varied.

PSALM LXII. *Long Metre.*

b

No Trust in the Creatures, but in God.

- 1 My spirit looks to God alone,  
My rock and refuge are his throne ;  
In all my fears, in all my straits,  
My soul on his salvation waits.
- 2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,  
To him your suppliant voices raise ;  
When helpers fail, and foes invade,  
God is our all sufficient aid.
- 3 False are the men of high degree,  
The baser sort are vanity ;  
Laid in the balance, both appear  
Light as a breath of empty air.
- 4 Make not increasing gold your trust,  
Nor set your heart on glitt'ring dust ;  
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,  
And not believe what God hath spoke ?
- 5 Once hath his awful voice declar'd,  
Once and again my ears have heard,  
“ All pow'r is his eternal due.  
“ He must be fear'd and trusted too.”

6 For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone ;  
 Grace is a partner of the throne :  
 Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,  
 Shall well adjudge our last reward.

WATTS.

PSALM LXIII. *Common Metre.*

For the Lord's Day Morning. \*

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,  
 I haste to seek thy face,  
 My thirsty spirit faints away,  
 Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,  
 Beneath a burning sky,  
 Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
 And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r  
 Through all thy temple shine ;  
 My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,  
 That vision so divine.
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast,  
 Can please my soul so well,  
 As when thy richer grace I taste,  
 And in thy presence dwell.
- 5 Not life itself, with all its joys,  
 Can my best passions move ;  
 Nor raise so high my cheerful voice,  
 As thy forgiving love.
- 6 Thus, till my last expiring day,  
 I'll bless my God and King ;  
 Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
 And tune my lips to sing.

WATTS.

PSALM LXIII. *Long Metre.* \*

The Love of God and his Worship.

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim ;  
 Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;  
 The glories that compose thy name  
 Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,  
 Thou art my Father and my God ;  
 And I am thine, by sacred ties,  
 Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,  
 For thee I long, to thee I look ;  
 As travellers in thirsty lands,  
 Long for the cooling water brook.
- 4 With early feet, I will appear  
 Among thy saints, and seek thy face ;  
 Give me to see thy glory there,  
 And taste the richness of thy grace.
- 5 Not all, by worldly men possess'd,  
 Not all the joys our senses know,  
 Can make me so divinely blest,  
 Or raise my cheerful passions so.
- 6 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
 Whilst I have breath to pray or praise ;  
 This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
 And well employ my future days.

WATTS.

PSALM LXIII. *Short Metre.* \*

Delight in Divine Worship.

- 1 MY God, permit my tongue  
 With joy to call thee mine ;  
 And let my early cries prevail,  
 To taste thy love divine.

- 2 Within thy churches, Lord,  
I long to find my place ;  
Thy pow'r and glory to behold,  
And feel thy quick'ning grace.
- 3 For life, without thy love,  
No relish can afford ;  
No joy can be compar'd with this,  
To serve and please the Lord.
- 4 To thee I'll lift my hands,  
And praise thee whilst I live ;  
Not the gay scenes of time and sense  
Such pure delight can give.
- 5 Since thou hast been my help,  
To thee my spirit flies ;  
And on thy watchful providence  
My cheerful hope relies.
- 6 The shadow of thy wings  
My soul in safety keeps ;  
I follow where my Father leads,  
And he supports my steps.

WATTS.

PSALM LXIV.      *Six Line L. M.*

In a Time of Insurrection.

- 1 O LORD, to our request give ear,  
And free our souls from hostile fear ;  
For crafty men, of impious mind,  
(Their pow'rs in secret league combin'd)  
With factious rage their plots devise,  
And vent their malice, mix'd with lies.
- 2 Behold the slaughter-breathing throng,  
Whet like a sword their threat'ning tongue,  
And bend their bows, to shoot their darts  
Against the men of upright hearts :

In works of mischief they agree,  
And vainly think that none shall see.

- 3 But, wretches, whither will ye fly ?  
Behold the arrow from on high  
Descends, and bears upon its wing  
The wrath of heav'n's offended King !  
Your slanders on yourselves shall fall,  
Hated, despis'd, and shunn'd by all.

- 4 The world shall then God's pow'r confess,  
His wisdom, love and righteousness ;  
And men shall see, with rev'rend thought,  
The wonders that his hand hath wrought ;  
Whilst all shall own his dealings just,  
The righteous in his name shall trust.

TATE and MERRICK, united and varied.

PSALM LXV. First Part. L. M. \*

Publick Worship.

- 1 For thee, O God, our constant praise  
In Zion waits, thy chosen seat ;  
Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,  
And all our zealous vows complete.
- 2 O thou, who to my humble pray'r  
Didst always bend thy list'ning ear,  
To thee shall all mankind repair,  
And at thy gracious throne appear.
- 3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain  
To stop thy flowing mercy try ;  
For thou wilt purge the guilty stain,  
And wash away the crimson die.
- 4 Blest is the man, who near thee plac'd,  
Within thy sacred dwelling lives ;  
Whilst we at humbler distance taste  
The vast delight thy worship gives.

TATE.

PSALM LXV. First Part. C. M. ✠

Divine Providence in Air, Earth, and Sea.

- 1 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand,  
God of eternal pow'r ;  
The sea grows calm at thy command,  
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light and evening shade  
Successive comforts bring ;  
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,  
Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,  
Heav'n, air, and earth, are thine ;  
When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs,  
The Author is divine :
- 4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,  
Borne by the winds around,  
Whose wat'ry treasures well supply  
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,  
And ranks of corn appear ;  
Thy ways abound with blessings still,  
Thy goodness crowns the year.

WATTS.

PSALM LXV. Third Part. C. M. ✠

Fruitful Seasons.

- 1 God is the Lord, the heav'nly King,  
Who makes the earth his care ;  
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,  
And bids the grass appear.
- 2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,  
Pour out, at thy command,  
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,  
To cheer the thirsty land.

- 3 The soften'd ridges of the field  
     Permit the corn to spring ;  
     The vallies rich provision yield,  
         The grateful lab'lers sing.
- 4 The little hills on ev'ry side  
     Rejoice at falling show'rs ;  
     The meadows, dress'd in all their pride,  
         Perfume the air with flow'rs.
- 5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,  
     Promise a joyful crop ;  
     The fields, with verdure fill'd, again  
         Revive the reaper's hope.
- 6 The various months thy goodness crowns,  
     How bounteous are thy ways !  
     The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,  
         And shepherds shout thy praise.

WATTS.

PSALM LXV. *Long Metre.*

A New Version.

- 1 THY praise, O God, in Zion waits ;  
     All flesh shall crowd thy sacred gates,  
     To offer sacrifice and pray'r,  
         And pay their willing homage there.
- 2 What though iniquity prevail,  
     And feeble flesh be prone to fail ?  
     Yet, Lord, thy grace thou wilt display,  
         And purge each hateful stain away.
- 3 Blest is the man approv'd by thee,  
     And brought thy holy courts to see ;  
     Goodness, immense and unconfin'd,  
         Shall largely feast his longing mind.
- 4 Great God, by thy almighty hand,  
     The everlasting mountains stand :

And ev'ry storm, and ev'ry flood,  
Obey thy all commanding nod.

- 5 Thy lightnings, flashing through the skies,  
Fill the wide earth with sad surprise ;  
But, cheer'd by thy enliv'ning voice,  
Rising and setting suns rejoice.
- 6 From thy vast unexhausted stores,  
The earth is blest with kindly show'rs ;  
And savage wilds and deserts drear,  
Confess thee, Father of the year.
- 7 The flocks which graze the mountain's brow,  
The corn which clothes the plains below,  
To ev'ry heart new transports bring,  
And hills and vales rejoice and sing.

JACOB KIMBALL.

PSALM LXVI. First Part. C. M. \*

Divine Power and Goodness.

- 1 Now to the Lord of heav'n and earth,  
Address a cheerful song ;  
Let gratitude inspire your mirth,  
And joy the notes prolong.
- 2 Come, see the wonders of our God,  
How glorious are his ways !  
In *Moses'* hand he puts his rod,  
The sea his voice obeys.
- 3 He made the ebbing channel dry,  
Whilst Israel pass'd the flood ;  
The tribes beheld, with wond'ring eye,  
A guardian in their God.
- 4 O bless the Lord, and never cease ;  
Ye saints, fulfil his praise ;  
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,  
And guides our doubtful ways.

- 5 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suff'ring souls,  
To make our graces shine ;  
So silver bears the burning coals,  
The metal to refine.
- 6 Through wat'ry deeps, and fiery ways,  
We march at thy command ;  
Led to possess the promis'd place,  
By thy unerring hand.

WATTS.

## PSALM LXVI. Second Part. C. M. \*

Praise to God for hearing Prayer.

- 1 Now shall my solemn vows be paid  
To that Almighty Power,  
Who heard the long requests I made  
In my distressful hour.
- 2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare  
To make his mercies known ;  
Come ye, who love my God, and hear  
The wonders he hath done.
- 3 If sin lay cover'd in my heart,  
When praise employ'd my tongue,  
The Lord had shewn me no regard,  
Nor I his praises sung.
- 4 But God, his name be ever blest,  
Has set my spirit free ;  
He ne'er rejected my request,  
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

WATTS.

## PSALM LXVII. Short Metre. \*

Universal Praise.

- 1 To bless thy chosen race,  
In mercy, Lord, incline ;  
And cause the brightness of thy face,  
On all thy church to shine.

- 2 That so thy gracious way  
     May through the world be known ;  
     Whilst distant lands their homage pay,  
         And thy salvation own.
- 3 Let all the nations join  
     To celebrate thy fame ;  
     Let the whole world, O Lord, combine  
         To praise thy glorious name.
- 4 O let them shout and sing,  
     In humble pious mirth ;  
     For thou, the righteous Judge and King,  
         Shalt govern all the earth.

TATE.

PSALM LXVIII. First Part. *Six line L. M.*

The Justice and Compassion of God.

- 1 LET God arise in all his might,  
     And put his enemies to flight ;  
     As smoke, that sought to cloud the skies,  
     Before the rising tempest flies,  
     Or wax that melts before the fire,  
     So shall his fainting foes expire.
- 2 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong,  
     Praise him, ye nations, in your song ;  
     He rides and thunders through the sky,  
     His name, Jehovah, sounds on high ;  
     Sing to his name, ye sons of grace,  
     Ye saints, rejoice before his face.
- 3 The widow and the fatherless  
     Fly to his aid in sharp distress ;  
     In him the poor and helpless find  
     A Judge most just, a Father kind ;  
     He breaks the captive's galling chain,  
     And pris'ners see the light again.

- 4 His wondrous name and pow'r rehearse,  
 His honours shall enrich your verse ;  
 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest,  
 He's your defence, your joy, your rest :  
 When terrors rise and nations faint,  
 God is the strength of ev'ry saint.

WATTS.

## PSALM LXVIII. ver. 17, 18. S. P. L. M. \*

Compared with Ephes. iv. 8, 9, 10.

The Ascension of Christ, and the Gift of his Spirit.

- 1 L O R D , when thou didst ascend on high,  
 Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky ;  
 Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,  
 Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear  
 More glorious when the Lord was there ;  
 When he proclaim'd his dreadful law,  
 And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,  
 When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,  
 Which thousand souls had captive made,  
 Were all in chains like captives led.
- 4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,  
 He sent his promis'd Spirit down,  
 With gifts and grace for rebel men,  
 That God might dwell on earth again.

WATTS.

## PSALM LXVIII. Third Part. L. M. \*

Praise for Divine Care and Goodness.

- 1 W E bless the Lord, the just, the good,  
 Who fills our hearts with joy and food ;  
 Who pours his blessings from the skies,  
 And loads us with his rich supplies.

- 2 He sends the sun his circuit round,  
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground ;  
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,  
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 3 To his kind care we owe our breath,  
And all our near escapes from death ;  
Safety and health to God belong,  
He heals the sick and guards the strong.
- 4 His own right hand his saints shall raise  
From death's dark shade to sing his praise ;  
And bring them to his courts above,  
To see his face and taste his love.

WATTS.

## PSALM LXIX. C. M.

¶

The Obedience and Death of Christ.

- 1 FATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace,  
I bless my Saviour's name ;  
He bought salvation for the poor,  
And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 His deep distress hath rais'd us high ;  
His duty and his zeal  
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,  
And finish'd all thy will.
- 3 The sacrifice he offer'd once  
Has better pleas'd my God,  
Than all the victims of the law,  
Than goats' or bullocks' blood.
- 4 This shall his humble foll'wers see,  
And set their hearts at rest ;  
They by his death draw near to thee,  
And live for ever blest.

5 Let heav'n, and all who dwell on high,  
     To God their voices raise ;  
     While lands and seas assist the sky,  
     And join t' advance the praise.

6 Zion is thine, most holy God,  
     Thy Son shall bless her gates ;  
     And glory, purchas'd by his death,  
     For thy own Israel waits.

WATTS, altered.

PSALM LXIX. *Long Metre.*

b

The Sufferings of Christ.

1 DEEP in our hearts, let us record  
     The sorrows of our dying Lord :  
     Behold the rising billows roll,  
     To overwhelm his holy soul.

2 The Jews his brethren, and his kin,  
     Abus'd the Man who check'd their sin ;  
     While he obey'd God's holy laws,  
     They hate him, but without a cause.

3 In long complaints he spends his breath,  
     While hosts of hell and pow'rs of death,  
     And all the sons of malice join,  
     To execute their vain design.

4 For, gracious God, thy pow'r and love  
     Have made the curse a blessing prove ;  
     Though once upon the cross he bled,  
     Immortal honours crown his head.

5 Through Christ thy Son our guilt forgive,  
     And let the mourning sinner live ;  
     The Lord will hear us in his name,  
     Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

WATTS, varied.

## PSALM LXX. Common Metre.

b

Protection against Enemies.

- 1 GREAT God, attend my humble call,  
Nor hear my cries in vain ;  
O let thy grace prevent my fall,  
And still my hope sustain !
- 2 When foes insulting wound my name,  
And tempt my soul astray ;  
Then let them hide their face with shame,  
To their own plots a prey :
- 3 Whilst all who love thy name rejoice,  
And glory in thy word,  
In thy salvation raise their voice,  
To magnify the Lord.
- 4 Be thou my help in time of need,  
To thee, O Lord, I pray ;  
In mercy hasten to my aid,  
Nor let thy grace delay.

BARLOW.

## PSALM LXXI. First Part. C. M. b

Old Age, Death, and the Resurrection.

- 1 My God, my everlasting hope,  
I live upon thy truth ;  
Thy hands have held my childhood up,  
And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 New wonders, Lord, my eyes have seen  
With each revolving year ;  
Thou know'st the days which yet remain,  
I trust them to thy care.
- 3 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,  
And leave my fainting heart ?

- Who shall sustain my sinking years,  
If God my strength depart ?
- 4 Down to the silent vale of death  
Will be my next remove ;  
O may these poor remains of breath  
Declare thy wondrous love !
- 5 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim  
To the surviving age ;  
And leave a savour of thy name  
When I shall quit the stage.
- 6 By long experience I have known  
Thy sov'reign pow'r to save ;  
At thy command I venture down  
Securely to the grave.
- 7 When I am buried in the dust,  
My flesh shall be thy care ;  
These with'ring limbs with thee I trust,  
To raise them strong and fair.

WATTS.

## PSALM LXXI. Second Part. C. M. \*

Christ our Strength and Righteousness.

- 1 My Saviour, my Almighty Friend,  
When I begin thy praise,  
Where will the growing numbers end,  
The numbers of thy grace ?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,  
Thy goodness I adore ;  
And since I knew thy graces first,  
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial road,  
And march with courage in thy strength  
To see my Father, God.

- 4 When I am fill'd with shame and grief  
     For some remains of sin,  
     Thy promises shall bring relief,  
     And give me peace within.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell  
     The vict'ries of my King !  
     My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,  
     Shall thy salvation sing.
- 6 My tongue shall all the day proclaim  
     My Saviour's dying blood ;  
     His death has brought my foes to shame,  
     And made my peace with God.

WATTS, altered.

## PSALM LXXII. First Part. L. M. \*

The Kingdom of Christ.

- 1 GREAT God, whose universal sway  
     All heav'n reveres, all worlds obey,  
     Now make the Saviour's glory known,  
     Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.
- 2 Thy sceptre well become his hands,  
     Angels submit to his commands ;  
     His justice shall protect the poor,  
     And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With pow'r he vindicates the just,  
     And treads th' oppressor in the dust ;  
     His righteous government shall last,  
     Till days, and years, and time be past.
- 4 The heathen lands that lie beneath  
     The shades of overspreading death,  
     Revive at his first dawning light,  
     And deserts blossom at the sight.

- 5 The saints shall flourish in his days,  
Drest in the robes of joy and praise ;  
Peace, like a river, from his throne  
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

WATTS, altered.

## PSALM LXXII. Second Part. L. M. \*

The Kingdom of Christ.

- 1 JESUS shall reign, where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 Through him shall endless pray'rs be made,  
And praises throng to crown his head ;  
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With ev'ry daily sacrifice.
- 3 From north to south shall princes meet,  
To pay their homage at his feet ;  
And barb'rous nations, at his word,  
Submit and bow, and own their Lord.
- 4 People and realms of ev'ry tongue  
Dwell on his love with grateful song ;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.
- 5 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,  
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains ;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 6 Where he displays his healing pow'r,  
The sting of death is known no more ;  
In him the sons of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.

7 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring  
 Peculiar honours to our King !  
 Angels descend with songs again,  
 And earth repeat the long *Amen.*

WATTS, altered.

PSALM LXXII. Third Part. L. M. ☒

Divine Influence compared to Rain.

- 1 As show'rs on meadows newly mown,  
 Our God shall send his Spirit down ;  
 Eternal Source of grace divine,  
 What soul-refreshing drops are thine !
- 2 Lands which beneath a burning sky  
 Have long been desolate and dry,  
 Th' effusions of his love shall share,  
 And sudden life and verdure wear.
- 3 The dews and rains in all their store,  
 Wat'ring the pastures o'er and o'er,  
 Are not so copious as that grace  
 Which sanctifies and saves our race.
- 4 As in soft silence, vernal show'rs  
 Descend and cheer the fainting flow'rs ;  
 So in the secrecy of love,  
 Falls the blest influence from above.
- 5 That heav'nly influence let me find,  
 In holy silence of the mind ;  
 Whilst ev'ry grace maintains its bloom,  
 Diffusing wide its rich perfume.
- 6 Nor let these blessings be confin'd  
 To me, but pour'd on all mankind ;  
 Till all the wastes in verdure rise,  
 And a new Eden bless our eyes.

RIPPON'S Collection

PSALM LXXIII. *Long Metre.*

b

## Dangerous Prosperity.

- 1 **LORD**, what a thoughtless wretch was I,  
To mourn and murmur and repine,  
To see the wicked plac'd on high,  
And pride in robes of honour shine.
- 2 To fathom this, my thoughts I bent,  
But found the case too hard for me,  
Till to the house of God I went,  
Then I their end did plainly see.
- 3 However high advanc'd, they all  
On slipp'ry places loosely stand ;  
Thence into ruin headlong fall,  
Cast down by thine almighty hand.
- 4 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee !  
Just like a dream, when man awakes ;  
Their songs of softest harmony  
Are but a preface to their plagues.
- 5 But still thy presence me supply'd,  
And thy right hand directs my way ;  
Thy counsels, Lord, shall be my guide  
To realms of peace and endless day.

WATTS and TATE.

## PSALM LXXIII. Sec. Part. C. M. \*

## God our Portion.

- 1 **GOD**, my supporter, and my hope,  
My help for ever near ;  
Thine arm of mercy held me up,  
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet  
Through this dark wilderness ;  
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,  
To dwell before thy face.

- 3 Were I in heav'n without my God,  
   'Twould be no joy to me ;  
 And whilst this earth is my abode,  
   I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,  
   And flesh and heart should faint ?  
 God is my soul's eternal rock,  
   The strength of ev'ry saint.
- 5 Behold, the sinners who remove  
   Far from thy presence, die ;  
 Not all the idol gods they love,  
   Can save them when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God,  
   Shall be my sweet employ ;  
 My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,  
   And tell the world my joy.

WATTS.

## PSALM LXXIV. ver. 12, 17. C. M. ✪

Divine Providence.

- 1 PARENT of Nature, God supreme !  
   Thy works are great and good ;  
 All nature manifests thy name,  
   The sky, the earth, the flood.
- 2 Thine is the cheerful day, and thine  
   The dark return of night ;  
 Thou hast prepar'd the sun to shine,  
   And ev'ry feebler light.
- 3 By thee each region of the earth  
   In perfect order stands ;  
 The glowing south, the frozen north,  
   Obey thy fix'd commands.

4 Thou didst divide th' Egyptian sea,  
By thy resistless might,  
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,  
And then secure their flight.

5 At thy command, the solid rock  
Pour'd water from its side ;  
And thou didst lead thy chosen flock  
Through Jordan's parting tide.

6 If nature owns its sov'reign Lord,  
We would obey thy will ;  
And whilst we trust thy faithful word,  
We sing thy praises still.

WATTS and TATE, with variation and addition.

PSALM LXXV.      *Long Metre.*



Power of Government from God alone.

[Applied to the American Revolution.]

1 To thee, Most Holy and Most High,  
We render thanks, and sing thy praise ;  
Thy works declare thy name is nigh,  
Thy works of wonder and of grace.

2 To bondage doom'd, thy free-born sons  
Beheld their foes indignant rise ;  
And, sore oppress'd by earthly thrones,  
Appeal'd to Him who rules the skies.

3 Then, mighty God, with equal pow'r  
Arose thy vengeance and thy grace,  
To drive their legions from our shore,  
And save the men who sought thy face.

4 Let haughty princes sink their pride,  
Nor lift so high their scornful head ;  
But lay their impious thoughts aside,  
And own the pow'rs which God has made.

- 5 Such honours never come by chance,  
Nor do the winds promotion blow ;  
But God the Judge doth one advance,  
'Tis he that lays another low.
- 6 No vain pretence to royal birth  
Shall raise a tyrant to the throne ;  
Th' impartial Sov'reign of the earth  
Will make the rights of men be known.
- 7 His hand will yet uphold the just ;  
And whilst he tramples on the proud,  
And lays their glory in the dust,  
Our lips shall sing his praise aloud.

Altered from WATTS.

PSALM LXXVI. *Common Metre. ♩ or ♪*

*God's guardian Care of his People.*

- 1 In Judah, God of old was known,  
His name in Israel great ;  
In Salem stood his sacred throne,  
And Sion was his seat.
- 2 From Sion went his dreadful word,  
And broke the threat'ning bow,  
The spear, the arrow, and the sword,  
And crush'd th' Assyrian foe.
- 3 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else  
But mighty hills of prey ?  
The hill, on which Jehovah dwells,  
Is glorious more than they.
- 4 What pow'r can stand before thy sight,  
When once thy wrath appears ?  
When heav'n shines round with dreadful  
The earth lies still and fears.      slight,

5 When God, by his own sov'reign grace,  
     Appears to save th' oppress'd,  
 The wrath of man shall work his praise,  
     And he'll restrain the rest.

WATTS.

PSALM LXXVII. *Common Metre.*

D

Comfort derived from ancient Providences.

- 1 WHEN overwhelm'd with pain and grief,  
     Beneath thy chast'ning rod,  
 Depriv'd of comfort and relief,  
     We look to thee, our God.
- 2 Wilt thou for ever cast us off ?  
     And will thy wrath prevail ?  
 Hast thou forgot thy tender love ?  
     And will thy promise fail ?
- 3 But faith forbids this hopeless thought,  
     And checks this doubting frame ;  
 We know the works thy hand has wrought,  
     Thy hand is still the same.
- 4 Long did the sons of Jacob lie,  
     By Egypt's yoke oppress'd ;  
 Didst thou refuse to hear their cry,  
     And give thy people rest ?
- 5 In thine own way, thy chosen sheep  
     Must hear thy mighty call ;  
 Must venture through the parted deep,  
     Beside the liquid wall.
- 6 Strange was their journey through the sea,  
     A path before unknown !  
 Terrors attend their wondrous way,  
     But mercy leads them on.

7 Though trackless waves of ocean hide  
 Thy footsteps from our sight,  
 We'll follow where thy hand shall guide,  
 For thou wilt lead us right.

Altered from WATTS.

PSALM LXXVIII. First Part. C. M. **x or b**

Religious Education of Children.

1 GIVE ear, ye children, to my law,  
 Devout attention lend ;  
 Let the instructions of my mouth  
 Deep in your hearts descend.

2 My tongue, by inspiration taught,  
 Shall parables unfold ;  
 Dark oracles, but understood,  
 And own'd for truths of old ;

3 Which we from sacred registers  
 Of ancient times have known ;  
 And our forefathers' pious care  
 To us have handed down.

4 Let children learn the mighty deeds  
 Which God perform'd of old ;  
 Which in our younger years we saw,  
 And which our fathers told.

5 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,  
 And they again to theirs ;  
 That generations yet unborn  
 May teach them to their heirs.

6 Thus shall they learn, in God alone  
 Their hope securely stands ;  
 That they may ne'er forget his works,  
 But practise his commands.

TATE and WATTS.

## PSALM LXXVIII. Second Part. C. M.

Ver. 19, 20.

※ or b

## A Table in the Wilderness.

- 1 PARENT of universal good,  
We own thy bounteous hand,  
Which did so rich a table spread,  
Ev'n in a desert land.
- 2 Struck by thy pow'r, the flinty rocks  
In gushing torrents flow ;  
The feather'd wand'rers of the air  
Thy guiding instinct know.
- 3 From pregnant clouds, at thy command,  
Descends celestial bread ;  
And by light drops of pearly dew  
Are num'rous armies fed.
- 4 Supported thus, thine Israel march'd,  
The promis'd land to gain ;  
And shall thy children now begin  
To seek their God in vain ?
- 5 Are all thy stores exhausted now ?  
Or does thy mercy fail ?  
That faith should languish in our breast,  
And anxious care prevail !
- 6 Ye base, unworthy fears, begone,  
And wide disperse in air ;  
For we deserve our Father's rod,  
When we distrust his care.

DODDRIDGE.

## PSALM LXXIX. Long Metre.

b

The Devastation of War.

- 1 BEHOLD, O God, how cruel foes  
Our peaceful heritage invade !

- Their lawless tribute they impose,  
And in the dust our towns are laid.
- 2 To rav'nous birds, our flesh they gave,  
Slaughter'd on fields with crimson dy'd ;  
The cheap indulgence of a grave  
Is by inhuman foes deny'd.
- 3 How long, O Lord, shall we endure ?  
Wilt thou not hear the captive's cry ?  
Rescue, by thine almighty pow'r,  
The trembling wretch condemn'd to die.
- 4 Remember not our former guilt,  
But save us by thy boundless grace ;  
Then shall our wastes again be built,  
And all our mouths be fill'd with praise.

Altered from BARLOW.

PSALM LXXX. *Long Metre.*

b

The Vineyard of God laid waste.

- 1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,  
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,  
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,  
Safe through the desert and the deep :
- 2 Thy church deserted now appears ;  
Shine from on high, dispel our fears ;  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.
- 3 Hast thou not planted with thy hand,  
A lovely vine in this our land ?  
Did not thy pow'r defend it round,  
And heav'ly dews enrich the ground ?
- 4 How did the spreading branches shoot,  
And bless thy people with its fruit !  
But now, O Lord, look down and see  
Thy mourning vine, thy lovely tree !

- 5 Why is its beauty thus defac'd ?  
 Why are its fences thus laid waste ?  
 Its fruit expos'd beside the way,  
 To each rapacious hand a prey ?
- 6 Return, O God, thy face incline,  
 Return, and visit this thy vine ;  
 Turn us to thee, thy face display,  
 And grief and fear shall fly away.

WATTS and MERRICK.

PSALM LXXXI. *Short Metre.*

## Spiritual Blessings and Punishments.

- 1 SING to the Lord aloud,  
 And make a joyful noise :  
 God is our strength, our Saviour God,  
 Let Israel hear his voice.
- 2 " From vile idolatry  
 " Preserve my worship clean ;  
 " I am the Lord who set thee free  
 " From slavery and sin.
- 3 " Stretch thy desires abroad,  
 " And I'll supply them well ;  
 " But if ye will refuse your God,  
 " If Israel will rebel,
- 4 " I'll leave them, saith the Lord,  
 " To their own lusts a prey ;  
 " And let them run the dang'rous road,  
 " 'Tis their own chosen way.
- 5 " Yet, O that all my saints  
 " Would hearken to my voice !  
 " Soon would I ease their sore complaints,  
 " And make their hearts rejoice.

6 " Whilst I destroy their foes,  
   " I'd richly feed my flock ;      [flows  
   " And they should taste the stream that  
   " From their eternal Rock."

WATTS.

## PSALM LXXXII. Common Metre. b

Warning to Magistrates.

- 1 GOD in the great assembly stands,  
 And, with impartial eye,  
 Beholds how rulers use their pow'r,  
 And does their actions try.
- 2 When justice reigns, and right prevails,  
 The Judge their virtue loves ;  
 But when iniquity abounds,  
 Their deeds he disapproves.
- 3 The faithful voice of conscience speaks  
 In silence to their mind—  
 " How long will ye unjustly judge,  
 " And be to sinners kind ?
- 4 " Protect the humble, help the poor,  
 " The fatherless defend ;  
 " Dare not the widow to oppress,  
 " And be the suff'rer's friend.
- 5 " Remember, though your seat is high,  
 " Your title, *gods on earth*,  
 " Your heads must in the grave be laid,  
 " Like men of humbler birth.
- 6 " Your publick acts and private deeds  
 " Will into judgment come ;  
 " And from my lips must each receive  
 " The most impartial doom."

7 Arise, O God, thy sacred truth  
 Through all the earth display ;  
 Till ev'ry nation shall behold  
 And own thy righteous sway.

Altered from TATE.

PSALM LXXXIII. *Short Metre.*

b

Complaint against Persecutors.

- 1 AND will the God of grace  
 Perpetual silence keep ? [wolves,  
 When bloody men, more fierce than  
 Devour his harmless sheep ?
- 2 Against thy feeble flock  
 Their counsels they employ ;  
 And malice with her watchful eye  
 Pursues them to destroy.
- 3 "Come, let us join, they say,  
 To extirpate the race ;  
 Till dark oblivion shall prevail,  
 Their mem'ry to efface."
- 4 Awake, Almighty GOD,  
 And disappoint their aim,  
 Make them like chaff before the wind,  
 Or stubble to the flame !
- 5 Then shall the nations know  
 That glorious faithful word,  
 "No human counsels or device  
 Can stand against the Lord."

Altered from WATTS.

PSALM LXXXIV. *Long Metre.*

x

The Pleasure of Publick Worship.

- 1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings  
 The joy that from thy presence springs ;

- To spend one day with thee on earth,  
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 The sparrow chooses where to rest,  
And for her young provides a nest ;  
But will my God to sparrows grant  
Those pleasures which his children want ?
- 3 Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within thy house, O God of grace,  
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,  
Should tempt me to desert thy door.
- 4 God is our Sun, he makes our day,  
God is our Shield, he guards our way  
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,  
From foes without, and foes within.
- 5 All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory too ;  
He gives us all things, and withholds  
No real good from upright souls.
- 6 Blest are the men, whose steadfast mind  
To Zion's gate is still inclin'd ;  
God is their strength, and through the road  
They lean upon their helper, God.
- 7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heav'n at length ;  
Till all before thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

WATTS.

## PSALM LXXXIV. First Part. C. M. \*

Delight in divine Ordinances.

- 1 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,  
While far from thine abode ;  
When shall I tread thy courts, and see  
My Saviour and my God ?

- 2 To sit one day beneath thine eye,  
And hear thy gracious voice,  
Exceeds a thousand days employ'd  
In sin's voluptuous joys.
- 3 Much rather in God's house, would I  
The meanest office take,  
Than in the wealthy tents of sin  
My splendid dwelling make.
- 4 For God, who is our Sun and Shield,  
Will grace and glory give ;  
And no good thing will he withhold  
From them who justly live.
- 5 O God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,  
How highly blest is he,  
Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd,  
Are still repos'd on thee !
- 6 O could I o'er the spacious land  
And sea extend my sway,  
For one blest hour at thy right hand,  
I'd give them both away.

TATE and WATTS.

## PSALM LXXXIV. Second Part. C. M. \*

Delight in divine Ordinances.

- 1 O LORD, how worthy of our love  
Is that delightful place,  
Where we can meet to pray and hear  
Thy word of truth and grace !
- 2 Our longing soul faints with desire  
To tread that blest abode ;  
Our panting heart and flesh cry out  
For thee, the living God.

- 3 There the great Monarch of the skies  
     His saving pow'r displays,  
     And light breaks in upon our eyes,  
     With kind and quick'ning rays.
- 4 The birds, more happy far than we,  
     Around thy temple throng ;  
     Securely there they build, and there  
     Securely hatch their young.
- 5 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee  
     Their sure protection made ;  
     Who love to tread the sacred ways,  
     Which to thy temple lead.
- 6 Thus they proceed by various steps,  
     And still approach more near,  
     Till all on Zion's heav'nly mount,  
     Before their God appear.

TATE and WATTS with variation.

PSALM LXXXIV. *Hallelujah Metre.* X

The Pleasure of Publick Worship.

- 1 Lord of the worlds above,  
     How pleasant and how fair  
     The dwellings of thy love,  
     Thy earthly temples are !  
         To thine abode           My heart aspires,  
         With warm desires,    To see my God.
- 2 The sparrow for her young,  
     With pleasure seeks a nest,  
     And wand'ring swallows long  
     To find their wonted rest ;  
         With equal zeal, Lord, I would wait,  
         Within thy gate, And with thee dwell.
- 3 To spend one sacred day  
     Where God and saints abide,

Affords diviner joy,  
 Than thousand days beside ;  
 Where God resorts, I love it more  
 To keep the door Than shine in courts.

- 4 O happy souls that pray  
 Where God appoints to hear !  
 O happy men that pay  
 Their constant service there !  
 They praise thee still, And happy they,  
 Who find the way To Zion's hill.
- 5 They go from strength to strength,  
 Through this dark vale of tears,  
 Till each arrives at length,  
 Till each in heav'n appears.  
 O glorious seat ! When God our King  
 Shall thither bring Our willing feet !

WATTS.

PSALM LXXXV. *Common Metre.* b

Prayer for Publick Deliverance.

- 1 THY favour, gracious Lord, display,  
 Which we have long implor'd ;  
 And for thy wondrous mercy's sake,  
 Thy heav'nly aid afford.
- 2 Thine answer patiently we'll wait ;  
 For thou with glad success,  
 If they no more to folly turn,  
 Thy mourning saints wilt bless.
- 3 To those, who fear thy holy name  
 Is thy salvation near ;  
 And in its former happy state,  
 Our nation shall appear.
- 4 For mercy now with truth is join'd,  
 And righteousness with peace ;

Those kind companions, absent long,  
With friendly arms embrace.

- 5 Truth from the earth, like fairest flow'rs,  
Shall spring and bloom around ;  
And justice, from her heav'nly seat,  
Behold and bless the ground.
- 6 The Lord will on our land bestow  
Whatever thing is good ;  
The soil in plenty shall produce  
Her fruits to be our food.
- 7 Before him righteousness shall go,  
And his just path prepare ;  
Whilst we his sacred steps pursue  
With constant zeal and care.

MILTON and TATE.

PSALM LXXXV.      *Long Metre.*

Salvation by Christ.

¶

- 1 SALVATION is for ever nigh  
The souls who fear and trust the Lord ;  
And grace, descending from on high,  
The hope of glory shall afford.
- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met, [heav'n ;  
Since Christ the Lord came down from  
By his obedience so complete,  
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.
- 3 Now truth and virtue shall abound,  
Religion dwell on earth again,  
And heav'nly influence bless the ground,  
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.
- 4 His righteousness is gone before,  
To give us free access to God ;  
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,  
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

WATTS.

PSALM LXXXVI. *Common Metre.*

(See Hymn LIV.)

The Greatness and Goodness of God.

- 1 AMONG the gods there's none like thee,  
O Lord, alone divine !  
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,  
Nor are their works like thine.
- 2 Therefore their great Creator, thee,  
All nations shall adore ;  
Their long misguided pray'rs, and praise,  
To thy great name restore.
- 3 All shall confess thee great, and great  
The wonders thou hast done ;  
They shall confess thee God supreme,  
Confess thee God alone.
- 4 Not only great, but good thou art,  
And ready to forgive ;  
Thy mercy hears the penitent,  
And bids the sinner live.
- 5 To my repeated, humble pray'r,  
O Lord, attentive be !  
In trouble, I on thee will call,  
For thou wilt answer me.
- 6 To me, who daily thee invoke,  
Thy mercy, Lord, extend ;  
Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes  
On thee alone depend.

WATTS and TATE with alterations.

PSALM LXXXVII. *Long Metre.*

The Church the Birth Place of Saints.

(On opening a new place of worship.)

- 1 AND will the great eternal God,  
On earth establish his abode ?

- And will he, from his radiant throne,  
Avow our temples as his own ?
- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise,  
And sing that condescending grace  
Which to our notes will lend an ear,  
And call us, sinful mortals, near.
- 3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,  
Which guards our synagogues in peace,  
That no tumultuous foes invade,  
To fill our worshippers with dread.
- 4 These walls, we to thy honour raise,  
Long may they echo with thy praise ;  
And thou descending fill the place,  
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 5 Here let the great Redeemer reign,  
With all the graces of his train ;  
Whilst pow'r divine his word attends,  
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 6 And in the great decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear,  
Thousands were born to glory here.

DODDRIDGE.

## PSALM LXXXVIII. Ver. 10. L. M. \*

## Reanimation.

(Adapted to the design of *Humane Societies.*)

- 1 From thee, great Lord of life and death,  
Do we receive our vital breath ;  
And, at thy sov'reign call, resign  
That vital breath, that gift divine.
- 2 Wilt thou show wonders to the dead ?  
Wilt thou revive the lifeless head ?

And, from the silence of the grave,  
Wilt thou the wretched victim save ?

- 3 Such wonders, formerly unknown,  
Thy providence to us hath shown ;  
To feeble man thou dost impart  
The plastick, life-redeeming art.
- 4 We bless thee for the skill and pow'r,  
From death's appearance to restore  
This nice machine of curious frame,  
And light again the vital flame.
- 5 May ev'ry life by thee restor'd  
Be consecrated to the Lord ;  
May pious love inspire each breast,  
Which has thy saving hand confess'd.
- 6 Again they must resign their breath,  
And sink beneath the stroke of death ;  
When from that death they shall revive,  
May each with thee in glory live.

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PSALM LXXXVIII. *Six Line L. M.* b

On the Death of Friends.

- 1 O GOD of my salvation, hear  
My nightly groans, my daily pray'r,  
That still employ my wasting breath ;  
My soul, declining to the grave,  
Implores thy sov'reign pow'r to save  
From dark despair and gloomy death.  
  
Thy wrath lies heavy on my soul,  
And waves of sorrow o'er me roll,  
Whilst dust and silence spread the gloom ;  
My friends belov'd, in happier days,  
The dear companion of my ways,  
Descend around me to the tomb.

- 3 As lost in lonely grief I tread  
 The silent mansions of the dead,  
 Or to some throng'd assembly go ;  
 Through all alike I rove alone,  
 Forgotten here, and there unknown,  
 The change renews my piercing wo.
- 4 Wilt thou négllect my mournful call ?  
 Or who shall profit by my fall,  
 When life departs and love expires ?  
 Can dust and darkness praise the Lord,  
 Or wake and brighten at his word,  
 To join the high angelic choirs ?
- 5 My friends are gone, my comforts fled ;  
 The sad remembrance of the dead  
 Recals my wand'ring thoughts to mourn ;  
 But through each melancholy day,  
 I call on thee, and still will pray,  
 Imploring still thy kind return.

BARLOW.

## PSALM LXXXIX. First Part. C. M. ☒

A blessed Gospel.

- 1 BLEST are the souls who hear and know  
 The gospel's joyful sound ;  
 Peace shall attend the path they go,  
 And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,  
 Through their Redeemer's name ;  
 His promises exalt their hope,  
 Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord our glory and defence,  
 Strength and salvation gives ;  
 Israel, thy King for ever reigns,  
 Thy God for ever lives.

WATTS.

PSALM LXXXIX. Sec. Part. C. M. \* or b

The Covenant of Grace.

- 1 HEAR what the Lord in vision said,  
And made his mercy known :  
“ Sinners, behold your help is laid  
“ On my beloved Son.
- 2 “ Behold the Man my wisdom chose,  
“ Among your mortal race ;  
“ His head my holy oil o'erflows,  
“ The Spirit of my grace.
- 3 “ High shall he reign on David's throne,  
“ My people's better King ;  
“ My arm shall put his rivals down,  
“ And still new subjects bring.
- 4 “ My truth shall guard him in his way,  
“ With mercy by his side ; [sea,  
“ While in my name, through earth and  
“ He shall in triumph ride.
- 5 “ Me for his Father and his God,  
“ He shall for ever own ;  
“ Call me his Rock, his High Abode,  
“ And I'll support my Son.
- 6 “ My first-born Son, array'd in grace,  
“ At my right hand shall sit ;  
“ Beneath him angels know their place,  
“ And princes at his feet.
- 7 “ My cov'nant stands for ever fast,  
“ My promises are strong ;  
“ Firm as the heav'n his throne shall last,  
“ His seed endure as long.”

WATTS.

## PSALM LXXXIX. 3d Part. C. M. ✠ or b

The Covenant of Grace.

- 1 "YET (saith the Lord) if David's race,  
   " The children of my Son,  
   " Should break my laws, abuse my grace,  
   " And tempt my anger down ;
- 2 "Their sins I'll visit with the rod,  
   " And make their folly smart ;  
   " But never cease to be their God,  
   " Nor from my truth depart.
- 3 "My cov'nant I will not revoke,  
   " But keep my grace in mind ;  
   " And what eternal Love hath spoke,  
   " Eternal Truth shall bind.
- 4 "Once have I sworn (I need no more)  
   " And pledg'd my holiness,  
   " To seal the sacred promise sure  
   " To David and his race.
- 5 "The sun shall see his offspring rise,  
   " And spread from sea to sea,  
   " Long as he travels round the skies,  
   " To give the nations day.
- 6 "Sure as the moon that rules the night,  
   " His kingdom shall endure,  
   " Till the fix'd laws of shade and light  
   " Shall be observ'd no more."

WATTS.

PSALM LXXXIX. Six Line Long M<sup>e</sup>tre. b

Life, Death, and the Resurrection.

- 1 THINK, mighty God, on feeble man !  
   How few his hours, how short the span !  
   Short from the cradle to the grave ;

Who can secure his vital breath,  
Against the bold demands of death,  
With skill to fly, or pow'r to save ?

- 2 Lord, shall it be for ever said,  
“ The race of men was only made  
“ For sickness, sorrow, and the dust ? ”  
Are not thy servants, day by day,  
Sent to the grave, and turn'd to clay ?  
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just ?
- 3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,  
And all his seed, a heav'nly crown ?  
But flesh and sense indulge despair :  
For ever blessed be the Lord,  
That faith can read thy holy word,  
And find a resurrection there.
- 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,  
Who gives his saints a long reward  
For all their toil, reproach, and pain ;  
Let all below, and all above,  
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,  
And each repeat their loud *Amen.*

WATTS.

PSALM LXXXIX. First Part. *Long Metre.* ✿

The Covenant of Grace.

- 1 For ever shall my song record  
The truth and mercy of the Lord ;  
Mercy and truth for ever stand  
Like heav'n, establish'd by his hand.
- 2 Thus to his Son he swore, and said,  
“ With thee my covenant is made ;  
“ In thee shall dying sinners live,  
“ Glory and grace are thine to give.

- 3 " Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest,  
   " Thy children shall be ever blest ;  
   " Thou art my chosen King, thy throne  
   " Shall stand eternal, as my own.
- 4 " There's none of all my saints above,  
   " So much my image or my love ;  
   " Celestial pow'rs thy subjects are ;  
   " Then what can earth with thee compare ?
- 5 " David, my servant, whom I chose  
   " To guard my flock, to crush my foes,  
   " And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,  
   " Was but the shadow of my Son."
- 6 Now let the church rejoice and sing  
 Jesus her Saviour, and her King ;  
 Angels his heav'nly honours show,  
 And saints declare his works below.

WATTS.

## PSALM LXXXIX. Sec. Part. L. M. ✠ or b

Divine Sovereignty, and Publick Worship.

- 1 W H A T seraph of celestial birth,  
 To vie with Israel's God shall dare ?  
 Or who among the sons of earth,  
 Can with the mighty God compare ?
- 2 Lord God of armies, who can boast  
 Of strength and pow'r like thine renown'd ?  
 Of such a num'rous faithful host  
 As that which does thy throne surround ?
- 3 Thou dost the raging sea control,  
 And change the surface of the deep ;  
 Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,  
 Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep !
- 4 In thee, the sov'reign right remains  
 Of earth and heav'n ; thee, Lord alone,

The world, and all that it contains,  
Their Maker and Preserver own.

- 5 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear  
The sacred trumpet's joyful sound ;  
And who among thy saints appear,  
With thy most glorious presence crown'd.
- 6 With rev'rence and religious dread,  
Thy saints will to thy temple press ;  
Thy fear through all their hearts shall spread,  
Who thy most holy name confess.

TATE.

## PSALM XC.

*Common Metre.*

b

God's Eternity, and Man's Mortality.

- 1 BEFORE the hills in order stood,  
Or earth receiv'd her frame,  
From everlasting, thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 2 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,  
“Return, ye sons of men ;”  
All nations rose from earth at first,  
And turn to earth again.
- 3 A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an ev'ning gone ;  
Short as the watch that ends the night,  
Before the rising sun.
- 4 Time, like an ever-running stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the op'ning day.
- 5 'Tis but a few whose days amount  
To three score years and ten ;

And all beyond that short account  
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

- 6** Then let us learn the heav'nly art,  
T' improve the hours we have ;  
That we may act the wiser part,  
And live beyond the grave.

WATTS.

PSALM XC. *Long Metre. ✠ or b*

Divine Protection through every Age.

- 1** Thou, Lord, thro' ev'ry changing scene,  
Hast to the saints a refuge been ;  
Thro' ev'ry age, eternal God,  
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.
- 2** In thee our fathers sought their rest,  
And were with thy protection blest ;  
Though in the shade of death they lie,  
They'll rise and dwell above the sky.
- 3** Behold their sons, a feeble race !  
We come to fill our fathers' place ;  
Our helpless state with pity view,  
And let us share their refuge too.
- 4** Through all the thorny paths we tread,  
Ere we are number'd with the dead ;  
When friends desert, and foes invade,  
Be thou our all-sufficient aid.
- 5** So when this pilgrimage is o'er,  
And we must dwell on earth no more ;  
To thee, great God, may we ascend,  
And find an everlasting Friend.
- 6** To thee our infant race we'll leave,  
Them may their fathers' God receive ;  
That voices, yet unform'd, may raise  
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

DODDRIDGE.

PSALM XC. *Short Metre.*

b

## The Shortness of Life.

- 1 LORD, what a feeble piece  
Is this our mortal frame !  
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,  
That scarce deserves the name !
- 2 Alas, the brittle clay  
That built our body first !  
And ev'ry month, and ev'ry day,  
'Tis mould'ring back to dust.
- 3 Then, if our days must fly,  
We'll keep their end in sight ;  
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,  
And let them speed their flight.
- 4 They'll sooner waft us o'er  
This life's tempestuous sea ;  
Then shall we reach the peaceful shore  
Of blest eternity.

WATTS.

PSALM XCI. *Common Metre.* ✠ or b

## Divine Protection, Resignation and Gratitude.

- 1 WHEN I survey life's varied scene,  
Amidst the darkest hours,  
Bright rays of comfort shine between,  
And thorns are mix'd with flow'rs.
- 2 This thought can all my fears control,  
And bid my sorrows fly ;  
No harm can ever reach my soul,  
Beneath my Father's eye.
- 3 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,  
O give me strength to bear !

- And let me know my Father reigns,  
And trust his tender care.
- 4 If pain and sickness rend this frame,  
And life almost depart ;  
Is not thy mercy still the same,  
To cheer my drooping heart ?
- 5 Is blooming health my happy share ;  
O may I bless my God !  
Thy goodness let my song declare,  
And spread thy praise abroad.
- 6 While such delightful gifts as these  
Are kindly dealt to me,  
Be all my hours of health and ease  
Devoted, Lord, to thee.
- 7 If cares and sorrows me surround,  
Their pow'r why should I fear ?  
My inward peace they cannot wound,  
If thou, my God, art near.
- 8 Thy sov'reign ways are all unknown  
To my weak, erring sight ;  
Yet let my soul, adoring, own  
That all thy ways are right.

MRS. STEELE.

PSALM XCII. *Long Metre.*

For the Lord's Day.

- 1 WELCOME, thou day of sacred rest ;  
No mortal cares shall fill my breast ;  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 2 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word ;  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !  
How deep thy counsels, how divine !

- 3 Fools never raise their thoughts so high,  
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die !  
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath  
Command them to the shade of death.
- 4 But I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath purify'd my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Sin, my worst enemy before,  
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;  
My inward foes shall all be slain,  
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;  
And ev'ry pow'r find full employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

WATTS.

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PSALM XCIII. *Long Metre. ♩ or b*  
Divine Sovereignty and Holiness.

- 1 THE Lord, the God of glory reigns,  
In robes of majesty array'd ;  
The earth's foundation he sustains,  
And rules the world his hand hath made.
- 2 Ere rolling seas began to move,  
Or the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,  
Thy sacred throne was fix'd above ;  
From everlasting thou art God.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,  
And toss their troubled waves on high ;  
But God above can still the noise,  
And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 Thy righteous laws, O Lord, are sure ;  
And those who in thy presence dwell,

That happy station to secure,  
Must still in holiness excel.

TATE and STEELE.

PSALM XCIII. *Particular Metre.*



Divine Power, the Church's Safety.

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,  
And royal state maintains ;  
His head with awful glories crown'd ;  
Array'd in robes of light,  
Begirt with sov'reign might,  
And rays of majesty around.
- 2 Upheld by thy commands,  
The world securely stands,  
And skies and stars obey thy word  
Thy throne was fix'd on high,  
Before the starry sky ;  
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.
- 3 In vain the noisy crowd,  
Like billows fierce and loud,  
Against thine empire rage and roar ;  
In vain, with angry spite,  
The surly nations fight,  
And dash like waves against the shore.
- 4 Let floods and nations rage,  
And all their pow'rs engage,  
Let swelling tides assault the sky ;  
The terrors of thy frown  
Shall beat their madness down ;  
Thy throne for ever stands on high.
- 5 Thy promises are true,  
Thy grace is ever new ; {move ;  
There fix'd, thy church shall ne'er re-

Thy saints with holy fear  
 Shall in thy courts appear,  
 And sing thine everlasting love.

WATTS.

PSALM XCIV. *Common Metre.*

b

Against wicked Rulers.

- 1 How long, O Lord, shall wicked men  
     In splendid triumph ride ?  
 How long shall haughty tyrants reign,  
     By violence and pride ?
- 2 They say, “ the Lord nor sees nor hears ; ”  
     When will the fools be wise ?  
 Can he be deaf who form’d their ears ?  
     Or blind, who made their eyes ?
- 3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,  
     And they shall feel his pow’r ;  
 His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain,  
     In some distressing hour.
- 4 Pow’rs of iniquity may rise,  
     And frame pernicious laws ;  
 But God, my refuge, rules the skies,  
     He will defend my cause.
- 5 When multitudes of mournful thoughts  
     Within my bosom roll,  
 Thy grace, which pardons all my faults,  
     Shall cheer my drooping soul.
- 6 Blest is the man thy hands chastise,  
     And to his duty draw ;  
 Thy scourges make thy children wise,  
     When they forget thy law.
- 7 For God will not cast off his saints,  
     Nor his own promise break ;

He pardons his inheritance,  
For his own mercy's sake.

WATTS.

PSALM XCV. *Common Metre.*

## Before Prayer.

- 1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,  
And in his strength rejoice ;  
When his salvation is our theme,  
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful throne,  
And psalms of honour sing ;  
The great Jehovah reigns alone,  
The whole creation's King.
- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know  
How mean their natures seem,  
Those gods on high, and gods below,  
When once compar'd with him.
- 4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,  
Lies in his spacious hand ;  
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,  
And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore,  
Come, kneel before his face ;  
O may the creatures of his pow'r  
Be children of his grace !
- 6 Now is the time, he bends his ear,  
And waits for our request ;  
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear  
“ Ye shall not see my rest.”

WATTS.

## PSALM XCV. First Part. L. M.

Publick Worship.

- 1** O COME, loud anthems let us sing,  
Loud thanks to our Almighty King ;  
For we our voices high should raise,  
When our salvation's Rock we praise !
- 2** Into his presence let us haste,  
To thank him for his favours past ;  
To him address, in joyful songs,  
The praise that to his name belongs :
- 3** For God, the Lord, enthron'd in state,  
Is with unrivall'd glory great ;  
A King, superior far to all  
Whom by the title *gods*, we call.
- 4** The depths of earth are in his hand,  
Her secret wealth at his command ;  
The strength of hills that threat the skies,  
Subjected to his empire lies.
- 5** The rolling ocean's vast abyss  
By the same sov'reign right is his ;  
'Tis mov'd by that Almighty hand,  
Which form'd and fix'd the solid land.
- 6** O let us to his courts repair,  
And bow with adoration there !  
Down on our knees devoutly all  
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

TATE.

PSALM XCV. Sec. Part. L. M. **a or b**  
Canaan lost through Unbelief.

- 1** COME, let our souls address the Lord,  
Who fram'd our natures by his word ;

- He is our Shepherd, we the sheep  
 His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
- 2 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,  
 The counsels of his love obey ;  
 Nor let our harden'd hearts provoke,  
 Like Israel, the avenging stroke.
- 3 Thus saith the Lord, "How false they prove,  
 "Forget my pow'r, abuse my love !  
 "Since they despise my rest, I swear  
 "Their feet shall never enter there."
- 4 Look back, my soul, with holy dread,  
 And view those ancient rebels, dead ;  
 Attend the offer'd grace to-day,  
 Nor lose the blessing by delay.
- 5 Seize the kind promise while it waits,  
 And march to Zion's heav'nly gates ;  
 Believe, and take the promis'd rest ;  
 Obey, and be for ever blest.

WATTS.

PSALM XCV. *Short Metre.*

¶

Before a Sermon.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,  
 And hymns of glory sing ;  
 Jehovah is the sov'reign God,  
 The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown,  
 He gave the seas their bound ;  
 The wat'ry worlds are all his own,  
 And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,  
 Come, bow before the Lord ;  
 We are his work, and not our own,  
 He form'd us by his word.

- 4 To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod ;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.
- 5 But if your ears refuse  
The language of his grace,  
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,  
That unbelieving race—
- 6 The Lord, in anger drest,  
Will lift his hand and swear,  
“ You, who despis’d my promis’d rest,  
“ Shall have no portion there.”

WATTS.

## PSALM XCVI. Six line L. M.

x

Universal Praise.

- 1 LET all the earth their voices raise,  
To sing a lofty psalm of praise,  
And bless the great Jehovah’s name ;  
His glory let the heathen know,  
His wonders to the nations show,  
And all his works of grace proclaim.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his praise be great,  
Who sits on high enthron’d in state ;  
To him alone let praise be giv’n ;  
Those gods the heathen world adore,  
In vain pretend to sov’reign pow’r ;  
He only rules who made the heav’n.
- 3 He fram’d the globe, he spread the sky,  
And all the shining worlds on high ;  
He reigns complete in glory there :  
His beams are majesty and light,  
His glories, how divinely bright !  
His temple, how divinely fair !

- 4 Let heav'n be glad, let earth rejoice,  
 Let ocean lift its roaring voice,  
 Proclaiming loud, "Jehovah reigns!"  
 For joy let fertile vallies sing,  
 And tuneful groves their tribute bring  
 To him, whose pow'r the world sustains.
- 5 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,  
 When earth shall own his sov'reign pow'r,  
 And barb'rous nations fear his name;  
 Then shall the universe confess  
 The beauty of his holiness,  
 And in his courts his grace proclaim.

TATE and WATTS, united and varied.

## PSALM XCVII.

Long Metre. \*

Grace and Glory.

- 1 Th' Almighty reigns, exalted high,  
 O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;  
 Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,  
 And hosts celestial join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels and unknown,  
 But grace and truth support his throne;  
 Though gloomy clouds his feet surround,  
 Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 Ye, who confess his holy name,  
 Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame;  
 He guards the souls of all his friends,  
 And from the snares of hell defends.
- 4 Immortal light, and joys unknown,  
 Are for the saints in darkness sown;  
 Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,  
 And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

5 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record  
The sacred honours of the Lord ;  
None but the souls who taste his grace  
Can triumph in his holiness.

WATTS.

## PSALM XCVIII. Common Metre. ✠

Blessings of the Messiah's Kingdom.

- 1 To our Almighty Maker, God,  
New honours be address'd ;  
His great salvation shines abroad,  
And makes the nations blest.
- 2 He spake the word to Abr'ham first,  
His truth fulfils his grace ;  
The Gentiles make his name their trust,  
And learn his righteousness.
- 3 Joy to the world ! The Lord is come,  
Let earth receive her King ;  
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,  
And heav'n and nature sing.
- 4 Joy to the world ! her Saviour reigns,  
Let men their songs employ ;  
While lands and seas, rocks, hills, and  
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains
- 5 No more let sin and sorrow grow,  
Nor violence abound ;  
He comes to make his blessings flow,  
Wherever man is found.
- 6 He rules the world with righteousness,  
And makes the nations prove  
The blessings of his truth and grace,  
The wonders of his love.

WATTS.

PSALM XCIX. *Short Metre.*

A holy God worshipped with Reverence.

- 1** THE God, Jehovah, reigns,  
Let all the nations fear ;  
Let sinners tremble at his throne,  
And saints be humble there.
- 2** Exalt the Lord our God,  
And worship at his feet ;  
His nature is all holiness,  
And mercy is his seat.
- 3** When Israel was his church,  
When Aaron was his priest,  
When Moses cry'd, when Samuel pray'd  
He gave his people rest.
- 4** Oft he forgave their sins,  
Nor would destroy their race ;  
And oft he made his vengeance known,  
When they abus'd his grace.
- 5** Exalt the Lord our God,  
Whose grace is still the same ;  
Still he's a God of holiness,  
And jealous for his name.

WATTS.

PSALM C. *Long Metre.*

Praise to our Creator.

- 1** BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;  
Know that the Lord is God alone,  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2** His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;

And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.

- 3 We are his people, we his care,  
Our souls and all our mortal frame ;  
What lasting honours shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy name !
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heav'n our voices raise ;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Thou Lord art good, thou Lord art kind ;  
Great is thy grace, thy mercy sure ;  
And the whole race of men shall find  
Thy truth from age to age endure.
- 6 Wide as the world is thy command ;  
Vast as eternity thy love ;  
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

WATTS.

PSALM CI. *Common Metre.*      \* or b

A Psalm for the Master of a Family.

- 1 Of justice and of grace I sing,  
And pay to God my vows ;  
Thy grace and justice, heav'nly King,  
Teach me to rule my house.
- 2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,  
And make thy servant wise ;  
I'll suffer nothing near me there,  
That shall offend thine eyes.
- 3 The man who doth his neighbour wrong,  
By falsehood or by force ;  
The scornful eye, the sland'rous tongue,  
I'll drive them from my doors.

- 4 The pure, the faithful, and the just,  
My favour shall enjoy ;  
These are the friends that I will trust,  
The servants I'll employ.
- 5 The wretch that deals in sly deceit,  
I'll not endure a night ;  
The liar's tongue I ever hate,  
And banish from my sight.
- 6 I'll purge my family around,  
And make the wicked flee ;  
So shall my house be ever found  
A dwelling fit for thee.

WATTS.

## PSALM CII. First Part. C. M.



Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

- 1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice ;  
Behold the promis'd hour !  
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,  
And will exalt his pow'r.
- 2 Her dust and ruins that remain  
Are precious in our eyes ;  
Those ruins shall be built again,  
And all that dust shall rise.
- 3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,  
And stand in glory there ;  
Nations shall bow and own his name,  
And worship in his fear.
- 4 He sits a sov'reign on his throne,  
With pity in his eyes ;  
He hears the dying pris'ners groan,  
And sees their wants arise.

- 5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death ;  
 And when his saints complain,  
 It can't be said they spent their breath,  
 Or shed their tears in vain.
- 6 This shall be known when we are dead,  
 And left on long record,  
 That ages, yet unborn, may read,  
 And learn to trust the Lord.

WATTS.

## PSALM CII. Second Part. C. M. \*

The Unchangeableness of God.

- 1 Thou, Lord, hast earth's foundations laid ;  
 The heav'ns, a glorious frame,  
 By thine Almighty hand were spread,  
 And speak their Maker's name.
- 2 Their shining glories all shall fade,  
 By thy controlling pow'r,  
 Chang'd like a vesture when decay'd :  
 But thou shalt still endure.
- 3 Thy bright perfections, all divine,  
 Eternal as thy days,  
 Through everlasting ages shine,  
 With undiminish'd rays.
- 4 Thy servants' children, still thy care,  
 Shall own their fathers' God ;  
 To latest times thy favour share,  
 And spread thy praise abroad.

Mrs. STEELE.

## PSALM CII. ver. 24, 27. L. M. - b

Compared with Hebrews i. 8—12, xiii. 8.

The Mortality of Man and the Eternity of Christ.

- 1 It is the Lord, our Maker's hand  
 Weakens our strength amidst the race ;

- Disease and death, at his command,  
Arrest us, and cut short our days.
- 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,  
Nor let our sun go down at noon ;  
Thy years are one eternal day ;  
And must thy people die so soon ?
- 3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,  
This thought our sorrow shall assuage ;  
“ Our Father and our Saviour live,  
Christ is the same through ev’ry age.”
- 4 ’Twas he this earth’s foundation laid,  
Heav’n is the building of his hand ;  
This earth grows old, these heav’ns shall fade,  
And all be chang’d at his command.
- 5 The starry curtains of the sky  
Like garments shall be laid aside ;  
But still thy throne stands firm and high,  
Thy church for ever must abide.
- 6 Before thy face, thy church shall live,  
And on thy throne thy children reign ;  
This dying world shall they survive,  
And the dead saints be rais’d again.

WATTS.

## PSALM CIII. First Part. L. M. ✕

Praise to God for his Goodness.

- 1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God,  
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;  
Let all the pow’rs within me join,  
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;  
His favours claim thy highest praise :

Let not the wonders he hath wrought  
Be lost in silence, and forgot.

- 3 The vices of the mind he heals,  
And cures the pains that nature feels ;  
Redeems the soul from guilt, and saves  
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.
- 4 Our youth decay'd, his pow'r repairs,  
His mercy crowns our growing years ;  
He satisfies our mouth with good,  
And fills our souls with heav'nly food.
- 5 He sees th' oppressor, and th' opprest,  
And often gives the suff'rers rest ;  
But will his justice more display  
In the last great decisive day.
- 6 His pow'r he show'd by *Moses'* hands,  
And gave to Israel his commands ;  
But made his truth and mercy known  
To all the nations by his Son.

WATTS.

## PSALM CIII. Sec. Part. S. M. ☒

Divine Mercy in the midst of Judgment.

- 1 My soul, repeat his praise,  
Whose mercies are so great ;  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide ;  
And when his wrath is felt,  
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,  
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heav'ns are rais'd  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.

- 4 His grace subdues our sins ;  
     And his forgiving love,  
     Far as the east is from the west,  
     Doth all our guilt remove.
- 5 The pity of the Lord  
     To those who fear his name,  
     Is such as tender parents feel ;  
     He knows our feeble frame.
- 6 Our days are as the grass,  
     Or like the morning flow'r ;  
     When blasting winds spread o'er the field  
     It withers in an hour.
- 7 But thy compassion, Lord,  
     Through ages shall endure ;  
     And children's children ever find  
     Thy words of promise sure.

WATTS.

## PSALM CIII. Third Part. C. M. b

God's tender Regard to human Weakness.

- 1 L O R D, we thy wondrous pow'r proclaim,  
     And make that pow'r our trust,  
     Which rais'd at first this curious frame,  
     From mean and lifeless dust.
- 2 By dust supported, still it stands,  
     Prepar'd in various forms ;  
     And wrought by thy creating hands,  
     To nourish mortal worms.
- 3 Awhile these frail machines endure ;  
     (The fabrick of a day !)  
     Then lose their animating pow'r,  
     And moulder back to clay.
- 4 Yet frail and feeble as we are,  
     This thought is our repose,

That he who first our frame did rear,  
Its various weakness knows.

5 He views us with a pitying eye,  
While struggling with our load ;  
In pains and dangers he is nigh,  
Our Father and our God.

6 Gently supported by his love,  
We tend to realms of peace ;  
Where ev'ry pain shall far remove,  
And ev'ry frailty cease.

DODDRIDGE,

PSALM CIII. Fourth Part. C. M. ✠  
Angelick Praise.

Thou, Lord, in heav'n hast plac'd thy  
Thy kingdom wide extends ; [throne,  
Thy vast dominion shall be known  
To earth's remotest ends.

Ye angels, who excel in might,  
And wait to do his will,  
Bless him, whose work is your delight,  
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

Ye seraphs, who with joy obey  
The orders of your King,  
Attend his churches when they pray,  
And join the praise they sing.

Whilst all his works his praise proclaim,  
O let my heart and tongue  
Join with the universal frame,  
In this eternal song !

Partly from WATTS.

## PSALM CIV. First Part. L. M. ☀

Divine Majesty and Goodness in Storm and Rain.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, to hymns of praise,  
To God the song of triumph raise ;  
Adorn'd with majesty divine,  
What pomp, what glory, Lord, are thine !
- 2 Light forms his robe, and round his head  
The heav'ns their ample curtain spread ;  
See on the wind's expanded wings  
The chariot of the King of kings !
- 3 Around him, rang'd in awful state,  
Dark silent storms attendant wait ;  
And thunders, ready to fulfil  
The mandates of his sov'reign will.
- 4 From earth's low margin to the skies,  
He bids the dusky vapours rise ;  
Then from his magazines on high,  
Commands th' imprison'd winds to fly.
- 5 The lightning's pallid sheet expands,  
And show'rs descend on furrow'd lands ;  
Whilst down the mountain's channel'd side,  
The torrent rolls in swelling pride :
- 6 Till, spent its wild impetuous force,  
And settled in its destin'd course,  
It waters all the fruitful plains,  
And life in various forms sustains.
- 7 Thus clouds, and storms, and fires obey  
Thy wise and all-controlling sway ;  
And whilst thy terrors round us stand,  
We see a Father's bounteous hand.

MERRICK, with alteration and addition.

## PSALM CIV. Sec. Part. L. M.

b

## The Seaman's Prayer.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,  
How various are thy works ! how wise !  
Thy pow'r throughout all space extends,  
Sinks thro' all depth, all height transcends !
- 2 Not earth alone beholds her shores  
Enrich'd by thy exhaustless stores ;  
Alike, throughout their liquid reign,  
The spreading seas thy gifts contain.
- 3 Beneath, unnumber'd fishes swarm,  
Of diff'rent size, of various form ;  
Above, the ships incumbent ride,  
Borne on the bosom of the tide.
- 4 Here, huge leviathan is seen  
To sport the mighty waves between ;  
There, icy mountains float and roll,  
Driv'n from the seas beneath the pole.
- 5 On high, the concave we behold  
In living blue, or sparkling gold ;  
Whilst waving azure fields around  
Spread to th' horizon's utmost bound.
- 6 The winds and waves obey thy will ;  
The needle owns thy pow'r and skill ;  
And, steer'd by thy directing hand,  
Our bark shall gain the wish'd for land.

MERRICK, with alteration and addition.

## PSALM CIV. Third Part. L. M. ✠ or b

Divine Providence toward Man and Beast.

- 1 VAST are thy works, Almighty Lord !  
All nature rests upon thy word ;

And the whole race of creatures stands,  
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

- 2 If thou the vital air deny,  
Behold them sicken, faint and die ;  
Dust to its kindred dust returns,  
And earth her ruin'd offspring mourns.
- 3 But thou canst breathe on dust again,  
And fill the world with beasts and men,  
A word of thy creating breath  
Repairs the waste of time and death.
- 4 Thy glory, fearless of decline,  
Thy glory, Lord, shall ever shine ;  
Thy works, the honour of thy might,  
Are honour'd with thy own delight.
- 5 Earth at thy look shall trembling stand,  
Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand ;  
And, touch'd by thy vindictive stroke,  
The everlasting mountains smoke.
- 6 In thee our hopes and wishes meet,  
And make our contemplations sweet ;  
Thy praises shall our breath employ,  
Till we shall rise to endless joy.

WATTS and MERRICK.

PSALM CIV. Fourth Part. L. M. \*

The Voice of the Creatures proclaiming God.

- 1 THERE is a God, all nature speaks,  
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies :  
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,  
When the first beams of morning rise !
- 2 Behold the sun serenely bright,  
O'er the wide world's extended frame  
Inscribe, in characters of light,  
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

- 3 Diffusing life, his influence spreads,  
And health and plenty smile around ;  
The fruitful fields and verdant meads  
Are with a thousand blessings crown'd.
- 4 Almighty goodness, pow'r divine,  
The fields and verdant meads display ;  
And bless the hand which made them shine  
With various charms, profusely gay.
- 5 For man and beast here daily food  
In wide extensive plenty grows ;  
And there, for drink, the crystal flood  
In streams, sweet winding, gently flows.
- 6 By cooling streams and soft'ning show'rs,  
The vegetable race are fed ;  
And trees, and plants, and herbs, and flow'rs,  
Their Maker's constant bounty spread.
- 7 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,  
And trace creation's wonders o'er,  
Confess the footsteps of our God ;  
Come, bow before him, and adore.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM CIV. *Particular Metre.*

b

## PART I.

1 BLESS God, O my soul,  
Rejoice in his name ;  
And let my glad voice  
Thy greatness proclaim :  
Surpassing in honour,  
Dominion and might ;  
Thy throne is the heaven,  
Thy robe is the light.

- 2 The sky we behold,  
   A curtain display'd,  
   The chambers of heav'n  
     On waters are laid.  
   The clouds are a chariot,  
     Thy glory to bear,  
   On winds thou art wafted,  
     Thou ridest on air.
- 3 As rapid as fire,  
   Thy angels on high  
   Convey thy commands,  
     Thy ministers fly.  
   The earth, on its basis  
     Eternal sustain'd,  
   Is fix'd in the station  
     Thy wisdom ordain'd.
- 4 The world, when at first  
   Of chaos compos'd,  
   Was void, without form,  
     In waters enclos'd ;  
   Thy voice, how majestick,  
     In thunder was heard ;  
   The waters subsided,  
     The mountains appear'd.

## PART II.

- 5 Thy providence fix'd  
   The stream and its source ;  
   The sea knows its bounds,  
     The rivers their course.  
   Convey'd through dark channels,  
     Springs rise on the hills,  
   They burst in the fountains,  
     They fall in the rills.

6 The beasts of the wild,  
 Their forest forsake ;  
 The herd quit the field,  
 To drink of the lake ;  
 On trees crown'd with blossoms,  
 Its margin along,  
 Birds, warbling sweet music,  
 Praise GOD in their song.

7 Descending on hills,  
 Clouds plenteousness pour ;  
 All nature revives,  
 Earth smiles in the show'r :  
 A garment of verdure  
 Apparels the plain ;  
 Fruits swell in the garden,  
 Fields wave with their grain.

8 With moisture refresh'd,  
 The vine yields its fruit,  
 'Tis balm to our hearts,  
 To health a recruit.  
 With pleasure we gather  
 The richness of oil ;  
 'Tis strength to our body,  
 Support to our toil.

## PART III.

9 The trees full of sap,  
 With joy rear their head,  
 The cedars their boughs  
 O'er Lebanon spread.  
 Secure in the covert  
 The bird flies for rest ;  
 She sings on the branches,  
 She broods on the nest.

- 10 The pine yields a home  
    The stork to secure :  
The goat on the crag  
    Defies the pursuer.  
E'en creatures too feeble  
    Themselves to defend,  
On caves and concealment  
    For safety depend.
- 11 The moon by thy law  
    Increases and wanes :  
The sun keeps the course  
    Thy wisdom ordains.  
By night the fierce lion  
    Roams wide for his prey,  
But flies to his cavern  
    When morn brings the day.
- 12 Then man with the sun  
    His labour renews,  
Till evening arrives,  
    That labour pursues.  
Such, Lord, is the wisdom  
    Thy works all proclaim ;  
Let earth, crown'd with riches,  
    Rejoice in thy name !

## PART IV.

- 13 Nor here only, Lord,  
    Thy might we adore,  
The sea owns thy hand,  
    Thy wisdom and pow'r ;  
There tribes without number,  
    Thy creatures resort ;  
Leviathans gambol,  
    And whales take their sport.

14 There ships spread their sails,  
The surface to sweep ;  
There fish nimbly glide,  
Conceal'd in the deep :  
They all know their season,  
As seasons arise ;  
And tribes, which thy bounty  
Has made, it supplies.

15 Thy will and thy word  
Endue them with breath ;  
Consum'd by thy blast,  
They shrink into death ;  
Restor'd at thy pleasure,  
New beings appear,  
To people the waters,  
The earth and the air.

16 Rejoice then, O Lord,  
In glory secure ;  
The works thou hast made  
Through ages endure :  
Yet, aw'd by thy presence,  
When thou drawest near,  
Smoke bursts from the mountains,  
Earth trembles with fear.

17 Thus, Lord, let me sing,  
Thy glory to raise ;  
Delightful the strain,  
When tun'd to thy praise.  
The vile have their suff'rings,  
The just their reward ;  
Bless God, O my spirit !  
O praise ye the Lord !

PSALM CV. *Common Metre.*

The Divine Promise to Abraham fulfilled.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,  
And tell the world his grace ;  
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame  
That all may seek his face.
- 2 To Abra'm and his seed he swore,  
To give Canaan's land,  
Though strangers, destitute of pow'r,  
A little feeble band.
- 3 Like pilgrims through the countries round  
Securely they remov'd ;  
And haughty kings who on them frown'd  
Severely he reprov'd.
- 4 The Lord himself chose out their way,  
And mark'd their journies right ;  
Gave them his leading cloud by day,  
A fi'ry guide by night.
- 5 They thirst, and waters from the rock  
In rich abundance flow ;  
And, foll'wing still the course they took  
Ran all the desert through.
- 6 O wondrous stream ! O blessed type  
Of ever flowing grace !  
So Christ our Rock maintains our life,  
While we his footsteps trace.
- 7 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,  
The chosen tribes possess'd  
The blessings of the promis'd land,  
And there enjoy'd their rest.
- 8 Then let the world forbear its rage,  
Nor put the church in fear ;

Israel must live through ev'ry age,  
And be th' Almighty's care.

WATTS.

## PSALM CVI. First Part. L. M. ♫

The Character and final Prosperity of the Righteous.

- 1 O RENDER thanks to God above,  
The fountain of eternal love !  
Whose mercy firm through ages past  
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,  
Not only vast, but numberless ?  
What mortal eloquence can raise  
Just tribute of immortal praise ?
- 3 Happy are they, and only they,  
Who from thy precepts never stray ;  
Who know what's right, nor only so,  
But always practise what they know.
- 4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,  
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;  
Be this my happiness, to see  
Thy church in full prosperity.
- 5 Remember what thy mercy did  
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed ;  
And with the same salvation bless  
Each humble suppliant of thy grace.
- 6 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,  
And aid the triumph with my voice !  
This is my glory, Lord, to be  
Join'd to thy church, and near to thee.
- 7 Let Israel's God be ever blest,  
Who gives his people heav'nly rest ;

Let all his saints, with full accord,  
Exalt their voice to praise the Lord.

TATE and WATTS, united.

PSALM CVI. Sec. Part. S. M. \* or b

Israel punished and pardoned : Or, the Love of God unchangeable.

- 1 God of eternal love,  
How fickle are our ways !  
And yet, how oft did Israel prove  
The riches of thy grace !
- 2 They saw his wonders wrought,  
And then his praise they sung ;  
But soon his works of pow'r forgot,  
And murmur'd with their tongue.
- 3 Now they believe his word,  
While rocks with water flow ;  
Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,  
And dare the vengeful blow.
- 4 Yet, when they mourn'd their faults,  
He hearken'd to their groans ;  
Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts,  
And call'd them still his sons.
- 5 Their names were in his book,  
He sav'd them from their foes ;  
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook  
The people whom he chose.
- 6 Let Israel bless the Lord,  
Who lov'd their ancient race ;  
And christians join the solemn word  
*Amen*, to all the praise.

WATTS.

## PSALM CVII. First Part. L. M. ✕

Israel led through the Wilderness to the Land of Promise.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God ; he reigns above ;  
Kind are his thoughts, his name is Love ;  
His mercy ages past have known,  
And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 Let the redeemed of the Lord  
The wonders of his grace record ;  
Israel, the nation whom he chose,  
And rescu'd from their mighty foes.
- 3 In their distress to God they cry'd,  
God was their Saviour and their guide ;  
He led their march far wand'ring round ;  
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.
- 4 So when our first release we gain,  
From sin's hard yoke and Satan's chain,  
We have this desert world to trace,  
A tiresome and a dang'rous place.
- 5 God feeds and clothes us all the way,  
He guides our footsteps lest we stray ;  
He guards us with a pow'rful hand,  
And brings us to the heav'nly land.
- 6 Then let us all with joy record  
The truth and goodness of the Lord ;  
How great his works, how kind his ways !  
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise !

WATTS.

## PSALM CVII. Second Part. L. M. ✕ or b

Correction for Sin, and Relief to Prisoners.

- 1 FROM age to age exalt his name,  
God and his grace are still the same ;

He fills the hungry souls with food,  
And feeds them with substantial good.

**2** But if their hearts rebel and rise  
Against the God who rules the skies ;  
If they reject his heav'nly word,  
And slight the counsels of the Lord,

**3** He'll bring their spirits to the ground,  
And no deliv'rance shall be found ;  
Laden with grief, they waste their breath  
In darkness and the shades of death.

**4** Then to the Lord they raise their cries ;  
He makes the dawning light arise,  
And scatters all that dismal shade,  
Which hung so heavy o'er their head.

**5** He cuts the iron bars in two,  
And lets the joyful pris'ner through ;  
Takes off the load of pain and grief,  
And gives the lab'ring soul relief.

**6** O may the sons of men record  
The wondrous goodness of the Lord !  
How great his works ! How kind his ways !  
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise !

WATTS.

## PSALM CVII. Third Part. C. M.

b

Intemperance chastised and reformed.

**1** BENEATH God's terrors doom'd to groan,  
Behold th' intemp'rate band  
The fruits of folly reap, and own  
The justice of his hand.

**2** From food estrang'd, their languid soul  
The needful meal foregoes ;

Life feels its current faintly roll,  
And hastens to its close.

- 3 Distress'd, to God they make their pray'r,  
And nature, joyous, sees  
His word her ruin'd strength repair,  
Her fiercest tortures ease.
- 4 O then that all would bless his name,  
Who thus his mercy prove !  
And still from age to age proclaim  
The wonders of his love !—
- 5 That men of various tongues would sing,  
His acts in frequent lays !  
And yield to heav'n's eternal King  
The sacrifice of praise !

MERRICK.

PSALM CVII. Fourth Part. L. M. b  
Dangers and Deliverance by Sea.

- 1 THEY who in ships, with courage bold,  
O'er swelling waves their trade pursue,  
The Lord's amazing works behold,  
And in the deep his wonders view.
- 2 Soon as his dread command is past,  
The low'ring storm begins to rise ;  
It sweeps the sea with rapid haste,  
And makes the swelling billows rise.
- 3 The lab'ring ships borne up to heav'n,  
Upon the lofty waves appear ;  
Then down the deep abyss are driv'n,  
Whilst ev'ry soul dissolves with fear.
- 4 They reel and stagger to and fro,  
Like men with fumes of wine oppress'd ;  
Nor does the skilful seaman know  
Which way to steer, what course is best.

- 5 Then, to the Lord's indulgent ear,  
Their supplication they address ;  
**H**e kindly condescends to hear,  
And frees them from their deep distress.
- 6 He bids the storm its fury cease,  
And lays the billows calm and still ;  
Then summons forth the gentle breeze,  
The seaman's wishes to fulfil.
- 7 O then, that all the earth, with me,  
Would God for all his goodness praise ;  
And for the mighty works which he  
Throughout the wond'ring world displays !

TATE, varied.

PSALM CVII. Fifth Part. *L. M. ✠ or b*  
Colonies planted and punished.

- 1 **W**HERE nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,  
Or men as fierce and wild as they,  
God bids th' oppress'd and poor repair,  
And builds them towns and cities there.
- 2 They sow the fields, and trees they plant,  
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want ;  
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,  
Their wealth increases with their flocks.
- 3 Thus they are blest ; but if they sin,  
He lets the savage nations in ;  
A hostile race invades their lands,  
Their princes die by barb'rous hands.
- 4 Their captive sons, expos'd to scorn,  
Wander unpitied and forlorn ;  
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,  
And desolation spreads the field.

- 5 Yet if the humbled people mourns,  
Again his dreadful hand he turns ;  
Again he makes their cities thrive,  
And bids the dying churches live.
- 6 The righteous, with a joyful sense,  
Admire the works of Providence ;  
And wise observers still shall find  
The Lord is holy, just and kind.

WATTS.

PSALM CVIII. *Common Metre.*

A general Song of Praise.

- 1 O GOD, my grateful soul aspires  
To magnify thy name !  
My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,  
Shall celebrate thy fame.
- 2 Awake, my heart, and thou, my voice,  
Thy willing tribute pay ;  
And let a hymn of sacred joy  
Salute the op'ning day.
- 3 To all the list'ning world around  
Thy goodness I will sing ;  
Whilst ev'ry grateful tongue shall join  
To praise th' eternal King :
- 4 Because thy mercy's boundless height  
The highest heav'n transcends ;  
And far beyond the spreading earth  
Thy faithfulness extends.
- 5 Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the starry frame ;  
And let the world, with one consent,  
Confess thy glorious name.

TATE, altered.

PSALM CIX. Common Metre. ※

**Love to Enemies from the Example of Christ.**

- 1 O GOD ! we celebrate thy praise ;  
Thy mercy is our song,  
Though sinners speak against thy grace  
With a blaspheming tongue.
- 2 When in the form of mortal man  
Thy Son on earth was found,  
With cruel slanders, false and vain,  
They compass'd him around.
- 3 Their mis'ries his compassion mov'd,  
Their peace he still pursu'd ;  
They render'd hatred for his love,  
And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice rag'd without a cause ;  
Yet with his dying breath  
He pray'd for murd'rers on his cross,  
And bless'd his foes in death.
- 5 Let not this bright example shine  
In vain before our eyes ;  
May we like him to peace incline,  
And love our enemies.
- 6 Thus shall we too thine image bear,  
And thus our sonship prove ;  
For good and bad thy bounty share,  
Thou God of boundless love.

WATTS, varied.

PSALM CX. Long Metre. ※ or b

**The Priesthood and Kingdom of Christ.**

- 1 Thus the eternal Father spake,  
To Christ his Son, "Ascend and sit  
At my right hand, till I shall make  
Thy foes submissive at thy feet."

- 2 "From Zion shall thy word proceed ;  
 Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,  
 Shall make the hearts of sinners bleed,  
 And bow their wills to thy command.
- 3 "O blessed pow'r ! O glorious day !  
 A splendid vict'ry shall ensue !  
 And converts who thy grace obey  
 Exceed the drops of morning dew !"
- 4 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,  
 Nor will repent the thing he swore ;  
 "Eternal shall thy priesthood be,  
 When Aaron's sons shall serve no more.
- 5 "Melchizedek, the wondrous priest,  
 Whose generation was unknown,  
 The king of righteousness and peace,  
 Was a fair type of Christ my Son."
- 6 Through all the earth his reign shall spread,  
 And fierce opposers frown in vain ;  
 For God shall raise his humble head,  
 And his exalted throne maintain.

WATTS, varied.

PSALM CXI. *Long Metre.*

The Divine Perfections.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord ; to speak his praise,  
 My soul her utmost pow'rs shall raise,  
 With private friends, and in the throng  
 Of those who to his house belong.
- 2 His works for greatness though renown'd,  
 His wondrous works are always found,  
 By those who seek for them aright,  
 And in the pious search delight.

- 3 His works are all of matchless fame,  
And universal glory claim ;  
His truth, confirm'd through ages past,  
Shall to eternal ages last.
- 4 By precept, he has us enjoin'd  
To keep his wondrous works in mind ;  
And to posterity record,  
How good and gracious is the Lord.
- 5 Just are the dealings of his hands,  
Immutable are his commands ;  
By truth and equity sustain'd,  
And for eternal rules ordain'd.
- 6 Who wisdom's sacred prize would win,  
Must with the fear of God begin ;  
Immortal praise and heav'nly skill  
Have they who know and do his will.

TATE.

PSALM CXII. *Long Metre. ♩ or b*

The Character and Happiness of the liberal Man.

- 1 THAT man is bless'd, who stands in awe  
Of God, and loves his sacred law ;  
His name on earth shall be renown'd,  
And with increasing honour crown'd.
- 2 His hospitable house shall be  
To friends and strangers always free ;  
His virtue, safe from all decay,  
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.
- 3 The man that's fill'd with virtue's light,  
Shines brightest in affliction's night ;  
Compassion dwells within his mind,  
His justice flows to all mankind.

- 4 His lib'ral favours he extends,  
To some he gives, to others lends ;  
And what his charity impairs,  
He saves by prudence in affairs.
- 5 Though dangers threaten him around,  
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground.  
The sweet remembrance of the just  
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.
- 6 His hands, whilst they his alms bestow'd,  
His glory's future harvest sow'd ;  
Whence he shall reap a sure reward,  
And dwell for ever with the Lord.

TATE, varied.

PSALM CXIII. *Long Metre.*

Divine Greatness and Condescension.

- 1 YE servants of th' Almighty King,  
In ev'ry age his praises sing,  
Where'er the circling sun displays  
His rising beams or setting rays.
- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,  
Stands his high throne of majesty ;  
Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,  
Can give his vast dominion bounds.
- 3 What impious mortal rashly dare,  
What angel, with our God compare ?  
His glories, how divinely bright,  
Who dwells in uncreated light !
- 4 He bows his glorious head to view  
What the bright hosts of angels do ;  
And condescends yet more to know  
The mean affairs of men below,

5 From dust and cottages obscure,  
 His grace exalts the humble poor ;  
 Gives them the honour of his sons,  
 And makes them meet for heav'nly thrones

WATTS.

PSALM CXIV. *Long Metre. ✠ or □*

Miracles attending Israel's Journey.

- 1 WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,  
 Left the proud tyrant and his land,  
 The tribes with cheerful homage own  
 Their King, and Judah was his throne.
- 2 Across the deep their journey lay,  
 The deep divides to make them way ;  
 Jordan beheld their march, and fled  
 With backward current to his head.
- 3 The mountains shook like trembling sheep ;  
 Like lambs, the smaller hills did leap ;  
 Not Sinai on its base could stand,  
 Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand.
- 4 What pow'r could make the sea divide ?  
 Or Jordan backward roll his tide ?  
 Why did ye leap, ye little hills ?  
 And whence the fright that Sinai feels ?
- 5 Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood  
 Retire, and know th' approaching God ;  
 The King of Israel ! see him here !  
 Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.
- 6 He thunders, and all nature mourns ;  
 The rock to flowing water turns ;  
 From stones, spring fountains at his word,  
 And earth and seas confess the Lord.

WATTS.

PSALM CXV. *Long Metre. ✠ or b*  
 Idolatry reproved.

- 1 Not to ourselves, who are but dust,  
 Not to ourselves is glory due ;  
 But to thy name, thou only just,  
 Thou only gracious, wise, and true !
- 2 Thy dreadful majesty proclaim,  
 Nor let the heathen's haughty tongue  
 Insult us, and, to raise our shame,  
 Say, 'where's the God you've serv'd so long ??'
- 3 The God we serve, maintains his throne  
 Above the clouds, beyond the skies ;  
 Through all the earth his will is done,  
 He knows our groans, and hears our cries.
- 4 But the vain idols they adore  
 Are senseless shapes of stone or wood ;  
 At best, a mass of glitt'ring ore,  
 A silver saint, or golden god.
- 5 O Israel, make the Lord thy hope,  
 Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest !  
 The Lord shall build thy ruins up,  
 And bless the people and the priest.
- 6 The dead no more can speak thy praise,  
 They dwell in silence, in the grave ;  
 But, whilst we live, we'll sing thy grace,  
 And tell the world thy pow'r to save.

WATTS.

PSALM CXVI. *Common Metre. ✠*

Praise for Deliverance from Distress.

- 1 What shall I render to my God,  
 For all his kindness shown ?

My feet shall visit thine abode,  
My songs address thy throne.

- 2 Among the saints who fill thy house,  
    My off'rings shall be paid ;  
There shall my zeal perform the vows  
    My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,  
    Thou ever blessed God !  
How dear thy servants in thy sight !  
    How precious is their blood !
- 4 How happy all thy servants are !  
    How great thy grace to me !  
My life which thou hast made thy care,  
    Lord, I devote to thee.
- 5 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,  
    And thy rich grace record ;  
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,  
    If I forsake the Lord.

WATTS.

PSALM CXVII. *Short Metre.*

Praise to God from all Nations.

- 1 THY name, Almighty Lord,  
    Shall sound through distant lands ;  
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,  
    Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honours spread ;  
    Long may thy praise endure,  
Till morning light and ev'ning shade  
    Shall be exchang'd no more.

WATTS.

## PSALM CXVIII. v. 18, 19. 1st Part. C. M. ✠

Recovery from Sickness.

- 1 Sov'reign of life, I own thy hand  
     In ev'ry chast'ning stroke ;  
     And whilst I smart beneath thy rod,  
         Thy presence I invoke.
- 2 To thee, in my distress I cry'd,  
     Thy mercy lent an ear ;  
     Thy pow'rful word my life prolong'd,  
         And brought salvation near.
- 3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,  
     That, with the pious throng,  
     I may record my solemn vows,  
         And tune my grateful song.
- 4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand  
     Renews our lab'ring breath ;  
     Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints  
         Triumphant in their death.
- 5 My God, in that appointed hour,  
     The heav'nly world display ;  
     Where sin and death shall have no place,  
         And tears be wip'd away.
- 6 There, whilst the nations of the bless'd  
     With rapture sing around ;  
     My anthems to deliv'ring grace  
         In loftier strains shall sound.

DODDRIDGE, with variation.

## PSALM CXVIII. Sec. Part. C. M. ✠

For the Lord's Day.

- 1 This is the day the Lord hath made,  
     He calls the hours his own ;

- Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround thy throne.
- 2 This day, the Saviour left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell ;  
This day, the saints his triumph spread,  
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,  
To David's holy Son !  
Save us, O Lord, descend and bring  
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace ;  
Who comes in God, his Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains  
The church on earth can raise !  
The highest heav'ns in which he reigns  
Shall give him nobler praise.

WATTS.

PSALM CXVIII. *Short Metre.*

¶

*Salvation by Christ.*

- 1 BEHOLD the Corner-Stone,  
Which God in Zion lays,  
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,  
And his eternal praise !
- 2 The Jewish scribe and priest  
Reject it with disdain ;  
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,  
And envy rage in vain.
- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,  
And wondrous in our eyes ;  
This day declares it all divine ;  
This day did Jesus rise.

- 4 How glorious is the day,  
By our Redeemer made !  
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,  
Let all the church be glad.
- 5 Hosanna to the King  
Of David's royal blood !  
Bless him, ye saints, he comes to bring  
Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thy holy word,  
Which all this grace displays ;  
And offer on thine altar, Lord,  
Our sacrifice of praise.

WATTS.

**PSALM CXIX.** First Part. C. M. **¶ or b**  
The Happiness of a virtuous Life.

- 1 How bless'd are they who always keep  
The pure and perfect way ;  
Who never from the sacred paths  
Of God's commandments stray !
- 2 How bless'd, who to his righteous laws  
Have still obedient been,  
And have with humble fervent zeal  
His favour sought to win !
- 3 Such men their utmost caution use  
To shun each wicked deed ;  
But in the path which he directs  
With constant care proceed.
- 4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,  
To learn thy sacred will,  
And all our diligence employ  
Thy statutes to fulfil.
- 5 O then that thy most holy will  
Might o'er our ways preside ;

And we the course of all our life  
By thy direction guide !

6 Then with assurance should we walk  
From all confusion free,  
Convinc'd, with joy, that all our ways  
With thy commands agree.

TATE.

PSALM CXIX. Sec. Part. *Common Metre.* b

The Danger attending Youth.

- 1 INDULGENT God, with pitying eye  
The sons of men survey ;  
And see how youthful sinners sport  
In a destructive way.
- 2 In pleasure's flow'ry path they tread,  
On future years presume,  
Although ten thousand snares are spread,  
To snatch them to the tomb.
- 3 Reduce, O Lord, their wand'ring mind,  
Amus'd with airy dreams,  
That heav'nly wisdom may dispel  
Their visionary schemes.
- 4 With holy caution may they walk,  
And make thy word their guide ;  
Till each, the danger safely past,  
On Zion's hill abide.

DODDRIDGE, with variation.

PSALM CXIX. Third Part. *Com. Metre.* b

Repentance and Obedience.

- 1 THOU art my portion, O my God !  
Soon as I know thy way,  
My heart prepares t' obey thy word,  
And suffers no delay.

- 2 I choose the path of heav'nly truth,  
And glory in my choice ;  
Not all the riches of the earth  
Can make me so rejoice.
- 3 The testimonies of thy grace  
I set before my eyes ;  
Thence I derive my daily strength,  
And there my comfort lies.
- 4 If e'er I wander from thy path,  
I think upon my ways,  
Then turn my feet to thy commands,  
And trust thy pard'ning grace.
- 5 If thou incline this wand'ring heart  
Thy precepts to fulfil ;  
Then, till my mortal life shall end,  
I shall perform thy will.

WATTS.

## PSALM CXIX. 4th Part. C. M. ♩ or b-

Instruction from Scripture.

- 1 THY word is like a heav'nly light,  
Which guides us all the day ;  
And through the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead our way.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,  
It spreads such light abroad,  
The meanest souls instruction find,  
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 The starry heav'ns thy rule obey,  
The earth preserves her place ;  
In nature's volume, night and day,  
Thy pow'r and skill we trace.

- 4 But in thy law and gospel, Lord,  
Are lessons more divine ;  
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,  
Nor stars so nobly shine.
- 5 Thy word is everlasting truth,  
How pure is ev'ry page !  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.

WATTS.

PSALM CXIX. Fifth Part. *Long Metre.* b

Godly Sorrow for the Sins of Men.

- 1 ARISE, my tender thoughts, arise ;  
Let torrents drown my weeping eyes ;  
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel  
Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human beings sunk in shame ;  
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name ;  
See God insulted through his Son,  
The world abus'd, the soul undone.
- 3 My heart with rev'rence hears thy word,  
And trembles at thy threat'nings, Lord ;  
I know the wretched, dreadful end,  
To which their careless steps descend.
- 4 My God, the mournful scene I view  
With horror and with pity too ;  
O could my sympathy reclaim  
The wretches from destructive flame !
- 5 But feeble my compassion proves ;  
It can but weep, were most it loves :  
Thy own all-saving grace employ,  
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

DODDRIDGE.

## PSALM CXIX. Sixth Part. C. M. ✠ or b

Delight in the Word of God.

- 1 O how I love thy holy law !  
 'Tis daily my delight ;  
 And thence my meditations draw  
 Divine advice by night.
- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day,  
 To meditate thy word ;  
 My soul with longing melts away,  
 To hear thy gospel, Lord.
- 3 When midnight darkness veils the skies,  
 I call thy words to mind ;  
 My thoughts in warm devotion rise,  
 And God's acceptance find.
- 4 How doth thy word my heart engage !  
 How well employ my tongue !  
 It cheers my tiresome pilgrimage,  
 And yields a heav'nly song !
- 5 Am I a stranger, or at home,  
 'Tis my continual feast ;  
 Not honey dropping from the comb  
 So much allures the taste.
- 6 No treasures so enrich the mind,  
 Nor shall thy word be sold  
 For loads of silver well refin'd,  
 Nor heaps of shining gold.
- 7 When nature sinks and spirits droop,  
 Thy promises of grace  
 Are pillars to support my hope,  
 And elevate my praise.

WATTS.

## PSALM CXIX. 7th Part. C. M. ✠ or b

The Variety and Comfort of the Divine Word.

- 1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice  
Thy statutes all are just ;  
They make my noblest pow'rs rejoice,  
And mortify my lust.
- 2 Thy precepts often I survey,  
And keep thy laws in sight,  
Through all the business of the day,  
To form my actions right.
- 3 And when my spirit takes her fill  
From fountains so divine,  
Not mighty men, that share the spoil,  
Have joy compar'd to mine.
- 4 I read the hist'ries of thy love,  
And keep thy grace in sight ;  
Whilst through the promises I rove  
With ever new delight.
- 5 'Tis like a land of wealth unknown,  
Where living springs arise ;  
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And hidden glory lies :
- 6 The best relief that mourners have ;  
It makes our sorrows blest ;  
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,  
And our eternal rest.

WATTS.

## PSALM CXIX. 8th Part. C. M. ✠ or b

The Perfection of Scripture.

- 1 LET all the heathen writers join  
To form one perfect book ;  
Great God, if once compared with thine,  
How mean their writings look !

- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave  
     Could shew one sin forgiv'n,  
     Nor lead a step beyond the grave ;  
     But thine conduct to heav'n.
- 3 I've seen an end of what we call  
     Perfection, here below ;  
     How short the pow'rs of nature fall,  
     And can no farther go.
- 4 But thy commands, O righteous Lord !  
     Pervade the heart within ;  
     Thy perfect law, exceeding broad,  
     Detects the secret sin.
- 5 In vain we boast perfection here,  
     While sin defiles our frame,  
     And sinks our virtues down so far,  
     They scarce deserve the name.
- 6 Our faith, and love, and ev'ry grace,  
     Fall far below thy word ;  
     But perfect truth and righteousness  
     Dwell only with the Lord.

WATTS, varied.

PSALM CXIX. 9th Part. C. M. ✠ or b  
     Desire of Divine Knowledge.

- 1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,  
     How great thy works appear !  
     Open my eyes to read thy word,  
     And see thy wonders there.
- 2 My flesh, by thy creating hands,  
     Is form'd with care and skill ;  
     O make me learn thy just commands,  
     That I may them fulfil !
- 3 Since I'm a stranger here below,  
     Be thou my constant guide ;

Direct the way my feet shall go,  
Nor let me turn aside.

4 If thou to me thy statutes shew,  
And heav'nly truth impart,

Thy work for ever I'll pursue,  
Thy law shall rule my heart.

5 From those vain objects turn my sight,  
Which this false world displays ;  
But give me heav'nly pow'r and light,  
To tread thy righteous ways.

TATE and WATTS.

PSALM CXIX. 10th Part. C. M. b

Breathing after Holiness.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,  
To keep his statutes still !

O that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do his will !

2 Send thy good Spirit, Lord, to write  
Thy law upon my heart ;  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes ;  
Let no corrupt design,  
Nor covetous desires, arise  
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere ;  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,  
My feet too often slide ;  
O bring me back to virtue's way,  
And be thy truth my guide !

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,  
 'Tis a delightful road ;  
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,  
 Offend against my God.

WATTS.

## PSALM CXIX. 11th Part. C. M. b

## Holy Resolutions.

- 1 O THAT thy statutes ev'ry hour  
 Might dwell upon my mind !  
 Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,  
 And daily comfort find.
- 2 Thy word shall dwell upon my heart,  
 To keep me pure within,  
 And be an everlasting guard  
 From ev'ry rising sin.
- 3 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,  
 Shall be my sweet employ :  
 My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,  
 Thy word is all my joy.
- 4 How would I run in thy commands,  
 If thou my heart discharge  
 From sin's deceit and folly's bands,  
 And set my feet at large !
- 5 My lips with courage shall declare  
 Thy statutes and thy name ;  
 I'll speak thy word, though tyrants hear,  
 Nor yield to sinful shame.
- 6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,  
 Whose hands and hearts are ill ;  
 I love my God, I lovè his ways,  
 And must obey his will.

WATTS.

PSALM CXIX. 12th Part. C. M. b -

## The Benefit of Afflictions.

- 1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,  
And thy deliv'rance send ;  
My soul for thy salvation waits ;  
When will my troubles end !
- 2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me  
To bear my Father's rod ;  
Afflictions make me learn the law,  
And reverence my God.
- 3 This is the comfort I enjoy,  
When new distress begins ;  
I read thy word, I run thy ways,  
And hate my former sins.
- 4 Had not thy word been my delight,  
When earthly joys were fled,  
My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight,  
Had sunk among the dead.
- 5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,  
Though they may seem severe ;  
In all the suff'rings I endure,  
Thy grace and love appear.
- 6 Before I knew thy chast'ning rod,  
My feet were apt to stray ;  
But now I learn to keep thy word,  
Nor wander from thy way.

WATTS.

PSALM CXIX. 13th Part. C. M. b

## Prayer for quickening Grace.

- 1 My soul lies cleaving to the dust,  
Lord, give me life divine ;

From vain desires, and ev'ry lust.  
Turn off these eyes of mine.

- 2 I need the influence of thy grace,  
    To speed me in my way ;  
Lest I should loiter in my race,  
    Or turn my feet astray.
- 3 When sore afflictions press me down,  
    I need thy quick'ning pow'rs ;  
Thy word, that I have rested on,  
    Shall help my heaviest hours.
- 4 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still ?  
    And thou a faithful God ?  
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal,  
    To run the heav'nly road ?
- 5 Does not my heart thy precepts love ?  
    And long to see thy face ?  
And yet how slow my spirits move,  
    Without enliv'ning grace !
- 6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,  
    And ne'er forget thy word,  
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r,  
    To draw me near the Lord.

WATTS.

PSALM CXIX. 14th Part. L. M. b  
Afflictions sanctified.

- 1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand ;  
How kind was thy chastising rod,  
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,  
And brought my wand'ring soul to God !
- 2 Foolish and vain, I went astray,  
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord ;

- I left my guide, and lost my way ;  
But now I love and keep thy word.
- 3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,  
For pride is apt to rise and swell ;  
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,  
That I may learn his statutes well.
- 4 The law that issues from thy mouth,  
Shall raise my cheerful passions more  
Than all the treasures of the south,  
Or western hills of golden ore.
- 5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,  
Thy Spirit form'd my soul within ;  
Teach me to love thy holy name,  
And guard me safe from ev'ry sin.
- 6 Then those who love and fear the Lord,  
In my salvation shall rejoice ;  
For I have trusted in thy word,  
And make thy grace my only choice.

WATTS.

PSALM CXX. *Common Metre.*

b

*Complaint against Enemies.*

- 1 Thou God of love, thou ever blest,  
Pity my suff'ring state ;  
When wilt thou set my soul at rest  
From men who love deceit ?
- 2 Ah, wo is me, to have my seat  
Among the sons of strife !  
Perpetual insult doom'd to meet,  
From men of restless life.
- 3 Oh might I fly to change my place,  
I'd rather choose to roam  
In some wide, lonesome wilderness,  
To find a silent home !

- 4 Peace is the blessing that I seek,  
And friendly terms prepare ;  
But when to them of peace I speak,  
They all for war declare.
- 5 New passions still their souls engage,  
And keep their malice strong ;  
What shall be done to curb thy rage,  
O thou provoking tongue !
- 6 Should deadly arrows strike thee through,  
Strict justice would approve ;  
But I had rather spare my foe,  
And melt his heart with love.

WATTS and MERRICK.

PSALM CXXI. *Common Metre. ✗ or b*  
Divine Preservation.

- 1 FROM Zion's hill my help descends ;  
To God I lift mine eyes ;  
My strength alone on him depends,  
Who built the earth and skies.
- 2 He, ever watchful, ever nigh,  
Forbids my feet to slide ;  
No sleep nor slumber seals the eye  
Of Israel's faithful Guide.
- 3 He will sustain my feeble pow'rs  
With his almighty arm ;  
And watch my most unguarded hours  
Against all fatal harm.
- 4 Then let my soul securely rest,  
My guardian is the Lord ; [blest,  
His pow'r, which makes my slumbers  
Protection will afford.

- 5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,  
     Will he permit to smite ;  
     He shields my head from burning noon,  
         From noxious damps by night.
- 6 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,  
     God will my life defend ;  
     Conduct me free from ev'ry snare,  
         Safe to my journey's end.

TATE, WATTS and MERRICK.

PSALM CXXI. *Hallelujah Metre.*     ※ or b

Divine Preservation.

- 1 To God I lift my eyes,  
     From whom is all my aid :  
     The God who built the skies,  
         And earth's foundation laid.  
         God is the tow'r  
         To which I fly ;  
         His grace is nigh  
         In ev'ry hour.
- 2 My feet shall never slide,  
     And fall in fatal snares,  
     Since God, my heav'nly guide,  
         Will dissipate my fears.  
         Those wakeful eyes  
         Which never sleep,  
         Shall Israel keep,  
         When dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heat by day,  
     Nor blast of ev'ning air,  
     Shall take my health away,  
         If God be with me there.

Thou art my light  
 And thou my shade,  
 To guard my head,  
 By day or night.

- 4 Hast thou not promis'd, Lord,  
 To save my soul from death ?  
 And I can trust thy word,  
 To keep my mortal breath.  
 I'll go and come,  
 Nor fear to die,  
 Till from on high  
 Thou call me home.

WATTS.

PSALM CXXII.      *Common Metre.*      ♫

For the Lord's-Day Morning.

- 1 BEHOLD the rising dawn appear,  
 Which calls our willing feet  
 To tread thy courts, O God ! and here  
 Our solemn praise repeat.
- 2 Fair Zion's gates are our delight ;  
 Within her walls we stand ;  
 And all her happy sons unite  
 In friendship's sacred band.
- 3 We love the place where Zion's Lord  
 Is pleas'd to shew his face ;  
 Here he proclaims his holy word,  
 And here accepts our praise.
- 4 With rev'rend awe and godly fear,  
 We bow before thy throne ;  
 For thou the fervent pray'r wilt hear,  
 Through thy beloved Son.

- 5 Peace be within this hallow'd place,  
And joy a constant guest ;  
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace,  
Be her attendants blest.
- 6 Our souls shall pray for Zion still,  
While life or breath remains ;  
For here our friends and brethren dwell,  
And here our Saviour reigns.

WATTS and MERRICK, united and varied.

PSALM CXXII. *Particular Metre.* ✖

The Pleasure of Publick Worship.

- 1 How does my heart rejoice,  
To hear the publick voice,  
“ Come, let us seek our God to-day ! ”  
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,  
We'll haste to Zion's hill,  
And there our vows and honours pay.
- 2 Zion, thrice happy place !  
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,  
And walls of strength enclose thee round ;  
In thee our tribes appear,  
To pray, and praise, and hear  
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 Here David's holy Son,  
Hath plac'd his royal throne,  
He sits for grace and judgment here ;  
He bids the saints be glad,  
He makes the wicked sad ;  
But humble souls rejoice with fear.
- 4 May peace attend thy gate,  
And joy within thee wait,  
To bless the soul of ev'ry guest ;

The man who seeks thy peace,  
And wishes thine increase,  
A thousand blessings on him rest !

- 5 My tongue repeats her vows,  
“ Peace to this sacred house,”  
For here my friends and brethren dwell ;  
And since my glorious God  
Makes thee his blest abode,  
My soul shall ever love thee well.

WATTS.

## PSALM CXXIII. Common Metre. b

Pleading with Submission.

- 1 O THOU, whose grace and justice reign,  
Enthron'd above the sky ;  
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,  
To thee we lift our eye.
- 2 As servants watch their master's hand,  
And dread the stern rebuke ;  
Or maids before their mistress stand,  
And wait the peaceful look :
- 3 So for our sins we justly feel  
Thy righteous hand, O God ;  
Yet wait the gracious moment still,  
Till thou remove thy rod.
- 4 Those who in ease and pleasure live,  
Our daily groans deride ;  
And thy delays of mercy give  
Fresh courage to their pride.
- 5 Our foes insult us ; but our hope  
In thy compassion lies :  
This thought shall bear our spirits up,  
That God will not despise.

WATTS.

PSALM CXXIV. *Long Metre.*

※

Deliverance from Enemies.

- 1 HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,  
Had not the Lord maintain'd our side,  
When men, to make our lives a prey,  
Rose like the swelling of the tide ;
- 2 The swelling tide had stopp'd our breath,  
So fiercely did the billows roll ;  
We had been swallow'd deep in death ;  
The waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.
- 3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,  
Who just escap'd the fatal stroke ;  
So flies the bird with lively wing,  
When once the fowler's snare is broke.
- 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,  
Who broke the fowler's deadly snare ;  
Who sav'd us from the threat'ning sword,  
And made our lives his watchful care.
- 5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,  
Who form'd the earth and built the skies ;  
Who still upholds all nature's frame,  
And guards his church with wakeful eyes.

WATTS.

PSALM CXXV. *Common Metre.* ※ or b

Trial and Safety.

- 1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,  
And firm as mountains be,  
When tempests rise, the soul shall stand  
That trusts, O Lord, in thee.
- 2 As lofty mountains stood to guard  
Fair Salem's happy ground ;  
So God's almighty pow'r and love  
Enclose his church around.

- 3 Though he permit the tyrant's rod  
     T' inflict a chast'ning stroke ;  
     Yet, lest it wound the soul too deep,  
         Its fury shall be broke.
- 4 The Lord will gently deal with those,  
     Whose filial love and fear,  
     Whose faith, and hope, and ev'ry grace,  
         Proclaim their hearts sincere.

WATTS. varied.

PSALM CXXVI. *Common Metre.* ♫

## Remarkable Deliverance.

- 1 WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,  
     And chang'd our mournful state,  
     Our rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,  
         The work appear'd so great.
- 2 "Great is the work," our brethren cry'd,  
     And own'd the pow'r divine ;  
     "Great is the work," our souls reply'd,  
         "And be the glory thine."
- 3 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,  
     Can give us day for night ;  
     Make drops of sacred sorrow rise  
         To rivers of delight.
- 4 Let those who sow in sadness, wait  
     Till the fair harvest come ;  
     They shall confess their sheaves are great,  
         And shout the blessings home.
- 5 The seed, though buried long in dust,  
     Will not deceive their hope ;  
     The precious grain cannot be lost,  
         For grace ensures the crop.

WATTS.

PSALM CXXVII. *Common Metre.* **⌘ or b**

Success and Prosperity from God.

- 1 IF God, to build the house deny,  
The builders work in vain ;  
Cities without his watchful eye  
An useless guard maintain :
- 2 In vain we rise before the day,  
And late to rest repair ;  
Allow no respite to our toil,  
And eat the bread of care.
- 3 But if we trust our Father's love,  
And in his ways delight,  
He'll give us needful food by day,  
And quiet sleep by night.
- 4 Then children, relatives, and friends  
Shall real blessings prove ;  
And all the earthly joys he sends  
Be crown'd with heav'nly love.

TATE and WATTS, with addition.

PSALM CXXVIII. *Long Metre.***⌘**

Family Duties and Blessings.

- 1 BLEST is the man who fears the Lord,  
And walks by his unerring word ;  
Comfort and peace his days attend,  
And God will ever prove his friend.
- 2 To him who condescends to dwell  
With saints in their obscurest cell,  
Be our domestic altars rais'd,  
And daily let his name be prais'd.
- 3 To him may each assembled house  
Present their night and morning vows ;

Their servants and their rising race  
Be taught his precepts and his grace.

- 4 Then shall the charms of wedded love  
Still more delightful blessings prove ;  
And parents' hearts shall overflow  
With joys that parents only know.
- 5 When nature droops, our aged eyes  
Shall see our children's children rise ;  
Till, pleas'd and thankful, we remove,  
And join the family above.

DODDRIDGE and MERRICK, united and varied.

PSALM CXXIX. *Long Metre. ✗ or b*  
(A new version.)

The Counsels of Enemies disappointed.

- 1 How often have our restless foes  
Their arts employ'd to vex our land !  
But God did kindly interpose ;  
His pow'r hath made our feet to stand.
- 2 By subtle wiles as dark as night,  
Their malice lay awhile conceal'd ;  
But soon the mischief sprang to light,  
And all their projects stood reveal'd.
- 3 With pride and pow'r and lifted hand,  
They dealt their vengeful blows around ;  
Our backs were like the furrow'd land,  
When ploughmen break the stubborn
- 4 But secret arts, and open force, [ground.  
Have never mov'd our steadfast feet ;  
His justice still maintains its course,  
And he will all their plots defeat.
- 5 Like wither'd grass their hopes shall fade,  
Nor God nor man their counsels bless ;

No friendly hand shall lend them aid,  
No tongue shall wish them good success.

PSALM CXXX. *Common Metre.*

b

Repentance and Pardon.

- 1 **L**ORD, shouldst thou call us to thy bar,  
Should thine impartial hand  
Avenge our sins against thy law,  
What mortal flesh could stand !
- 2 But sov'reign mercy dwells with thee,  
Hope dawns amidst our fears ;  
Divine forgiveness, large and free,  
Shall wipe our flowing tears.
- 3 On thee alone, our souls would wait,  
And in thy word would stay ;  
Thy promises can light create,  
And turn our night to day.
- 4 Just as the guards that keep the night  
Long for the morning skies,  
Watch the first beams of breaking light,  
And meet them with their eyes :
- 5 So wait our souls to see thy grace,  
And, more intent than they,  
Meet the first op'nings of thy face,  
And find a brighter day.
- 6 Let contrite sinners on the Lord,  
With humble hope recline ;  
Justice and mercy, in his word,  
Harmoniously combine.
- 7 Unnumber'd though our sins appear,  
And fill our hearts with pain ;  
Thy boundless love dispels our fear,  
And cleanses ev'ry stain.

WATTS and STEELE.

PSALM CXXX. *Long Metre.*

b

## Pardoning Grace.

- 1 From deep distress and troubled thoughts,  
To thee, my God, I raise my cry ;  
If thou severely mark our faults,  
What flesh could stand before thine eye !
- 2 But thou hast set thy throne of grace  
Free to dispense thy pardons there ;  
That sinners may approach thy face,  
And hope and love, as well as fear.
- 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,  
And long and wish for breaking day ;  
So waits my soul before thy gate ;  
When will my God his face display ?
- 4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,  
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain ;  
Let mourning souls address the Lord,  
And find relief from all their pain.
- 5 Great is his love, and large his grace,  
Through the redemption of his Son ;  
He turns our feet from sinful ways,  
And pardons what our hands have done.

WATTS.

PSALM CXXXI. *Common Metre.*

b

## Humility and Contentment.

- 1 Is there ambition in my heart ?  
Search, gracious God, and see ;  
Or, do I act a haughty part ?  
Lord, I appeal to thee.
- 2 Drive from the confines of my heart  
All discontent and pride ;

- Nor let me, in erroneous paths,  
With thoughtless sinners glide.
- 3 Whate'er thine all discerning eye  
Sees for thy creature fit,  
I'll bless the good, and to the ill  
Contentedly submit.
- 4 With humble pleasure let me view  
The prosp'rous and the great ;  
Malignant envy let me fly,  
And odious self-conceit.
- 5 Let not despair nor fell revenge  
Be to my bosom known ;  
O give me tears for others' wo,  
And patience for my own !
- 6 Feed me with necessary food,  
I ask not wealth or fame ;  
But give me eyes to view thy works,  
And sense to praise thy name.
- 7 May my still days obscurely pass,  
Without remorse or care ;  
And let me for the parting hour  
Incessantly prepare.

B. WILLIAMS's Collection

PSALM CXXXII. *Common Metre.*

⌘

The Jewish and Christian Churches compared.

1. THE Lord in Zion plac'd his name,  
His ark was settled there ;  
To Zion the whole nation came  
To worship thrice a year.
- 2 Thither from Canaan's utmost ends,  
The favour'd tribes resort ;  
And God his sure protection lends,  
While they approach his court.

- 3 But we have no such lengths to go,  
   Nor such a tedious road ;  
 Where'er thy saints assemble now,  
   There is a house of God.
- 4 Arise, O King of grace ! arise,  
   And enter to thy rest ;  
 Lo, thy church waits with longing eyes,  
   Thus to be own'd and blest.
- 5 Enter with all thy glorious train,  
   Thy Spirit and thy word ;  
 All that the ark did once contain  
   Could no such grace afford.
- 6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,  
   Here let thy praise be spread ;  
 Bless the provisions of thy house,  
   And fill thy poor with bread.

WATTS, varied.

PSALM CXXXIII. *Short Metre.*

## Brotherly Love.

- 1 BLEST are the sons of peace,  
   Whose hearts and hopes are one ;  
 Whose kind designs to serve and please  
   Through all their actions run !
- 2 Blest is the pious house,  
   Where zeal and friendship meet ;  
 Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,  
   Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus on the heav'nly hills  
   The saints are blest above ;  
 Where peace like morning dew distils,  
   And all the air is love.

WATTS.

PSALM CXXXIV. *Long Metre.*

☒

Daily and nightly Devotion.

- 1** YE servants of th' eternal King,  
Your grateful hymns in triumph sing ;  
Ye who attend his courts by day,  
And in the night your homage pay.
- 2** Behold the sun, obedient still  
To execute his Maker's will !  
The silver moon and planets roll  
In silence round the glowing pole.
- 3** As they dispense their steady rays,  
Like them, be constant in his praise ;  
Like them harmoniously join  
To celebrate the hand divine.
- 4** And may that God whose pow'r has made  
This earth, and heav'n's wide arch display'd,  
From sacred Zion bid you prove  
The blessings of his boundless love.

Partly from MERRICK.

PSALM CXXXV. *Common Metre.*

Praise to the true and living God.

- 1** AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your King ;  
Your noblest passions raise ;  
The pious pleasure while you sing,  
Increasing with the praise.
- 2** Great is the Lord, and works of might  
His majesty declare ;  
But still his saints are near his sight,  
And find a parent's care.
- 3** Heav'n, earth and sea confess his hand ;  
He bids the vapours rise ;

Lightning and storm, at his command,  
Sweep through the vaulted skies.

- 4 All pow'r that kings or gods have claim'd  
Is found with him alone ;  
But heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd  
Where our Jehovah's known.
- 5 Which of the stocks or stones they trust  
Can give them show'rs of rain ?  
In vain they pray to glitt'ring dust,  
And worship gold in vain.
- 6 But ye who know the living God,  
Serve him with holy fear ;  
He makes his church his blest abode,  
And claims your homage here.

WATTS, varied.

PSALM CXXXVI. *Long Metre.*

※

*Creation, Providence, and Grace.*

- 1 GIVE to our God immortal praise,  
Mercy and truth are all his ways ;  
Wonders of grace to God belong ;  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,  
The King of kings with glory crown ;  
His mercies never shall decay,  
Though lords and kings shall pass away.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,  
And fix'd the starry lights on high :  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He gives the sun his cheering light,  
He bids the moon direct the night ;

His mercies never shall decay,  
Though suns and moons shall pass away.

- 5 He sent his Son with pow'r to save,  
From sin and darkness and the grave :  
Wonders of grace to God belong ;  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 Through this vain world he guides our feet  
And leads us to his heav'nly seat :  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When this vain world shall be no more.

WATTS.

PSALM CXXXVI. *Hallelujah Metre.* \*

- 1 To God, the mighty Lord,  
Your joyful thanks repeat ;  
To him due praise afford,  
As good as he is great.  
For God does prove  
Our constant friend ;  
His boundless love  
Shall never end.

- 2 To him, whose wondrous pow'r,  
All other gods obey ;  
Whom earthly kings adore,  
This grateful homage pay.  
For God will prove  
Our constant friend ;  
His boundless love  
Shall never end.

- 3 By his Almighty hand  
Stupendous works are wrought ;  
The heav'ns by his command  
Were to perfection brought.  
This God will prove  
Our constant friend ;

His boundless love  
Shall never end.

4 Through heav'n he doth display  
The radiant orbs of light ;  
The sun to rule by day,  
The moon and stars by night.

This God will prove  
Our constant friend ;  
His boundless love  
Shall never end.

5 He spread the ocean round  
About the spacious land ;  
And made the solid ground  
Above the waters stand.

This God will prove  
Our constant friend ;  
His boundless love  
Shall never end.

6 He doth the food supply,  
On which all creatures live ;  
To God, who reigns on high,  
Eternal praises give.

This God will prove  
Our constant friend ;  
His boundless love  
Shall never end.

TATE.

PSALM CXXXVI. *All Sevens Metre.* \*

The Perfections and Providence of God.

1 LIFT your voice, and thankful sing  
Praises to your heav'nly King ;  
For his blessings far extend,  
And his mercy knows no end.

- 2 Be the Lord your only theme,  
Who of gods is God supreme ;  
He to whom all lords beside  
Bow the knee, their faces hide :
- 3 Who asserts his just command,  
By the wonders of his hand ;  
He whose wisdom, thron'd on high,  
Built the mansions of the sky :
- 4 He who bade the wat'ry deep  
In appointed bounds to keep,  
And the stars that gild the pole  
Through unmeasur'd ether roll.
- 5 Thee, O sun, whose pow'rful ray  
Rules the empire of the day ;  
You, O moon and stars, whose light  
Cheers the darkness of the night.
- 6 He with food sustains, O earth,  
All which claim from thee their birth ;  
For his blessings wide extend,  
And his mercy knows no end.

MERRICK.

PSALM CXXXVII. *Common Metre.* **b**  
 (A new version.)  
 - Captivity.

- 1 FAR from our friends and country dear  
 In hostile lands we moan ;  
 No tender hand to wipe the tear,  
 Which flows with ev'ry groan.
- 2 Our foes insulting mock our grief,  
 And sport with our complaints ;  
 No mercy prompts to give relief,  
 Though languid mis'ry faints.

- 3 In retrospective scenes employ'd,  
We think on former days ;  
When peaceful Sabbaths we enjoy'd,  
And all our work was praise.
- 4 But now, of liberty depriv'd,  
In solitude confin'd,  
In vain we seek the word of life,  
To feed the starving mind.
- 5 To thee, O Lord; we lift our eye,  
To thee, our cause commend ;  
Thou hear'st the mourning pris'ner's sigh,  
Thou art the suff'rer's friend.
- 6 We seek no vengeance on our foes,  
But put our trust in thee ;  
O let thy mercy interpose,  
And set thy captives free !

PSALM CXXXVIII. *Common Metre.* ☀

A Song of Praise.

- 1 To thee, my God, my heart shall bring  
The lively grateful song ;  
Attending crowds shall hear me sing,  
With rapture on my tongue.
- 2 Amidst the glories of thy name,  
Thy truth exalted shines ;  
A faithful God, thy words proclaim  
In everlasting lines.
- 3 Th' eternal God looks kindly down  
On pious humble souls ;  
But from afar his piercing frown  
The sons of pride controls.
- 4 Thou, Lord, wilt all my hopes fulfil,  
To thee the work belongs ;

Let endless mercy guide me still,  
And tune my grateful songs.

MRS. STEELE.

## PSALM CXXXVIII. L. M.



Restoring and preserving Mercy.

- 1** WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,  
I'll praise my Maker in my song ;  
While holy zeal directs my eyes  
To thy fair temple in the skies.
- 2** I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,  
I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;  
Not all thy works and names below  
So much thy pow'r and glory show.
- 3** The God of heav'n maintains his state,  
Frowns on the impious, proud and great ;  
But from his throne descends to see  
The sons of humble poverty.
- 4** Amidst a thousand snares I stand,  
Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;  
Thy words my fainting soul revive,  
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 5** Grace will complete what grace begins,  
To save from sorrows or from sins ;  
The work which wisdom undertakes,  
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

WATTS.

## PSALM CXXXVIII. ver. 3, 5. S. M.

Spiritual Strength and Joy.

- 1** MY soul, review the time  
In which my God I sought ;  
I cry'd aloud for aid divine,  
And aid divine he brought.

- 2 Through all my fainting heart,  
His secret vigour spread ;  
To me his strength he did impart,  
And rais'd my drooping head.
- 3 Then will I raise my voice,  
And form a cheerful song ;  
With all the saints I will rejoice,  
Who to his courts belong.
- 4 With them, the path I'll trace,  
Which leads to his abode ;  
And join to sing redeeming grace,  
Along the joyful road.
- 5 Here, flow'rs of Paradise  
In rich profusion spring ;  
There, Zion's lofty tow'rs arise,  
The seat of Zion's King.
- 6 Within those sacred walls,  
I shall be ever blest ;  
I'll follow where my Father calls,  
And seek his heav'nly rest.

Altered from DODDRIDGE.

PSALM CXXXIX. First Part. C. M **¶ or b**  
The universal Presence of God.

- 1 In all my vast concerns with thee,  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee  
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest ;  
My publick walks, my private ways,  
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,  
Before they're form'd within ;

And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
He knows the sense I mean.

- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high !  
Where can a creature hide ?  
Within thy circling arms I lie,  
Beset on ev'ry side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove,  
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,  
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

WATTS.

## PSALM CXXXIX. Sec. Part. C. M. b

The all-seeing Eye of God.

- 1 L ORD, where shall guilty souls retire,  
Forgotten and unknown ?  
In hell they meet thy dreadful ire ;  
In heav'n thy glorious throne.
- 2 Should I suppress my vital breath,  
T' escape the wrath divine,  
Thy voice would break the bars of death,  
And make the grave resign.
- 3 If, wing'd with beams of morning light,  
I fly beyond the west,  
Thy hand, which must support my flight,  
Would soon betray my rest.
- 4 If o'er my sins I think to draw  
The curtains of the night,  
Those flaming eyes which guard thy law  
Would turn the shades to light.
- 5 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,  
Are both alike to thee ;

O may I ne'er distrust that pow'r  
From which I cannot flee.

WATTS.

PSALM CXXXIX. 3d Part. C. M. ♫ or ♭

God the Author of our Being.

**1** GOD of my life, whose bounteous care,  
First gave me pow'r to move;

How shall my grateful heart declare  
The wonders of thy love ?

**2** Thee will I honour, for I stand  
The product of thy skill ;

The wonders of thy forming hand  
My admiration fill.

**3** Whilst void of thought and sense, I lay,  
Dust of my parent earth,  
Thy breath inform'd the sleeping clay,  
And call'd me into birth.

**4** From thee, before my breath begun,  
My limbs their fashion took :  
And in continuance, ev'ry one  
Was written in thy book.

**5** Thine eye beheld in perfect view,  
The yet unfinish'd plan ;  
Th' imperfect lines thy pencil drew,  
And form'd the future man.

**6** O may this animated frame,  
This work of matchless skill,  
Be all devoted to thy name,  
And love to do thy will !

B. Williams's Collection, varied.

PSALM CXXXIX. 4th Part. C. M. xx

Praise for temporal and spiritual Mercies.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,  
Kind Guardian of my days !  
My heart thy mercies would record,  
In grateful songs of praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame  
Was thy indulgent care ;  
Before I could pronounce thy name,  
Or breathe my infant pray'r.
- 3 When reason with my stature grew,  
How faint her brightest ray !  
How little of my God I knew !  
How apt from thee to stray !
- 4 When life hung trembling on a breath,  
'Twas thine almighty love  
That sav'd me from impending death,  
And bade my fears remove.
- 5 How many blessings round me shone,  
Where'er I turn'd my eye !  
How many past, almost unknown,  
Or unregarded, by !
- 6 Each rolling year new favours brought  
From thy exhaustless store ;  
But ah ! in vain my lab'ring thought  
Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 7 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,  
And ev'ry weakness dies,  
Complete the wonders of thy grace  
And raise me to the skies.

8 Then shall my joyful pow'rs unite,  
In more exalted lays ;  
And join the happy sons of light,  
In everlasting praise.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM CXXXIX. 5th Part. *Long Metre. ♩ or □*  
The Formation of Body and Soul.

- 1 THOU God, by whose command I live,  
The tribute of my praise receive ;  
To thee, O Lord, my life I owe,  
And all my joys from thee do flow.
- 2 Not many suns have form'd the year,  
And roll'd their courses round the sphere,  
Since thou my shapeless dust survey'd,  
In undistinguish'd matter laid.
- 3 Thy plastick hand my clay refin'd,  
Its particles in order join'd ;  
And, to complete the wondrous whole,  
Did stamp thine image on my soul :
- 4 A soul susceptible of joy,  
Which length of time cannot destroy ;  
Though nature claims my vital breath,  
It bids defiance still to death.
- 5 To realms of bliss that soul will soar,  
When earth and skies shall be no more ;  
And there, in more exalted lays,  
Shall sing my great Creator's praise.

Mrs. CARTER, varied.

PSALM CXXXIX. 5th Part. *C. M. ♩ or □*  
To the Searcher of Hearts.

- 1 LORD, should I count thy mercies o'er,  
How vast the numbers rise !

Beyond the sands that spread the shore,  
Or stars that gild the skies.

- 2 Whene'er I close my eyes to sleep,  
These thoughts shall sooth my rest ;  
And when I wake, they still shall keep  
Their place within my breast.
- 3 Before thine all pervading eyes  
I would my soul display ;  
I scorn to use the least disguise,  
But ask thy strict survey.
- 4 Does my fond heart some fav'rite sin  
Within itself conceal,  
O may a beam of light divine  
The hidden guilt reveal !
- 5 If in the paths of dark deceit  
My soul hath gone astray,  
O turn and guide my wand'ring feet  
In thy celestial way !

Partly from DODDRIDGE.

PSALM CXL. *Long Metre.*



*Deliverance from Enemies.*

- 1 GREAT God, our haughty foes repel ;  
Their rage by pow'r superior quell ;  
Save us from their vindictive tongue,  
And guard us from the hand of wrong.
- 2 The tongue, by wisdom unsubdu'd,  
From bliss its owner shall exclude ;  
Destruction follows fast behind  
The feet to wickedness inclin'd.
- 3 Our heart has known thee, Lord, prepar'd  
The helpless and the poor to guard ;

To save them from oppression's jaws,  
And vindicate the injur'd cause.

- 4 The soul, subjected to thy fear,  
With gratitude thy voice shall hear ;  
Shall bow their wills to thy command,  
And in thy sight accepted stand.

MERRICK.

PSALM CXLI. *Long Metre.* xx or b

Watchfulness and brotherly Reproof.

- 1 LORD, when I call, make haste to hear,  
And to my voice incline thine ear ;  
So shall my pray'r like incense rise,  
My lifted hands like sacrifice.

- 2 O set upon my lips a guard,  
And let my tongue be doubly barr'd !  
Let not my heart to vice incline,  
Nor let my hand in mischief join.

- 3 If e'er from wisdom's path I stray,  
And walk in sin's delusive way,  
Let virtue's friends, severely kind,  
Reprove the errors of my mind.

- 4 Their faithful words, like ointment shed,  
Shall never bruise, but heal my head ;  
And when I find them press'd with grief,  
I'll pray to Heav'n for their relief.

WATTS, MERRICK, and DENHAM.

PSALM CXLII. *Long Metre.* b

Deliverance from Trouble and Sorrow.

- 1 To THEE, great God, I will disclose,  
In sad recital, all my woes ;  
Because thine eyes, with steady view,  
Through sorrow's gloom my steps pursue.

- 2 On ev'ry side I cast mine eye,  
But found no friend or helper nigh ;  
No lenient tongue my grief to cheer,  
No eye to drop the social tear.
- 3 Then, mighty God, to thee I cry'd,  
In whom I can my hopes confide ;  
Be thou my refuge while I live,  
And when I die, my soul receive.
- 4 Do thou my prison doors unbar,  
So shall my tongue thy love declare ;  
And righteous men with me shall join  
To celebrate thy pow'r divine.

WATTS and MERRICK, varied.

PSALM CXLIII. *Long Metre.*

b

Complaint and Hope.

- 1 HEAR, O my God, with pity hear,  
My humble, supplicating moan :  
In mercy answer all my pray'r,  
And make thy truth and goodness known.
- 2 O let thy mercy still be nigh ;  
Should awful justice frown severe,  
Before the terror of thine eye,  
What trembling mortal can appear !
- 3 I call to mind the former days ;  
Thine ancient works declare thy name,  
Thy truth, thy goodness, and thy grace ;  
And these, O Lord, are still the same.
- 4 To thee I lift my suppliant hands,  
To thee my longing soul aspires ;  
As cheering show'rs to thirsty lands,  
Thy grace can fill these strong desires.
- 5 Speak to my heart ; the gloomy night  
Shall vanish, and bright morning break ;

In thee I trust, my guide, my light,  
Teach me the path my feet should take.

- 6 Teach me to do thy sacred will ;  
Thou art my God, my hope, my stay ;  
Let thy good Spirit lead me still,  
And point the safe, the upright way.

MRS. STEELE.

PSALM CXLIV. *Long Metre. ✠ or b*

Divine Protection, Peace, and Plenty.

- 1 DESCEND from heav'n, Almighty Lord,  
And earth shall tremble at thy word ;  
The smoking hills, with conscious fear,  
Shall own their sov'reign Maker near.
- 2 Whilst thy keen pointed lightnings fly  
Like flaming arrows through the sky,  
Our foes, dispers'd, shall rise no more,  
Nor dare the terrors of thy pow'r.
- 3 O let thy potent arm control  
These threat'ning waves that round us roll ;  
These sons of vanity that rise,  
With fraudulent hands and impious lies !
- 4 Then shall our sons, beneath thy care,  
Grow up like plants erect and fair ;  
Our daughters shall like pillars rise,  
Were splendid buildings charm the eyes.
- 5 Then plenty shall our stores increase,  
Plenty, the lovely child of peace ;  
The flock its fleecy wealth shall yield,  
And pour its thousands o'er the field.
- 6 The well fed ox shall then afford  
His cheerful labours to his lord ;  
No more shall sons of plunder reign,  
Nor sons of misery complain.

7 O happy people ! favour'd state !  
 Whom such peculiar blessings wait ;  
 Happy ! who on the Lord depend,  
 Their help, their guardian, and their friend.

MRS. STEELE.

## PSALM CXLV. First Part. Com. Metre. \*

The Divine Perfections and Providence.

- 1 THEE will I bless, my God and King,  
 Thy endless praise proclaim ;  
 This tribute daily will I bring,  
 And ever bless thy name.
- 2 Thou, Lord, art infinitely great,  
 And highly to be prais'd ;  
 Thy majesty, with boundless height,  
 Above our knowledge rais'd.
- 3 Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame  
 To future time extends ;  
 From age to age, thy glorious name  
 Successively descends.
- 4 The fathers to the list'ning youth  
 Shall teach thy wondrous ways ;  
 Ages to come proclaim thy truth,  
 And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date  
 Shall through the world be known ;  
 Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly state,  
 With publick splendour shown.
- 6 The world is govern'd by thy hands,  
 Thy saints are rul'd by love ;  
 And thine eternal kingdom stands,  
 Though rocks and hills remove.

TATE AND WATTS.

## PSALM CXLV. Sec. Part. C. M.

xx

Divine Goodness.

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord ! our souls adore !  
We wonder while we praise ;  
Thy pow'r, what creature can explore,  
Or equal honours raise ?
- 2 **T**HY name shall dwell upon my tongue,  
While suns shall set and rise ;  
And tune my everlasting song  
In realms beyond the skies.
- 3 **T**HY praise shall be my constant theme,  
The wonders of thy pow'r ;  
I'll speak the honours of thy name,  
And bid the world adore.
- 4 **B**UT sweetly flowing strains shall tell  
The riches of thy grace ;  
And songs of grateful joy reveal  
Thy spotless righteousness.
- 5 **H**OW large thy tender mercies are !  
How wide thy grace extends !  
On thy beneficence and care  
The universe depends.
- 6 **T**O thee, O Lord, for daily meat,  
Thy creatures lift their eyes ;  
On thee, their common Father, wait,  
From thee receive supplies.
- 7 **T**HY sov'reign bounty freely gives  
From thine exhaustless store ;  
And universal nature lives  
On thy sustaining pow'r.
- 8 **H**OLY and just in all its ways  
Is Providence divine

In all thy works, immortal rays  
Of pow'r and goodness shine.

MRS. STEELE.

## PSALM CXLV. Third Part. C. M. ✕

Divine Power and Compassion.

- 1** GREAT God, while nature speaks thy praise,  
With all her num'rous tongues,  
Thy saints shall tune diviner lays,  
And love inspire their songs.
- 2** Thy pow'r and goodness they shall sing,  
The glories of thy reign ;  
Thy wondrous deeds, Almighty King,  
Shall fill the raptur'd strain.
- 3** Thy kingdom, Lord, for ever stands,  
While earthly thrones decay ;  
And time submits to thy commands,  
While ages roll away.
- 4** He that invokes the God of grace,  
Shall find him ever near ;  
To all who humbly seek his face  
He lends a pitying ear.
- 5** He knows the pain his servants feel,  
He hears his children cry ;  
And their best wishes to fulfil,  
His grace is ever nigh.
- 6** His mercy never shall remove  
From men of heart sincere ;  
He saves the souls whose humble love  
Is join'd with holy fear.
- 7** His praise, a most delightful theme,  
Shall fill my heart and tongue ;  
Let all creation bless his name  
In one eternal song.

WATTS and STEELE.

PSALM CXLVI. *Long Metre.*

No Trust in Man, but in God.

- 1 THE praises of my God and King,  
While I have life and breath to sing,  
Shall fill my heart, and tune my tongue,  
Till heav'n improve the blissful song.
- 2 No more in princes will I trust ;  
Vain man, thou art but air and dust :  
With all thy pride, and all thy pow'r,  
The helpless creature of an hour !
- 3 He breathes, he thinks, but soon he dies !  
No more the potent or the wise ;  
The scheme his morning thoughts begun  
Is lost before the setting sun.
- 4 Happy the man whose hopes divine  
On nature's guardian God recline ;  
Who can with sacred transport say,  
This God is mine, my help, my stay.
- 5 Heav'n, earth and sea declare his name,  
He built, he fill'd their spacious frame ;  
And o'er creation's fairest lines  
His steadfast truth unchanging shines.
- 6 His justice looks on those who mourn  
Beneath the proud oppressor's scorn ;  
The hungry poor his hand sustains,  
And breaks the wretched captive's chains.
- 7 If weary strangers friendless roam,  
Divine protection is their home ;  
The Lord relieves the widow's care,  
And dries the helpless orphan's tear.
- 8 The Lord shall reign for ever King,  
And age to age his glory sing ;  
Thy God, O happy Zion, reigns !  
Resound his praise in lofty strains.

PSALM CXLVI. *Six Line Long Metre.* xx

Praise for Divine Goodness.

- 1** I'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;  
And, when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs ;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.
- 2** Why should I make a man my trust ?  
Princes must die and turn to dust ;  
Vain is the help of flesh and blood ;  
Their breath departs; their pomp, and pow'r  
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour,  
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3** Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God, who made the sky,  
And earth and seas, with all their train ;  
His truth for ever stands secure ;  
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,  
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 4** The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;  
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;  
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless,  
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 5** He loves his saints, he knows them well ;  
His love their joyful lips shall tell ;  
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns :  
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,  
In this delightful work engage ;  
Praise him in everlasting strains.

- 5 I'll praise him whilst he lends me breath ;  
 And, when my voice is lost in death,  
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :  
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
 While life, and thought, and being last,  
 Or immortality endures.

WATTS.

PSALM CXLVII. *Common Metre.*

## The changing Seasons.

WITH songs and honours sounding loud,  
 Address the Lord on high ;  
 Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,  
 And waters veil the sky.

- 2 He sends his show'rs of blessing down,  
 To cheer the plains below ;  
 He makes the wood the mountains crown,  
 And grass in vallies grow.
- 3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,  
 He hears the raven's cry ;  
 But man, who tastes his finest wheat,  
 Should raise his honours high.
- 4 His steady counsels change the face  
 Of the declining year ;  
 He bids the sun cut short his race,  
 And wintry days appear.
- 5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,  
 Descend and clothe the ground ;  
 The liquid streams forbear to flow,  
 In icy fetters bound.
- 6 When, from his dreadful stores on high,  
 He pours the rattling hail,  
 The man, who dares his God defy,  
 Shall find his courage fail.

- 7 He sends his sun to melt the snow,  
     The fields no longer mourn ;  
     He calls the warmer winds to blow,  
     And bids the spring return.
- 8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,  
     Obey his sov'reign word ;  
     With songs and honours sounding loud,  
     Praise ye th' Almighty Lord.

WATTS.

PSALM CXLVII. First Part. *Long Metre.* ✭

## The Beauties of Nature.

- 1 SING to the Lord ; let praise inspire  
     The grateful voice, the tuneful lyre ;  
     In strains of joy proclaim abroad  
     The endless glories of our God.
- 2 He counts the hosts of starry flames ;  
     He knows their natures and their names :  
     Great is our God ! his wondrous pow'r  
     And boundless wisdom we adore.
- 3 He veils the sky with treasur'd show'rs ;  
     On earth, the plenteous blessing pours ;  
     The meadows smile in lively green,  
     And fairer bloom.s the flow'ry scene.
- 4 His bounteous hand, great spring of good,  
     Provides the brute creation food ;  
     He feeds the ravens when they cry,  
     All nature lives beneath his eye.
- 5 In nature, what can him delight,  
     Most lovely in its Maker's sight ;  
     Not active strength his favour moves,  
     Nor comely form he best approves.

But to the Lord is ever dear,  
 The heart where he implants his fear ;  
 The souls who on his grace rely  
 Are ever lovely in his eye.

MRS. STEELE.

## PSALM CXLVII. Sec. Part. L. M. ✧

## The Seasons of the Year.

PRAISE ye the Lord ! O blissful theme,  
 To sing the honours of his name !  
 'Tis pleasure, 'tis divine delight,  
 And praise is lovely in his sight.

1 He speaks ! and, swiftly from the skies  
 To earth, the sov'reign mandate flies ;  
 Observant nature hears the word,  
 And bows obedient to her Lord.

2 Now thick descending flakes of snow  
 O'er earth a fleecy mantle throw ;  
 Now glitt'ring frost o'er all the plains  
 Extends its universal chains.

4 At his fierce storms of icy hail  
 The shiv'ring pow'rs of nature fail ;  
 Before his cold, what life can stand,  
 Unshelter'd by his guardian hand ?

5 He speaks ! the snow and ice obey,  
 And nature's fetters melt away ;  
 Now vernal gales soft rising blow,  
 And liquid waters gently flow.

6 Sing to the Lord ; let praise inspire  
 The grateful voice, the tuneful lyre ;  
 In strains of joy proclaim abroad  
 The endless glories of our God.

MRS. STEELE.

PSALM CXLVIII. 1st Part. C. M. ✠  
 Universal Praise.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, immortal choir,  
 Who fill the realms above ;  
 Praise him, who form'd you of his fire,  
 And feeds you with his love.
- 2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,  
 The floor of his abode ;  
 Or veil the lustre of your eyes,  
 Before a brighter God.
- 3 Thou central globe of golden light,  
 Whose beams create our days ;  
 Join with the silver queen of night,  
 To own your borrow'd rays.
- 4 Blush and refund the honours paid  
 To your inferior names ;  
 Tell the blind world your orbs are fed  
 By his exhaustless flames.
- 5 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud,  
 Through the etherial blue ;  
 For when his chariot is a cloud,  
 He makes his wheels of you.
- 6 Thunder and hail, and fire and storms,  
 The troops of his command,  
 Appear in all your awful forms,  
 And speak his potent hand.

WATTS.

PSALM CXLVIII. 2nd Part. C. M. ✠

- 1 SHOUT to the Lord, ye surging seas,  
 In your eternal roar ;  
 Let wave to wave resound his praise,  
 And shore reply to shore.

- 2 While fishes, sporting on the flood,  
     In scaly silver shine,  
     Proclaim their mighty Maker, God,  
     Amidst the foaming brine.
- 3 But gentler things shall tune his name  
     To softer notes than these ;  
     Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,  
     Or whisp'ring through the trees.
- 4 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,  
     To him who makes you grow ;  
     Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines,  
     On ev'ry thankful bough.
- 5 Let the shrill birds his honour raise,  
     And climb the morning sky ;  
     Whilst grov'ling beasts attempt his praise  
     In hoarser harmony.
- 6 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,  
     Ye mortals, take the sound ;  
     Echo the glories of your King  
     Through all the nations round.

WATTS.

## PSALM CXLVIII. 1st Part. L. M. \*

- 1 FAIREST of all the lights above,  
     Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,  
     And with unwearied swiftness move,  
     To form the circles of our years :
- 2 Praise the Creator of the skies,  
     Who dress'd thine orb in golden rays ;  
     Or may the sun forget to rise,  
     If he forget his Maker's praise.
- 3 Thou reigning beauty of the night,  
     Fair queen of silence, silver moon,

- Whose genue beams and borrow'd light  
Are softer rivals of the noon ;
- 4 Arise, and to that sov'reign Pow'r  
Waxing and waning honours pay ;  
Who bade thee rule the dusky hours,  
And half supply the want of day.
- 5 Ye glitt'ring stars, that gild the skies,  
When darkness has its curtain drawn,  
And keep your watch with wakeful eyes,  
When business, cares, and day are gone ;
- 6 Proclaim the glories of your Lord,  
Dispers'd through all the heav'nly street,  
Whose boundless treasures can afford  
So rich a pavement for his feet.
- 7 O God of glory ! God of love !  
Thou art our sun that makes our days ;  
With all thy shining works above,  
We would unite to sing thy praise.

WATTS.

## PSALM CXLVIII. 2nd Part. L. M. ✧

- 1 AWAKE, ye tempests, and his fame  
In sounds of dreadful praise declare ;  
While the soft whisper of his name  
Fills ev'ry gentle breeze of air.
- 2 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree  
To join their praise with blazing fire ;  
Let the firm earth and rolling sea  
In this eternal song conspire.
- 3 Ye flow'ry plains, proclaim his skill ;  
Vallies, lie low before his eye ;  
And let his praise, from ev'ry hill,  
Rise, tuneful, to the neighb'ring sky.

- 4 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,  
Bend your high branches, and adore ;  
Praise him, ye beasts, in diff'rent strains ;  
The lamb shall bleat, the lion roar.
- 5 Birds, ye shall make his praise your theme,  
Nature *demands* a song from you ;  
While the dumb fish that cut the stream  
Leap up, and mean his praises too.
- 6 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,  
When nature all around you sings ?  
O for a shout from old and young,  
From humble swains and lofty kings !
- 7 Wide as his vast dominion lies,  
Make the Creator's name be known ;  
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,  
And sound it lofty as his throne.
- 8 JEHOVAH ! 'tis a glorious word !  
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue !  
But those who best have known the Lord,  
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

WATTS.

PSALM CXLVIII.      *Short Metre.*

xx

- 1 LET ev'ry creature join  
To praise th' eternal God ;  
Ye heav'ly host, the song begin,  
And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun, with golden beams,  
And moon, with paler rays,  
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,  
Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,  
And fix'd their wondrous frame ;

By his command, they stand or move,  
And ever speak his name.

**4** Ye vapours, when ye rise,  
Or fall in show'rs, or snow—

Ye thunders, murmur'ring round the skies,  
His pow'r and glory show.

**5** Wind, hail, and flashing fire,  
Agree to praise the Lord,  
When ye in dreadful storms conspire  
To execute his word.

**6** By all his works above,  
His honours be express'd ;  
But they who taste his saving love,  
Should sing his praises best.

WATTS.

PSALM CXLVIII. 1st Part. *Hallelujah Metre.* ♫

## Universal Praise.

**1** Ye boundless realms of joy,  
Exalt your Maker's fame ;  
His praise your song employ,  
Above the starry frame.

Ye holy throng	Of angels bright;
In worlds of light,	Begin the song.

**2** Thou sun, with dazzling rays,  
Thou moon, that rules the night,  
Shine to your Maker's praise,  
With stars of feebler light.

His praise declare,	Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move	In liquid air.

**3** Let them adore the Lord  
And praise his holy name ;  
By whose almighty word,  
They all from nothing caine.

- And all shall last, From changes free ;  
 His firm decree Stands ever fast.
- 4 He mov'd their mighty wheels,  
 In unknown ages past ;  
 And each his word fulfils,  
 While time and nature last.  
 In diff'rent ways, His works proclaim  
 His wondrous name, And speak his praise.
- 5 United zeal be shown,  
 His wondrous fame to raise,  
 Whose glorious name alone  
 Deserves our endless praise.  
 Earth's utmost ends His pow'r obey ;  
 His glorious sway The sky transcends.
- 6 Virgins and youths engage,  
 To sound his praise divine ;  
 While infancy and age  
 Their feebler voices join.  
 Wide as he reigns, His name be sung,  
 By ev'ry tongue, In endless strains.
- 7 Let all the nations fear  
 The God who rules above ;  
 He brings his people near,  
 And makes them taste his love.  
 While earth and sky Attempt his praise,  
 His saints shall raise His honours high.

TATE and WATTS, united.

PSALM CXLVIII. 2nd Part. *Hallelujah Metre.* ✕

Praise from all the Creatures.

FIRST PART.

- 1 To your Creator, God,  
 Your great Preserver, raise,  
 Ye creatures of his hand,  
 Your highest notes of praise.

- Let ev'ry voice Proclaim his pow'r,  
 His name adore, And loud rejoice.
- 2 Let all creation join,  
 To pay the tribute due ;  
 Ye heav'nly hosts, begin,  
 And we shall learn of you.  
 Let nature raise, From ev'ry tongue,  
 A gen'ral song Of grateful praise.
- 3 Thou source of light and heat,  
 Bright ruler of the day,  
 Dispensing blessings round,  
 With all diffusive ray :  
 From morn to night, With ev'ry beam,  
 Record his name, Who gave thee light.
- 4 Thou moon, in radiance mild,  
 With all thy starry train,  
 Which rise in shining hosts,  
 To gild th' ethereal plain :  
 With countless rays, Declare his name,  
 Prolong the theme, Reflect his praise.
- 5 Ye clouds, or fraught with show'rs,  
 Or ting'd with various dies,  
 That pour your blessings down,  
 Or charm our gazing eyes :  
 His goodness speak, His praise declare,  
 As through the air You shine or break.
- 6 Ye winds, that shake the world,  
 With tempests on your wing,  
 Or breathe in gentle gales,  
 To waft the smiling spring :  
 Proclaim aloud, As you fulfil  
 His sov'reign will, The pow'rful God.

## SECOND PART.

- 1 Ye rivers, as ye flow,  
Convey your Maker's name,  
Where'er you winding rove  
On ev'ry silver stream.  
Your cooling flood, His hand ordains,  
To bless the plains ; Great spring of good !
- 2 Ye num'rous bleating flocks,  
Far spreading o'er the plain,  
With gentle artless voice,  
Assist the humble strain.  
To give you food, He bids the field  
Its verdure yield Extensive good.
- 3 Ye herds of nobler size,  
Who graze in meads below ;  
Resound your Maker's praise,  
In each responsive low.  
You wait his hand ; The herbage grows,  
The riv'let flows At his command.
- 4 Ye feather'd warblers, come,  
And bring your sweetest lays ;  
And tune the sprightly song  
To your Creator's praise.  
His work you are ; He tun'd your voice,  
And you rejoice Beneath his care.

## THIRD PART.

- 1 Ye trees, which form the shade,  
Or bend the loaded bough  
With fruits of sweetest taste,  
Your Maker's bounty show.  
From him you rose ; Your vernal suits  
And autumn fruits His hand bestows.

- 2 Ye lovely verdant fields,  
 In all your green array,  
 Though silent, speak his praise,  
 Who makes you bright and gay.  
 While we in you, With future bread,  
 Profusely spread, His goodness view.
- 3 Ye flow'rs, which bloom around  
 A thousand beauteous dies,  
 Your fragrant odours breathe,  
 A grateful sacrifice :  
 To him whose word Gave all your bloom  
 And sweet perfume ; All bounteous Lord !
- 4 But, O, from human tongues  
 Should nobler praises flow ;  
 And ev'ry thankful heart  
 With warm devotion glow.  
 Your voices raise, Ye highly blest,  
 Above the rest, Declare his praise,
- 5 Assist me, gracious God,  
 My heart, my voice inspire ;  
 Then shall I grateful join  
 The universal choir.  
 Thy grace can raise My heart and tongue,  
 And tune my song To lively praise.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM CXLVIII. *Particular Metre.* \*

- 1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay ;  
 Let each enraptur'd thought obey,  
 And praise th' Almighty name ;  
 Lo ! heav'n, and earth, and seas, and skies,  
 In one melodious concert rise,  
 To swell th' inspiring theme.

- 2 Ye angels, spread the joyful sound,  
While all th' adoring throngs around  
His wondrous mercy sing ;  
Let ev'ry list'ning saint above,  
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,  
And touch the loudest string.
- 3 Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,  
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God,  
Ye thunders, speak his power ;  
Lo ! on the lightning's rapid wings,  
In triumph rides the King of kings ;  
Th' astonish'd worlds adore.
- 4 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,  
To join the thunder of the skies,  
Praise him who bids you roll ;  
His praise in softer notes declare,  
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,  
And breathe it to the soul.
- 5 Wake, all ye soaring throng, and sing ;  
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,  
Harmonious anthems raise,  
To him who shap'd your finer mould,  
Who tipt your glitt'ring wings with gold,  
And tun'd your voice to praise.
- 6 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,  
The feeling heart, the reas'ning head,  
In heav'nly praise employ ;  
Spread the Creator's name around,  
Till heav'n's wide arch repeat the sound,  
The gen'ral burst of joy.

B. WILLIAMS'S Collection.

PSALM CXLIX. *Particular Metre.*

\*

## Thanksgiving.

**1 O PRAISE ye the Lord !**

Prepare your glad voice,  
His praise in the great  
Assembly to sing.

In their great Creator  
Let all men rejoice,  
And heirs of salvation  
Be glad in their King.

**2 Let them his great name**

Devoutly adore ;  
In loud swelling strains  
His praises express,  
Who graciously opens  
His bountiful store,  
Their wants to relieve, and  
His children to bless.

**3 With glory adorn'd,**

His people shall sing  
To God, who defence  
And plenty supplies ;  
Their loud acclamations  
To him their great King,  
Through earth shall be sounded,  
And reach to the skies.

**4 Ye angels above,**

His glories who've sung,  
In loftiest notes,  
Now publish his praise :  
We, mortals, delighted,  
Would borrow your tongue ;  
Would join in your numbers,  
And chant to your lays.

TATE varied.

PSALM CL.      *Long Metre.*

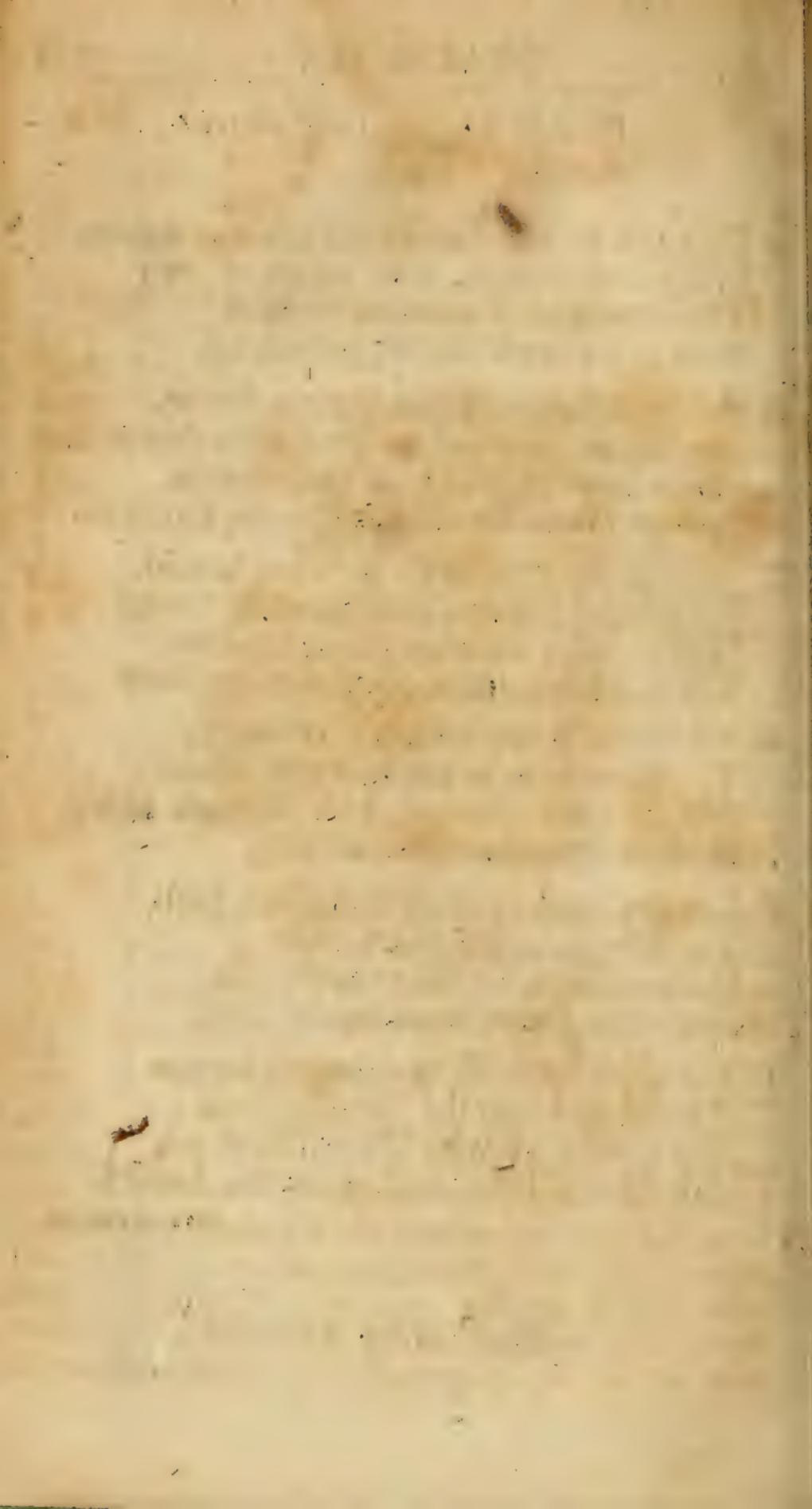
xx

## Praise.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord ! let praise employ,  
In his own courts, your songs of joy ;  
The spacious firmament around  
Shall echo back the joyful sound.
- 2 Recount his works in strains divine,  
His wondrous works, how bright they shine !  
Praise him for all his mighty deeds,  
Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.
- 3 Awake the trumpet's piercing sound,  
To spread your sacred pleasure round ;  
While softer musick tunes the lute,  
The warbling harp, the breathing flute.
- 4 Ye virgin train, with joy advance,  
To praise him in the graceful dance ;  
Awake each voice, and strike each string,  
And to the solemn organ sing.
- 5 Let the loud cymbal sound on high,  
To softer, deeper notes reply ;  
Harmonious, let the concert rise,  
And bear the rapture to the skies.
- 6 Let all whom life and breath inspire  
Attend and join the blissful choir ;  
But chiefly ye who know his word,  
Adore, and love, and praise the Lord !

Mrs. STEELE.

END OF THE PSALMS.



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N. B. The HYMNS are placed in the alphabetical order of their initial letters.

# HYMNS.

---

## HYMN I. *Long Metre.*      ✠ or b Persecution.

- 1 ABSURD and vain attempt ! to bind,  
With iron chains, the freeborn mind ;  
To force conviction, and reclaim  
The wand'ring, by destructive flame !
- 2 Bold arrogance, to snatch from heav'n  
Dominion not to mortals giv'n !  
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,  
Accountable to God alone !
- 3 Mad zeal ! that fills the world with wo !  
That hurls down kingdoms at a blow !  
That wakens vengeance to devour  
The foes of antichristian pow'r !
- 4 Jesus, thy gentle law of love  
Does no such cruelties approve ;  
Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wields  
No arms, but what persuasion yields.
- 5 By proofs divine and reason strong,  
It draws the willing soul along ;  
And conquests to thy church acquires,  
By eloquence, which Heav'n inspires.
- 6 O happy, who are thus compell'd  
To the rich feast, by Jesus held !  
May we this blessing know, and prize  
The light which liberty supplies.

SCOTT.

## HYMN II. Common Metre.

\*\*

The Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light  
Awakes the kindling ray,  
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,  
And pours increasing day.
- 2 This day be grateful homage paid,  
And loud hosannas sung ;  
Let gladness dwell on ev'ry heart,  
And praise on ev'ry tongue.
- 3 Ten thousand off'ring lips shall join,  
To hail this welcome morn,  
Which scatters blessings from its wings,  
To nations yet unborn.
- 4 Jesus, the friend of human kind,  
With strong compassion mov'd,  
Came from the bosom of his God,  
To save the souls he lov'd.
- 5 The pow'rs of darkness leagu'd in vain,  
To bind his soul in death ;  
He shook their kingdoms when he fell,  
With his expiring breath.
- 6 Not long the bands of death could keep  
The hope of Judah's line ;  
Corruption never could take hold  
On One so much divine.
- 7 Exalted high at God's right hand,  
And Lord of all below ;  
Through him is pard'ning love dispens'd,  
And endless blessings flow.
- 8 Now to our Saviour and our King,  
Glad homage let us give ;  
And be prepar'd like him to die,  
That with him we may live.

HYMN III. *Long Metre.*

b

## Holy Resolution.

- 1 AH, wretched souls, who strive in vain !  
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin !  
A nobler toil may I sustain,  
A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 I would resolve with all my heart,  
With all my pow'rs to serve the Lord ;  
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,  
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O be his service all my joy !  
Around let my example shine ;  
Till others love the blest employ,  
And join in labours so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,  
My solemn, my determin'd choice,  
To yield to his supreme control,  
And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 5 O may I never faint nor tire,  
Nor wander from thy sacred ways !  
Great God, accept my soul's desire,  
And give me strength to live thy praise.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN IV. *Common Metre.*

b

## Watchfulness and Prayer.

- 1 ALAS, what hourly dangers rise !  
What snares beset my way !  
To heav'n then let me lift my eyes,  
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,  
And melt in flowing tears !  
My weak resistance, ah, how vain !  
How strong my foes and fears !

- 3 O gracious God, in whom I liye !  
     My feeble efforts aid ;  
     Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,  
     Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,  
     When foes and fears prevail ;  
     And bear my fainting spirit up,  
     Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 When strong temptations fright my heart  
     Or lure my feet aside ;  
     My God, thy pow'rful aid impart,  
     My guardian and my guide.
- 6 Still keep me in thy heav'nly way,  
     And bid the tempter flee ;  
     And never let me go astray,  
     From happiness and thee.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN V. *Long Metre.*

b

The Syro-Phenician Woman. Matt. xv. 26, 27.

- 1 All-conq'ring faith ! how high it rose !  
     When heav'n itself might seem t'oppose !  
     All gracious Lord ! who didst appear  
     Most merciful when most severe !
- 2 Thus, at thy feet, our souls would fall,  
     And loudly thus for mercy call ;  
     “Thou Son of David, pity show,  
     “ And save us from th' infernal foe.”
- 3 Though viler than the brutes we be,  
     Our longing eyes would wait on thee,  
     Who dost to dogs such grace afford,  
     To taste the crumbs beneath thy board.
- 4 But thou the humble soul wilt raise,  
     And all its sorrows turn to praise ;

Each self-abasing broken heart  
Shall with thy children share a part.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN VI. *Short Metre.*

Christ the Branch of David, and the Morning Star.

- 1 ALL hail, mysterious King !  
Hail, David's ancient root !  
Thou righteous Branch, which thence did  
To give the nations fruit. [spring,
- 2 Our weary souls shall rest  
Beneath thy grateful shade ;  
Our thirsting lips the sweets shall taste,  
By thy blest fruit convey'd.
- 3 Fair morning Star, arise !  
With living glories bright ;  
And pour on these awak'ning eyes  
A flood of sacred light.
- 4 The horrid gloom is fled,  
Pierc'd by thy heav'nly ray ;  
Shine, and our wand'ring footsteps lead  
To everlasting day.

DODDRIDGE altered.

HYMN VII. *Common Metre.*

A Pillar in the heavenly Temple.

- 1 ALL hail, victorious Saviour, hail !  
I bow to thy command,  
And own that David's royal key  
Well fits thy sov'reign hand.
- 2 Open the treasures of thy love,  
And shed thy gifts abroad ;  
Unveil to my rejoicing eyes  
The temple of my God.

- 3 There as a pillar let me stand,  
     On an eternal base ;  
     Upear'd by thy almighty hand,  
     And polish'd by thy grace.
- 4 There, deep engraven let me bear  
     The title of my God ;  
     And mark the New Jerusalem,  
     As my secure abode.
- 5 In lasting characters inscribe  
     Thy own beloved name ;  
     That endless ages there may read  
     The great Immanuel's claim.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN VIII. *Long Metre.*      ✺ or ♫  
     Uncharitable Judgment.

- 1 ALL-KNOWING God ! 'tis thine to know  
     The springs whence wrong opinions flow :  
     To judge from principles within,  
     When frailty errs, and when we sin.
- 2 Who, among men, high Lord of all,  
     Thy servants to his bar may call ?  
     Decide of heresy, and shake  
     A brother o'er the flaming lake ?
- 3 Who, with another's eye, can read ?  
     Or worship by another's creed ?  
     Revering thy command alone,  
     We humbly seek and use our own.
- 4 If wrong, forgive ; accept, if right,  
     Whilst faithful we obey our light ;  
     And cens'ring none, are zealous still  
     To follow, as to learn, thy will.
- 5 When shall our happy eyes behold  
     Thy people, fashion'd in thy mould ?

And charity our lineage prove,  
Deriv'd from thee, O God of love ?

SCOTT.

HYMN IX. *Long Metre.*

A Vision of the Lamb.

- 1 ALL mortal vanities, begone !  
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears ;  
Behold, before th' eternal throne,  
A vision of the Lamb appears !
- 2 Glory his fleecy robe adorns,  
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore ;  
Seven are his eyes, and seven his horns,  
To speak his wisdom and his pow'r.
- 3 Lo ! he receives a sealed book  
From Him that sits upon the throne !  
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look  
On dark decrees and things unknown.
- 4 All the assembling saints around  
Fall worshipping before the Lamb ;  
And in new songs of gospel sound,  
Address their honours to his name.
- 5 Our voices join the heav'nly strain,  
And with transporting pleasure sing,  
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,  
To be our Saviour and our King.
- 6 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell,  
With thine inestimable blood ;  
And wretches, who did once rebel,  
Are now made servants of their God.
- 7 Worthy for ever is the Lord,  
Who died for treasons not his own,  
By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,  
And reign upon his Father's throne.

WATTS.

HYMN X. *Common Metre.*

## The Marriage of the Lamb.

- 1 ALL ye who faithful servants are  
Of our Almighty King,  
Both high and low, and small and great,  
His praise devoutly sing.
- 2 Let us rejoice and render thanks  
To his most holy name ;  
Rejoice, rejoice, for now is come  
The marriage of the Lamb.
- 3 His bride herself has ready made ;  
How pure and white her dress !  
This is the saint's integrity,  
And spotless holiness.
- 4 How happy then is ev'ry one,  
Who to the marriage feast,  
And holy supper of the Lamb,  
Is call'd a welcome guest !

TATE.

HYMN XI. *Particular Metre.*

## Submission to the Divine Will.

- 1 ALMIGHTY King of heav'n above,  
Eternal Source of truth and love,  
And Lord of all below,  
With rev'rence and religious fear,  
Permit thy suppliants to draw near,  
And at thy feet to bow.
- 2 Thy sov'reign *fiat* form'd us first,  
Thy breath can blow us back to dust,  
Frail, sinful, mortal clay ;  
'Tis thine undoubted right to give  
Those earthly blessings we receive,  
And thine to take away.

- 3 All things are under thy control,  
 Eternal Wisdom rules the whole,  
     Educing good from ill ;  
 Submissive therefore we resign,  
 Our wills are swallow'd up in thine,  
     In thy most holy will.
- 4 In heav'n above, thy will is done ;  
 There, angels wait around thy throne,  
     Thy counsels to obey ;  
 Adoring at thy feet they fall,  
 Confess thee sov'reign Lord of all,  
     And own thy pow'rful sway.
- 5 Lord, may we join th' heav'nly throng,  
 May mortals learn th' angelic song,  
     Who dwell beneath the sun ;  
 May ev'ry tongue thy praise proclaim,  
 This be the universal theme,  
     “ Jehovah's will be done.”

HYMN XII.     *Short Metre.*     ✖ or ⚧

## Humble Praise.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God,  
     How wondrous is thy name !  
 Thy glories, how diffus'd abroad,  
     Throughout creation's frame !
- 2 Nature in ev'ry dress  
     Her humble homage pays, -  
 And finds a thousand ways t' express  
     Thy goodness and thy praise.
- 3 In native white and red,  
     The rose and lily stand,  
 And free from pride their beauties spread,  
     To show thy skilful hand.
- 4 The lark mounts up on high  
     With unambitious song,

- And bears her Maker's praise on high,  
Upon her artless tongue.
- 5 My soul would rise and sing  
To her Creator too ;  
Fain would my tongue adore my King,  
And pay the worship due.
- 6 But pride, that busy sin,  
Spoils all that I perform ;  
Curs'd pride that creeps securely in,  
And swells a wretched worm.
- 7 Create my soul anew,  
Or all my worship's vain ;  
This sinful heart will not be true,  
Till it be form'd again.
- 8 In joy then let me spend  
The remnant of my days ;  
And to my God my soul ascend,  
In sweet perfume of praise.

WATTS.

HYMN XIII.     *Common Metre.*     ✠ or ♫  
Holy Fortitude.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross ?  
A foll'wer of the Lamb ?  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flow'ry beds of ease ?  
Whilst others fought to win the prize,  
And sail'd through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?  
Must not I stem the flood ?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;  
Increase my courage, Lord ;

I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer though they die ;  
They view the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

WATTS.

HYMN XIV. *Long Metre.*      ✠ or b

Christ our Example.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love ?  
Such let our conversation be ;  
The serpent blended with the dove,  
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,  
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,  
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,  
Bright Pattern of the Christian life.

3 O how benevolent and kind !  
How mild, how ready to forgive !  
Be this the temper of our mind,  
And these the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heav'nly Father's will,  
Was his employment and delight ;  
Humility and holy zeal  
Shone through his life divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,  
The labours of his life were love ;  
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,  
By his example let us move.

- 6 But ah, how blind, how weak we are !  
 How frail, how apt to turn aside !  
 Lord, we depend upon thy care,  
 We ask thy spirit for our guide.
- 7 Thy fair example may we trace,  
 To teach us what we ought to be ;  
 Make us, by thy transforming grace,  
 O Saviour, daily more like thee.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN XV. *Short Metre.*

※ or b

Triumph over Death.

- 1 AND must this body die ?  
 This mortal frame decay ?  
 And must these active limbs of mine  
 Lie mould'ring in the clay ?
- 2 Corruption, earth and worms,  
 Shall but refine this flesh,  
 Till my triumphant spirit comes  
 To put it on afresh.
- 3 Christ, my Redeemer, lives,  
 And, often from the skies,  
 Looks down and watches all my dust,  
 Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace,  
 Shall these vile bodies shine,  
 And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face,  
 Look heav'nly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe  
 To Jesus' dying love ;  
 We would adore his grace below,  
 And sing his pow'r above.
- 6 O Lord, accept the praise  
 Of these our humble songs,  
 Till tunes of nobler sound we raise,  
 With our immortal tongues. WATTS.

HYMN XVI. *Common Metre.* **X** or **b**  
For the New Year.

- 1 AND now, my soul, another year  
    Of my short life is past ;  
I cannot long continue here,  
    And this may be my last.
- 2 Much of my dubious life is done,  
    Nor will return again ;  
And swift my passing moments run,  
    The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care,  
    Thy true condition learn ; [fair ?]  
What are thy hopes ? how sure ? how  
    And what thy chief concern ?
- 4 With the new year, which now begins,  
    Begin thy race for heav'n ;  
Repent of all thy former sins ;  
    Reform, and be forgiv'n.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,  
    To him thyself commend ;  
With zeal pursue the heav'ly road,  
    Nor doubt a happy end.

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN XVII. *All Sevens Metre.***X**

The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

- 1 ANGELS, roll the stone away ;  
Death, give up thy mighty prey :  
See ! He rises from the tomb,  
    Shining in immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour ! angels, raise  
Your triumphant song of praise ;  
Let the heav'ns' remotest bound  
    Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes ;  
 Now to glory see him rise ;  
 Mark his progress through the sky,  
 To the radiant world on high.
- 4 Heav'n displays her crystal gate ;  
 Enter in thy royal state ;  
 King of glory, mount thy throne,  
 'Tis thy Father's and thy own.
- 5 Praise him, all ye heav'nly choirs,  
 Strike with awe your golden lyres ;  
 Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,  
 Let the strains be loud and strong.
- 6 To the list'ning nations tell,  
 Sin o'erthrown, and vanquish'd hell.  
 Where is death's once dreaded king ?  
 Where, O monster, is thy sting ?

SCOTT.

HYMN XVIII. *Long Metre. ✠ or b*  
 The Sabbath.

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done !  
 Another Sabbath is begun !  
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
 Improve the day that God has bless'd.
- 2 Come, praise the Lord, whose love assigns  
 So sweet a rest to weary minds ;  
 Provides an antepast of heav'n,  
 And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise  
 As grateful incense to the skies !  
 And draw from heav'n that sweet repose  
 Which none but he who feels it knows.
- 4 This heav'nly calm within the breast  
 Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,  
 Which for the church of God remains,  
 The end of cares, the end of pains.

- 5 With joy, great God, thy works we view,  
 In various scenes, both old and new ;  
 With praise we think on mercies past,  
 With hope we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties let the day,  
 In holy pleasures pass away ;  
 The Sabbath thus we love to spend,  
 In hope of one which ne'er shall end.

STENNET.

## HYMN XIX. Six Line L. M. ✠ or b

God's Name proclaimed to Moses.

- 1 ATTEND, my soul, the voice divine,  
 And mark what beaming glories shine  
 Around thy condescending God :  
 To us, he in his word proclaims  
 His awful, his endearing names ;  
 Attend, and sound them all abroad.
- 2 "Jehovah, I, the sov'reign Lord,  
 "The mighty God by heav'n ador'd,  
 "Down to the earth my footsteps bend ;  
 "My heart the tend'rest pity knows,  
 "Goodness full streaming wide o'erflows,  
 "And grace and truth shall never end."
- 3 "My patience long can crimes endure,  
 "My pard'ning love is ever sure,  
 "When penitential sorrow mourns :  
 "To millions, through unnumber'd years,  
 "New hope and new delight it bears,  
 "Yet wrath against the sinner burns."
- 4 Make haste, my soul, the vision meet,  
 All prostrate at Jehovah's feet,  
 And drink the tuneful accents in.  
 Speak on, my Lord, repeat the voice,  
 Diffuse these heart-expanding joys,  
 Till heav'n complete the rapt'rous scene.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN XX. *Common Metre.* ✠ or b

## The New Creation.

- 1 ATTEND, whilst God's exalted Son  
Doth his own glories shew ;  
"Behold I sit upon my throne,  
"Creating all things new !
- 2 "Old things are wholly pass'd away,  
"And the first Adam dies ;  
"My hands a new foundation lay ;  
"See the new world arise !
- 3 "I'll be a Sun of righteousness  
"To the new heav'ns I make ;  
"None but the new born heirs of grace  
"My glories shall partake."
- 4 Mighty Redeemer, set me free  
From my old state of sin ;  
O make my soul alive to thee,  
Create new pow'rs within !
- 5 Renew my eyes, and form my ears,  
And mould my heart afresh ;  
Give me new passions, joys and fears,  
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 6 Far from the regions of the dead,  
From sin, and earth, and hell,  
In the new world which grace hath made,  
I would forever dwell.

WATTS.

HYMN XXI. *Long Metre.* ✠ or b

## Glory in the Cross.

- 1 AT thy command, our blessed Lord,  
Here we attend thy dying feast ;  
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,  
And thy own flesh feeds ev'ry guest.

- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,  
And trusts for life in One that died ;  
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,  
From a Redeemer crucified.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce its shame,  
And fling its scandals on the cause ;  
We come to boast our Saviour's name,  
And make our triumph in his cross.
- 4 With joy, we tell the scoffing age,  
He that was dead has left his tomb ;  
He lives above their utmost rage,  
And we are waiting till he come.   WATTS.

HYMN XXII. *Common Metre.*

The Incarnation of the Word.

- 1 AWAKE, awake the sacred song,  
To our incarnate Lord !  
Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue  
Adore th' Eternal Word.
- 2 That glorious Word, that sov'reign Pow'r,  
By whom the worlds were made,  
O happy morn ! illustrious hour !  
Was once in flesh array'd.
- 3 Then shone Almighty pow'r and love,  
In all their glorious forms ;  
When Jesus left the world above,  
To dwell with sinful worms.
- 4 To dwell with misery below,  
The Saviour left the skies ;  
And sunk to poverty and wo,  
That wretched man might rise.
- 5 Adoring angels tun'd their songs  
To hail the joyful day ;  
With rapture then let mortal tongues  
Their grateful homage pay.

6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due !  
 With wonder we adore ;  
 But could we sing as angels do,  
 We'd love and praise thee more.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN XXIII. *Long Metre.*

b

Temptation without and within.

1 AWAKE, my soul, lift up thine eyes,  
 See how thy foes against thee rise,  
 In long array, a num'rous host ;  
 Awake, my soul, or thou art lost !

2 See how rebellious passions rage,  
 And fierce desires and lusts engage ;  
 See pleasure's silken banners spread,  
 And willing souls are captive led !

3 I tread upon enchanted ground,  
 Perils and snares beset me round ;  
 O let me then guard ev'ry part ;  
 But most, the traitor in my heart !

4 O teach thy servant how to wield,  
 Blest Saviour, thy immortal shield !  
 Put on thy armour from above,  
 Of heav'nly truth, and heav'nly love.

5 The terror and the charm repel,  
 The smiles of earth, the frowns of hell ;  
 The tempter once thou didst subdue ;  
 O make me more than conq'ror too !

MRS. BARBAULD.

HYMN XXIV. *Hallelujah Metre.*

x

The Lord's day Morning.

1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls !  
 Shake off each slothful band !  
 The wonders of this day  
 Our noblest songs demand.

Auspicious morn,      Thy blissful rays,  
Bright seraphs hail,    In songs of praise !

2 At thy approaching dawn,  
Reluctant death resign'd  
The glorious Prince of life,  
In the dark vault confin'd.  
Th' angelick host      Around him bends,  
And, midst their shouts, The Lord ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord !  
Heav'n with hosanna rings ;  
Whilst earth, in humbler strains,  
Thy praise responsive sings.  
Worthy art thou,      Who once wast slain,  
Thro' endless years    To live and reign.

4 Gird on, great King, thy sword,  
Ascend thy conq'ring car,  
Whilst justice, truth and love  
Maintain the glorious war.  
Victorious thou,      Thy foes shalt tread,  
And sin and death    In triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent arm,  
And wing th' unerring dart,  
With salutary pangs  
To each rebellious heart.  
Then dying souls      For life shall sue,  
Num'rous as drops    Of morning dew.

RIPPON'S Collection.

HYMN XXV. *Long Metre.*

The Christian Race.

1 AWAKE, our souls ; away, our fears ;  
Let ev'ry trembling thought begone :  
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on !

- 2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road ;  
 And mortal spirits tire and faint,  
 If they forget the mighty God,  
 Who feeds the strength of ev'ry saint :
- 3 The mighty God, whose pow'rful hand  
 Has matchless works of wonder done ;  
 And shall endure, whilst endless years  
 Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From him, the overflowing spring,  
 Our souls shall drink a rich supply ;  
 Whilst those who trust their native streng<sup>t</sup>  
 Shall melt away, and droop and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;  
 On wings of love our souls will fly,  
 Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road. WATTS

HYMN XXVI. *Long Metre.*      ✠ or b

Benefit of Ordinances.

- 1 AWAY from ev'ry mortal care,  
 Away from earth, our souls retreat ;  
 We leave this worthless world afar,  
 And wait and worship near thy seat.
- 2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,  
 We bow before thee and adore ;  
 We view the glories of thy face,  
 And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.
- 3 Whilst here our various wants we mourn,  
 United pray'rs ascend on high ;  
 And faith expects a sure return  
 Of blessings in variety.
- 4 If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,  
 Here we receive some cheering word ;  
 We gird the gospel armour on,  
 To fight the battles of the Lord.

- 5 Here, when our spirit faints and dies,  
And conscience smarts with inward stings ;  
The Sun of righteousness shall rise,  
With healing beams beneath his wings.
- 6 Here would our ravish'd souls abide ;  
Or if from hence we must depart,  
Let neither life nor death divide  
Our God and Saviour from our heart.

Altered from WATTS.

HYMN XXVII.      *Long Metre.*      ✘  
The Word made Flesh.

- 1 BEFORE the heav'ns were spread abroad,  
From everlasting was the Word !  
With God he was, the Word was God,  
And by th' angelick host ador'd.
- 2 By his great pow'r were all things made ;  
By him supported, all things stand ;  
He is the whole creation's Head,  
And angels fly at his command.
- 3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,  
He led the host of morning stars ;  
Thy generation who can tell ?  
Or count the number of thy years ?
- 4 But lo, he leaves these heav'nly forms !  
The Word descends and dwells in clay !  
That he may converse hold with worms,  
Drest in such feeble flesh as they.
- 5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,  
Th' eternal Father's only Son ;  
How full of truth, how full of grace,  
When through his eyes the Godhead shone !
- 6 Arch-angels leave their high abode,  
To learn new myst'ries here, and tell  
The love of our descending God,  
The glories of Emanuel.

WATTS.

HYMN XXVIII. *Common Metre.*

Faith in the Promise of Salvation.

- 1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme  
And speak some lofty thing ;  
The mighty works, or mighty name  
Of our eternal King !
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,  
Or sound his pow'r abroad ;  
Sing the blest promise of his grace,  
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,  
To sinful, dying men ;  
His hand has writ the sacred word,  
With an unerring pen.
- 4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,  
The gracious promise shines ;  
Nor shall the hand of time erase  
Those everlasting lines.
- 5 Then why these doubts and sad com-  
If Christ and we are one, [plaints ?  
The word extends to all the saints,  
Who humbly love the Son.
- 6 By faith in this our souls have liv'd,  
And part of heav'n possess'd ;  
We'll praise him then for grace receiv'd,  
And trust him for the rest.

WATTS.

HYMN XXIX. *Particular Metre.*

The Resurrection and Glory of Christ.

- 1 BEHOLD ! the bright morning appears,  
And Jesus revives from the grave !  
His rising removes all our fears,  
And proves him almighty to save.

How strong were his tears and his cries !

The worth of his blood, how divine !

How perfect his great sacrifice,

Who rose, though he suffer'd for sin !

2 The Man who was crowned with thorns,

The Man who on Calvary died,

The Man who bore scourging and scorn,

Whom sinners agreed to deride ;

Now blessed for ever is made,

And life has rewarded his pain ;

Now glory has crowned his head ;

This is the true Lamb that was slain !

3 Believing, we share in his joy,

By faith, we partake of his rest ;

With him we can cheerfully die,

For with him we hope to be blest.

'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,

Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;

We'll praise him for all that is past,

And trust him for all that's to come !

HART.

HYMN XXX. *Common Metre.*

※

Praise to the Lamb of God.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,

Amidst the Father's throne !

Prepare new honours for his name !

And songs before unknown !

2 Let elders worship at his feet,

The church adore around ;

With vials full of odours sweet,

With harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the offer'd pray'rs of saints,

And these the hymns they raise ;

Jesus is kind to our complaints,

He loves to hear our praise.

- 4 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,  
     Be endless blessings paid ;  
     Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
         For ever on thy head.
- 5 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood  
     Hast set the pris'ners free ;  
     Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
         And we shall reign with thee.
- 6 The worlds of nature and of grace  
     Are put beneath thy pow'r ;  
     Then shorten these delaying days,  
         And bring the promis'd hour. WATTS.

HYMN XXXI. *Short Metre.*

The Nativity of Christ.

- 1 BE HOLD the grace appears !  
     The promise is fulfill'd !  
     Mary, the wondrous virgin, bears,  
         And Jesus is the child.
- 2 To bring the glorious news,  
     A heav'nly form appears ;  
     He tells the shepherds of their joys,  
         And banishes their fears.
- 3 " Go, humble swains, (said he,)  
     " To David's city fly ;  
     " The promis'd Infant born to day  
     " Doth in a manger lie.
- 4 " With looks and hearts serene,  
     " Go visit Christ your King."  
     And straight a flaming choir was seen ;  
         The shepherds heard them sing :
- 5 " Glory to God on high !  
     " And heav'nly peace on earth !  
     " Good will to men, to angels joy,  
     " At the Redeemer's birth !"

- 6 In worship so divine,  
   Let saints employ their tongues ;  
 With the celestial host we join,  
   And loud repeat their songs :
- 7 "Glory to God on high !  
   " And heav'nly peace on earth !  
 "Good will to men, to angels joy,  
   " At our Redeemer's birth." WATTS.

HYMN XXXII. *Common Metre.* b

The Ignorance of Man.

- 1 BEHOLD the new born infant griev'd  
   With hunger, thirst and pain !  
 It cries to have its wants reliev'd,  
   But knows not to complain.
- 2 Such childhood yet I must confess,  
   Though long in years mature ;  
 Unknowing whence I feel distress,  
   And where to seek its cure.
- 3 Author of good ! to thee I turn ;  
   Thy ever watchful eye,  
 Alone, can all my wants discern,  
   Thy hand alone supply.
- 4 O let thy fear within me dwell,  
   Thy love my footsteps guide !  
 That love shall vainer loves expel,  
   That fear, all fears beside.
- 5 And since, by error's force subdued,  
   My oft misguided will  
 Prepost'rous shuns the latent good,  
   And grasps the specious ill ;
- 6 Not to my wish, but to my want,  
   Do thou thy gifts apply ;  
 Unask'd, what good thou knowest, grant,  
   What ill, though ask'd, deny.

HYMN XXXIII. *Long Metre.**A grave and decent Deportment.*

- 1 BEHOLD** the sons and heirs of God,  
So dearly bought with Jesus' blood !  
Are they not born to heav'nly joys ?  
And shall they stoop to earthly toys ?
- 2** Can laughter feed th' immortal mind ?  
Were spirits of celestial kind  
Made for a jest, for sport, for play,  
To wear out time and waste the day ?
- 3** Doth vain discourse or empty mirth  
Well suit the honours of their birth ?  
Shall they be fond of gay attire,  
Which children love, which fools admire
- 4** What if we wear the richest vest ?  
Peacocks and flies are better drest ;  
This flesh, with all its gaudy forms,  
Must drop to dust and feed the worms.
- 5** Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher  
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire :  
Then, with a heav'n-directed eye,  
We'll pass these glitt'ring trifles by.
- 6** We'll look on all the toys below,  
With such disdain as angels do ;  
And wait the call that bids us rise,  
To mansions promis'd in the skies.

WATTS.

HYMN XXXIV. *Common Metre. # or b*  
*The repenting Prodigal.*

- 1 BEHOLD** the wretch whose lust and will  
Had wasted his estate !  
He begs a share among the swine,  
To taste the husks they eat.
- 2** "I die with hunger here," he cries,  
"I starve in foreign lands ;

- 1 “ My father’s house has large supplies,  
“ And bounteous are his hands.
- 3 “ I’ll go, and, with a mournful tongue,  
“ Fall down before his face ;  
“ Father, I’ve done thy justice wrong,  
“ Nor can deserve thy grace.”
- 4 He said ; and hasten’d to his home,  
To seek his father’s love ;  
The father saw the rebel come,  
And all his bowels move.
- 5 He ran and fell upon his neck,  
Embrac’d and kiss’d his son ;  
The rebel’s heart with sorrow brake,  
For follies he had done.
- 6 “ Take off his clothes of shame and sin,  
“ The father gives command ;  
“ Dress him in garments white and clean,  
“ With rings adorn his hand.
- 7 “ A day of feasting I ordain,  
“ Let mirth and joy abound ;  
“ My son was dead, and lives again,  
“ Was lost, but now is found.”

WATTS.

HYMN XXXV. *Short Metre.*

Adoption.

- 1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace  
The Father hath bestow’d  
On sinners of a mortal race,  
To call them sons of God !
- 2 ’Tis no surprising thing,  
That we should be unknown ;  
The Jewish world knew not their king,  
God’s everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear  
How great we shall be made ;

But when we see our Saviour here,  
We shall be like our Head.

- 4 A hope so much divine  
May trials well endure ;  
May cleanse our souls from sense and sin  
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 5 If in our Father's love  
We share a filial part,  
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,  
To rest upon our heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie,  
Like slaves beneath the throne ;  
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,  
And thou the kindred own.

WATTS.

HYMN XXXVI. *Long Metre.*      ✗ or ▶  
The Better Part.

- 1 BESET with snares, and fill'd with dread,  
In life's uncertain path we tread ;  
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,  
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage our roving treach'rous heart,  
To choose the wise, the better part ;  
To scorn the trifles of a day,  
For joys that never fade away.
- 3 Then let the fiercest storms arise,  
Let tempest mingle earth and skies ;  
No fatal shipwreck shall we fear,  
But all our treasure with us bear.
- 4 If then our Saviour still be nigh,  
Cheerful we live, and joyful die ;  
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,  
To find a thousand worlds in thee.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN XXXVII. *Long Metre.*

\*

## The Beatitudes.

BLEST are the humble souls that see  
Their emptiness and poverty ;  
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,  
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

Blest are the men of broken heart,  
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;  
The blood of Christ divinely flows,  
A healing balm for all their woes.

Blest are the meek, who stand afar  
From rage and passion, noise and war ;  
God will secure their happy state,  
And plead their cause against the great.

Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,  
Hunger and long for righteousness ;  
They shall be well supply'd and fed  
With living streams and living bread.

Blest are the men whose bowels move,  
And melt with sympathy and love ;  
From Christ the Lord, they shall obtain  
Like sympathy and love again.

Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean  
From the defiling power of sin ;  
With endless pleasure they shall see  
A God of spotless purity.

Blest are the men of peaceful life,  
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;  
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,  
The sons of God, the God of peace.

Blest are the suff'rers, who partake  
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;  
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,  
Glory and joy are their reward.

## HYMN XXXVIII. Common Metre. ✶

The Hope of the Resurrection.

- 1 BLEST be the everlasting God,  
The Father of our Lord ;  
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,  
His majesty ador'd.
- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,  
And call'd him to the sky,  
He gave our souls a lively hope,  
That they should never die.
- 3 What, though his uncontroll'd decree  
Command our flesh to dust ?  
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,  
So all his foll'wers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine,  
Reserv'd against that day ;  
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,  
And cannot fade away.
- 5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept  
Till the salvation come :  
We walk by faith as strangers here,  
Till Christ shall call us home.

WATTS

## HYMN XXXIX. Common Metre. ✶

Benevolence rewarded.

- 1 BLEST is the man whose tender heart  
Feels all another's pain ;  
To whom the supplicating eye  
Was never rais'd in vain :
- 2 Whose breast expands with gen'rous  
A stranger's wo to feel ; [warmth]  
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound  
He wants the pow'r to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind supporting arms  
To ev'ry child of grief ;

His secret bounty largely flows,  
And brings unask'd relief.

- 4 To gentle offices of love,  
    His feet are never slow ;  
He views, through mercy's melting eye,  
    A brother in his foe.
- 5 Peace, from the bosom of his God,  
    Peace shall to him be giv'n ;  
His soul shall rest secure on earth,  
    And find its native heav'n.
- 6 To him protection shall be shown ;  
    And mercy, from above,  
Descend on those, who thus fulfill  
    The perfect law of love.

MRS BARBAULD.

HYMN XL. *Particular Metre.*



The Gospel Jubilee.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow  
    The gladly solemn sound !  
Let all the nations know,  
    To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of jubilee is come,  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Son of God !  
    The sin-atoning Lamb ;  
Redemption, by his blood,  
    Through ev'ry land proclaim ;  
The year of jubilee is come,  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 3 Ye who have sold for nought  
    The heritage above,  
Shall have it back unbought,  
    The gift of Jesus' love.  
The year of jubilee is come,  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
 Your liberty receive,  
 And safe in Jesus dwell,  
 And blest in Jesus live.  
 The year of Jubilee is come,  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 5 The gospel trumpet hear,  
 The news of pard'ning grace :  
 Ye happy souls, draw near,  
 Behold your Saviour's face !  
 The year of Jubilee is come,  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 6 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
 Has full atonement made ;  
 Ye weary spirits, rest,  
 Ye mournful souls be glad.  
 The year of Jubilee is come,  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

RIPPON's Collection.

HYMN XLI. *Long Metre. # or b*

The incomprehensible God.

- 1 CAN creatures to perfection find  
 Th' eternal uncreated Mind ?  
 Or can the largest stretch of thought  
 Measure and search his nature out ?
- 2 'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell,  
 And what can mortals know or tell ?  
 His glory spreads beyond the sky,  
 And all the shining worlds on high.
- 3 God is a King of pow'r unknown ;  
 Firm are the orders of his throne ;  
 If he resolves, who dare oppose ?  
 Or ask him why or what he does ?
- 4 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon ;  
 The fainting sun grows dim at noon ;

The pillars of heav'n's starry roof  
Tremble and start at his reproof.

- 5 He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,  
The crooked serpent and the worm ;  
He breaks the billows with his breath,  
And smites the sons of pride to death.
- 6 These are a portion of his ways ;  
But who shall dare describe his face ?  
Who can endure his light, or stand  
To hear the thunders of his hand ?

WATTS.

HYMN XLII. *Common Metre.* **X** or **b**  
God Incomprehensible.

- 1 CELESTIAL King, our spirits lie,  
Trembling beneath thy feet ;  
And wish, and cast a longing eye,  
To reach thy lofty seat.
- 2 In thee, what endless wonders meet !  
What various glories shine !  
The dazzling rays too fiercely beat  
Upon our fainting mind.
- 3 Angels are lost in glad surprise,  
If thou unveil thy grace ;  
And humble awe runs through the skies,  
When wrath arrays thy face.
- 4 Created pow'rs, how weak they be !  
How short our praises fall !  
So much akin to nothing, we,  
And thou, th' eternal All.
- 5 Lord, here we bend our humble souls,  
And awfully adore ;  
For the weak pinions of our minds  
Can stretch a thought no more.

SMART.

HYMN XLIII. *Long Metre* \* or b

The Presence of God mortifying us to the World.

- 1 COME, blessed Lord, descend and dwell  
By faith and love within our breast ;  
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,  
Such joys as cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,  
Make our enlarged souls possess,  
And learn the height, and breadth, and length  
Of thy unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Could we but pierce the veil, and see  
The glories of th' eternal skies,  
What little things these worlds would be !  
How despicable in our eyes !
- 4 Great All in All, eternal King !  
Could we but view thy glorious face,  
Then all our pow'rs should join to sing  
Thy boundless wisdom and thy grace.
- 5 Now to the God, whose pow'r in heav'n  
And earth has works of wonder done,  
Be everlasting honours giv'n,  
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

WATTS.

HYMN XLIV. *Common Metre.*

\*

Praise to God and the Lamb.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,  
With angels round the throne ;  
Ten thousand thousands are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 " Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
" To be exalted thus ;"  
" Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
" For he was slain for us."

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
     Honour and pow'r divine ;  
     And blessings, more than we can give,  
     Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
     And air, and earth, and seas,  
     Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
     And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,  
     To bless the sacred name  
     Of Him who sits upon the throne,  
     And to adore the Lamb.

WATTS.

HYMN XLV. *Common Metre.*

\*

## The Joys of Heaven.

- 1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,  
     Inspire each lifeless tongue ;  
     And let the joys of heav'n impart  
     Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow and pain and ev'ry care,  
     And discord there shall cease ;  
     And perfect joy and love sincere  
     Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul, from sin for ever free,  
     Shall mourn its pow'r no more ;  
     But, cloth'd in spotless purity,  
     Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There, on a throne, how dazzling bright,  
     Th' exalted Saviour shines ;  
     And beams ineffable delight  
     On all the heav'nly minds.
- 5 There shall the foll'wers of the Lamb  
     Join in immortal songs ;  
     And endless honours to his name  
     Employ their tuneful tongues.

6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,  
Our feeble notes inspire ;  
Till, in thy blissful courts above,  
We join th' angelic choir.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN XLVI. *Long Metre.* \* or b

Weary Souls invited to rest.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,  
Come, and accept the promis'd rest ;  
The Saviour's gracious call obey,  
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,  
O come, and spread your woes to God !  
Divine compassion, mighty love,  
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes ;  
Pardon and life and endless peace,  
How rich the gift, how free the grace !
- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,  
The hope thy gracious words impart ;  
We come with trembling ; yet rejoice,  
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Great Saviour, let thy pow'rful love  
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;  
May that sweet influence in our breast,  
Prepare us for thy heav'nly rest.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN XLVII. *Short Metre.* \*

Heavenly Joys on Earth.

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing,  
   Who never knew our God ;  
   But children of the heav'nly King  
     May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 This heav'nly King is ours,  
   Our Father and our Love ;  
   He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs,  
     To raise our souls above.
- 4 There, we shall see his face,  
   And never, never sin ;  
   There, from the rivers of his grace,  
     Drink endless pleasures in.
- 5 Yes, and before we rise  
   To that immortal state,  
   The thought of such amazing bliss  
     Should constant joys create.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,  
   And ev'ry tear be dry ;  
   We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,  
     To fairer worlds on high.

WATTS.

HYMN XLVIII. *Common Metre.*

#

Christ the King of Saints.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,  
   And joy to make it known ;  
   The Sov'reign of your heart proclaim,  
     And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd  
   With glories all divine ;  
   And tell the wond'ring nations round,  
     How bright these glories shine.
- 3 Infinite pow'r and boundless love  
   In him unite their rays ;

You that his heav'nly influence prove,  
Can you forbear his praise ?

- 4 When in his earthly courts we view  
The glories of our King,  
We long to love as angels do,  
And wish like them to sing.
- 5 And shall we long and wish in vain ?  
Lord, teach our songs to rise ;  
Thy love can animate the strain,  
And bid it reach the skies.
- 6 O happy period ! glorious day !  
When heav'n and earth shall raise  
With all their pow'rs the raptur'd lay,  
To celebrate thy praise.      MRS. STEELE.

HYMN XLIX. *Common Metre.*

The happy End of the Christian Course.

- 1 DEATH may dissolve my body now,  
And bear my spirit home ;  
Why do my minutes move so slow,  
Nor my salvation come ?
- 2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought  
The battles of the Lord ;  
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,  
And wait the sure reward.
- 3 God has laid up in heav'n for me,  
A crown which cannot fade ;  
The righteous Judge, at that great day,  
Shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed  
This prize for me alone ;  
But all who hope and long to see  
Th' appearance of his Son.
- 5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe  
From ev'ry ill design ;

And to his heav'nly kingdom keep  
This feeble soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting aid,  
My portion and my friend ;  
To him be highest glory paid,  
Through ages without end.

Altered from WATTS.

HYMN L. *Long Metre.*

b

Christ the Physician of the Soul.

1 D E E P are the wounds which sin has made ;  
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?  
In vain, alas, is nature's aid,  
The work exceeds her utmost pow'r.

2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns  
With fatal strength in ev'ry part ;  
The dire contagion fills the veins,  
And spreads its poison to the heart.

3 But can no sov'reign balm be found ?  
And is no kind physician nigh,  
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,  
Ere life and hope for ever fly ?

4 Yes, there's a great Physician near ;  
Look up, my fainting soul, and live !  
See in his heav'nly smiles appear  
Such help as nature cannot give !

5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,  
Life, health and bliss abundant flow !  
'Tis only that dear sacred flood  
Can ease thy pain and heal thy wo.

6 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,  
For here a sov'reign cure is found ;  
A cordial for the fainting heart,  
A balm for ev'ry painful wound.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN LI. *Long Metre.* # or b

The Sight of Christ in Heaven.

- 1 DESCEND, ye hosts of angels bright,  
And bear us on your guardian wings,  
Through regions of celestial light,  
Above the reach of earthly things ;
- 2 Beyond this curtain of the sky,  
Up where eternal ages roll ;  
Where solid pleasures never die,  
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 3 O for a beatifick sight  
Of our Almighty Father's throne !  
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light,  
Cloth'd with a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,  
And heav'nly pow'rs before him fall ;  
The God shines gracious through the man,  
And sheds bright glories on them all.
- 5 What joys unspeakable they feel,  
Whilst to their golden harps they sing ;  
And echo from each heav'nly hill,  
The glorious triumphs of their King !
- 6 O may the happy day draw nigh,  
When we shall rise to realms above,  
To join the musick of the sky,  
And celebrate redeeming love !

WATTS, altered.

HYMN LII. *Common Metre.* # or b

Ardent Love to Christ.

- 1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord ?  
Behold my heart, and see ;  
And turn each worthless idol out,  
That dares to rival thee.

- 2 Is not thy name melodious still  
     To my enraptur'd ear ?  
     Doth not my pulse with pleasure beat,  
         My Saviour's voice to hear ?
- 3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock  
     I would disdain to feed ?  
     Hast thou a foe, before whose face  
         I fear thy cause to plead ?
- 4 Would not my ardent spirit vie  
     With angels round thy throne,  
     To execute thy sacred will,  
         And make thy glory known ?
- 5 Would not my heart pour out its flood,  
     In honour of thy name ?  
     And challenge the cold hand of death  
         To damp th' immortal flame ?
- 6 Thou know'st I love thee, O my Lord ;  
     But how I long to soar  
     Above the sphere of mortal joys,  
         And learn to love thee more! DODDRIDGE.

HYMN LIII. *Long Metre.*     \* or b  
 Christian Privileges and Obligations.

- 1 Dost thou my worthless name record,  
     Free of thy holy city, Lord ?  
     Am I a sinner, call'd to share  
         The precious privileges there ?
- 2 Art thou my King, my Father styl'd ?  
     And I thy servant and thy child,  
     Whilst many of the human race  
         Are aliens from thy Zion's grace ?
- 3 Lo, wretched millions draw their breath  
     In lands of ignorance and death !  
     But I enjoy my share of time  
         Within thy gospel's favour'd clime.

- 4 Shall I receive this grace in vain ?  
 Shall I my great vocation stain ?  
 Away, ye works in darkness wrought !  
 Away, each sensual, wanton thought !
- 5 My soul, I charge thee to excel,  
 In thinking right and acting well ;  
 Deep let thy searching pow'rs engage,  
 Unbias'd in the sacred page.
- 6 Heighten the force of good desire ;  
 To deeds of shining worth aspire ;  
 More firm in fortitude, despise  
 The world's seducing vanities.
- 7 Strong and more strong, thy passions rule,  
 Advancing still in virtue's school ;  
 Contending still, with noble strife,  
 To imitate thy Saviour's life.

SCOTT.

HYMN LIV. *Long Metre.*

The only living and true God.

(Psalm 86.)

- 1 ETERNAL God, almighty Cause  
 Of earth and sea and worlds unknown ;  
 All things are subject to thy laws,  
 All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,  
 Of all within itself possest ;  
 Controll'd by none are thy commands ;  
 Thou from thyself alone art blest.
- 3 To thee alone ourselves we owe,  
 To thee alone our homage pay ;  
 All other gods we disavow,  
 Deny their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 In thee, O Lord, our hope shall rest,  
 Fountain of peace and joy and love !

Thy favour only makes us blest ;  
Without thee, all would nothing prove.

- 5 Worship to thee alone belongs,  
Worship to thee alone we give ;  
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,  
And to thy glory we would live.
- 6 Spread thy great name through heathen lands,  
Their idol deities dethrone ;  
Subdue the world to thy commands,  
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

BROWN.

HYMN LV. *Common Metre.*

b

## The Consolation of Age.

- 1 ETERNAL God, enthron'd on high,  
Whom angel hosts adore ;  
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh,  
Thy presence I implore.
- 2 O guide me down the steep of age,  
And keep my passions cool !  
Teach me to scan the sacred page,  
And practise ev'ry rule.
- 3 My flying years time urges on,  
My strength must soon decay ;  
My friends, my youth's companions gone,  
Can I expect to stay ?
- 4 Can I exemption plead, when death  
Projects his awful dart ?  
Can med'cines then prolong my breath,  
Or cordials shield my heart ?
- 5 But thou canst cheer my mortal hour ;  
On thee my hope depends :  
Support me by Almighty pow'r,  
While dust to dust descends.

- 6 Then let my soul, O gracious God,  
Ascend to realms of day ;  
And in that sacred, blest abode,  
Its endless anthems pay.
- 7 Throughout the heav'n's remotest bound  
Thy matchless love proclaim !  
And join the choir of saints that sound  
Their great Redeemer's name.

B. WILLIAMS'S Collection.

HYMN LVI. *Long Metre.*

#

Preserving Goodness.

- 1 ETERNAL God, I bless thy name,  
The same thy pow'r, thy grace the same ;  
The tokens of thy friendly care  
Open and close and crown the year.
- 2 Supported by thy guardian hand,  
Amidst ten thousand deaths I stand !  
And see, when I survey thy ways,  
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far thy arm has led me on,  
Thus far I make thy mercy known ;  
And whilst I tread this desert land,  
New mercies shall new songs demand.
- 4 My grateful voice, on Jordan's shore,  
Shall raise one sacred pillar more ;  
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,  
Inscriptions of immortal love.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN LVII. *Common Metre.*

#

Joy and Gratitude.

- 1 ETERNAL Love ! how large the sum  
Of blessings from thy hand ;  
To banish sorrow and be blest  
Is thy supreme command.

**2** Joy is our duty, glory, health,

The sunshine of the soul :

The best return that we can make

To him who plans the whole.

YOUNG.

**3** Whatever, Lord, of earthly bliss,

Thy sov'reign will denies,

Accepted at thy throne of grace,

Let this petition rise :

**4** Give me a calm, a thankful heart,

From ev'ry murmur free ;

The blessings of thy grace impart,

And make me live to thee.

**5** Let the blest hope that thou art mine

My life and death attend ;

Thy presence through my journey shine,

And crown my journey's end.

RIPON'S Collection.

HYMN LVIII. *Long Metre.*



God exalted above all Praise.

**1** ETERNAL Pow'r, whose high abode  
Becomes the grandeur of the God,  
Extending far beyond the bounds  
Where stars revolve inferior rounds ;

**2** The lowest step beneath thy seat  
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet ;  
In vain the tall arch-angel tries  
To reach its height, with wond'ring eyes.

**3** Thy dazzling glory whilst he sings,  
He hides his face behind his wings,  
And ranks of thrones and pow'rs around,  
Fall prostrate on the heav'nly ground.

**4** Lord, what shall earth and ashes do !  
We would adore our Maker too ;

From lowest dust to thee we cry,  
The great, the holy, and the high.

- 5 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,  
And men have learn'd to lisp thy name ;  
But the full glories of thy mind  
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 6 God is in heav'n, and men below ;  
Be short our hymns, our words be few ;  
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,  
And praise is silent on our tongues.

WATTS.

HYMN LIX. *Long Metre.*

Divine Goodness.

\*

- 1 ETERNAL Source of ev'ry joy !  
Well may thy praise our lips employ ;  
Whilst in thy temple we appear,  
Thy goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the earth and planets roll,  
Thy hand supports and cheers the whole ;  
By thee, the sun is taught to rise,  
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flow'ry spring, at thy command,  
Embalms the air and paints the land ;  
The summer rays with vigour shine,  
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Seasons and months and weeks and days  
Demand successive hymns of praise ;  
Still be the cheerful homage paid,  
With morning light and ev'ning shade.
- 5 O may our more harmonious tongues,  
In worlds unknown, pursue the songs,  
And in those brighter courts adore,  
Where days and years revolve no more !

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN LX. *Long Metre.*

\*

The Influences of the Divine Spirit.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit ! we confess,  
And sing the wonders of thy grace !  
Thy pow'r conveys the blessings down,  
From God the Father and his Son.
- 2 Enlighten'd by thy heav'nly ray,  
Our shades and darkness turn to day ;  
Thy inward teachings make us know  
Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy gentle influence works within,  
And breaks the chains of reigning sin ;  
Doth our imperious lust subdue,  
And forms our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,  
It makes the broken heart rejoice ;  
Thy words allay the stormy wind,  
And calm the surges of the mind.

WATTS.

HYMN LXI. *Common Metre.*

\*

Creating Wisdom.

- 1 ETERNAL Wisdom ! thee we praise,  
Thee, all thy creatures sing ;  
With thy great name, rocks, hills, and seas,  
And heav'n's high arches, ring.
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky !  
How glorious to behold !  
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly die,  
And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 There dost thou make the globes of light  
Their endless circles run ;  
There the pale planets rule the night,  
And day obeys the sun.

- 4 The roaring winds stand ready there,  
Thy orders to obey :  
With spreading wings, they sweep the air  
To make thy chariot way.
- 5 The rolling mountains of the deep  
Observe thy strong command ;  
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,  
Or sink them to the sand.
- 6 Thy glories blaze all nature round,  
And strike our feeble sight,  
Through skies and seas and solid ground  
With terror and delight.
- 7 Infinite strength and equal skill  
Shine through the worlds abroad ;  
Our souls with vast amazement fill,  
And speak the builder, God.

WATTS.

HYMN LXII.      *Long Metre.*

#

Christ exalted a Prince and a Saviour.

- 1 EXALTED Prince of life, we own  
The royal honours of thy throne ;  
'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand,  
And seraphs bow at thy command.
- 2 Exalted Saviour, we confess  
The sov'reign triumphs of thy grace ;  
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,  
And temper majesty divine.
- 3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,  
Till all thy enemies obey ;  
Wide may thy cross its virtue prove,  
And conquer millions by thy love.
- 4 Mighty to vanquish and forgive !  
Thine Israel shall repent and live ;

And loud proclaim thy healing breath,  
Which gives them life who wrought thy death.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN LXIII. *Common Metre. # or b*

Walking by Faith.

- 1 FAITH is the brightest evidence  
    Of things beyond our sight ;  
It pierces through the veil of sense,  
    And dwells in heav'nly light.
- 2 It sets time past in present view,  
    Brings distant prospects home ;  
Of things a thousand years ago,  
    Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the world was made,  
    By God's almighty word ;  
We know the heav'ns and earth shall fade,  
    And be again restor'd.
- 4 Abrah'm obey'd the Lord's command,  
    From his own country driv'n ;  
By faith he sought a promis'd land,  
    But found his rest in heav'n.
- 5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray,  
    The promise in our eye ;  
By faith we walk the narrow way,  
    That leads to joy on high.

Altered from WATTS.

HYMN LXIV. *Long Metre. # or b*

Preparation for religious Worship.

- 1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone,  
Let my religious hours alone ;  
From flesh and sense I would be free,  
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.

- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,  
And kindles with a pure desire,  
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,  
And feel thine influence from above.
- 3 When I can say that God is mine,  
When I can see thy glories shine ;  
I tread the world beneath my feet,  
And all that men call rich and great.
- 4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,  
To cheer me in this barren land ;  
And in thy temple let me know  
The joys that from thy presence flow.

Altered from WATTS

HYMN LXV. *Common Metre.*

#

The Success of the Gospel.

- 1 FATHER, is not thy promise sure  
To thy exalted Son ?  
That through the nations of the earth  
Thy word of life shall run !
- 2 " Ask and receive the heathen lands,  
For thine inheritance,  
And to the world's remotest ends  
Thy empire shall advance."
- 3 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews  
Shall their Redeemer own ?  
Whilst Gentiles to his standard crowd,  
And bow before his throne ?
- 4 Are not all kingdoms, tribes and tongue  
Beneath the arch of heav'n,  
To the dominion of thy Son,  
Without exception, given ?
- 5 From east to west, from north to south,  
Then be his name ador'd ;

Let earth with all its millions shout  
Hosanna to the Lord.

RIPON'S Collection.

HYMN LXVI. *Common Metre. # or b*

The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 FATHER of all ! Eternal Mind !  
Thou great and good alone !  
Thy children, form'd and bless'd by thee,  
Approach thy sacred throne.
- 2 Thy name in hallow'd strains be sung !  
We join the solemn praise,  
To thy great name with heart and tongue,  
Our cheerful homage raise.
- 3 Thy righteous, mild, and equal reign,  
Let ev'ry being own ;  
And in our minds, thy work divine,  
Erect thy gracious throne.
- 4 As angels round thy seat above,  
Thy blest commands fulfil ;  
So may thy creatures here below,  
Perform thy heav'nly will.
- 5 On thee we day by day depend ;  
Our daily wants supply ;  
And feed with truth and virtue pure,  
Our souls which never die.
- 6 Extend thy grace to ev'ry fault,  
And let thy love forgive ;  
Teach us divine forgiveness too,  
Nor let resentment live.
- 7 Where tempting snares beset the way,  
Permit us not to tread ;  
Avert the threat'ning evil near,  
From our unguarded head.

8 Thy sacred name we thus adore,  
 And bow before thy throne ;  
 For kingdom, pow'r and glory, Lord,  
 Belong to thee alone.

Liverpool COLLECTION

## HYMN LXVII. Common Metre. \*

The Universal Prayer.

- 1 FATHER of all ! whose cares extend  
 To earth's remotest shore ;  
 Through ev'ry age let praise ascend,  
 And ev'ry clime adore.
- 2 Yet not to earth's contracted span,  
 Thy goodness let me bound ;  
 Or think thee Lord alone of man,  
 When thousand worlds are round.
- 3 To thee, whose presence fills all space,  
 The earth, the air, the skies ;  
 One chorus let all beings raise,  
 All nature's incense rise !
- 4 Father of all ! whose tender care  
 Does ev'ry want supply ;  
 To thee I pour the fervent pray'r,  
 And raise the filial eye.
- 5 What blessings thy free bounty gives  
 Let me not cast away ;  
 Who gratefully enjoys and lives,  
 Does the best homage pay.
- 6 Save me alike from foolish pride,  
 Or impious discontent,  
 At aught thy wisdom has denied,  
 Or aught thy goodness lent.
- 7 Teach me to feel another's wo,  
 To hide the faults I see ;  
 That mercy I to others show,  
 That mercy show to me.

- 8 Let not this weak, unknowing hand  
     Presume thy bolts to throw,  
     And deal destruction round the land,  
     On each I judge thy foe.
- 9 If I am right, thy grace impart,  
     Still in the right to stay ;  
     If I am wrong, O teach my heart  
     To find that better way !
- 10 This day, be bread and peace my lot ;  
     But, all beneath the sun,  
     Thou know'st it best bestow'd or not ;  
     Then let thy will be done.

Altered from Pope.

HYMN LXVIII. *Common Metre.* \* or b  
     Prudence.

- 1 FATHER of light ! conduct my feet  
     Through life's dark, dang'rous road ;  
     Let each advancing step still bring  
     Me nearer to my God.
- 2 Let heav'n-ey'd prudence be my guide ;  
     And, when I go astray,  
     Recal my feet from folly's path,  
     To wisdom's better way.
- 3 Teach me in ev'ry various scene  
     To keep my end in sight ;  
     And whilst I tread life's mazy track,  
     Let wisdom guide me right.
- 4 That heav'nly wisdom from above  
     Abundantly impart ;  
     And let it guard, and guide, and warm,  
     And penetrate my heart :
- 5 Till it shall lead me to thyself,  
     Fountain of bliss and love ;

And all my darkness be dispers'd,  
In endless light above.

SMART.

HYMN LXIX. *Long Metre.*

#

Praise for Rain and fruitful Seasons.

- 1 FATHER of light ! we sing thy name,  
Who made the sun to rule the day ;  
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,  
His beams thy pow'r and love display.
- 2 Fountain of good ! from thee proceed  
The copious show'rs of genial rain ;  
Which, o'er the hill and through the mead  
Revive the grass and swell the grain.
- 3 Thro' the wide world thy bounties spread  
Yet thousands of our guilty race,  
Though by thy daily goodness fed,  
Trangress thy law, abuse thy grace.
- 4 Not so, shall our forgetful hearts  
O'erlook the tokens of thy care ;  
But, what thy lib'ral hand imparts,  
Receive with praise, and ask in pray'r.
- 5 So shall the sun more grateful shine,  
And show'rs in welcome drops shall fall,  
When all our hearts and lives are thine,  
And thou, our God, enjoy'd in all.
- 6 Jesus ! our brighter Sun, arise ;  
In plenteous show'rs, thy Spirit send ;  
Earth then shall grow to Paradise,  
And in celestial Eden end.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN LXX. *Long Metre.*

#

At the Ordination of a Minister.

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! in thy house  
We pay our homage and our vows ;

- Whilst with a grateful heart we share  
These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to heav'n he rose,  
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,  
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,  
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprang th' *Apostle's* honour'd name,  
Sacred beyond heroick fame ;  
Hence dictates the *prophetick* sage,  
And hence the *evangelick* page.
- 4 In lower forms to bless our eyes,  
*Pastors* from hence and *Teachers* rise ;  
Who, though with feebler rays they shine,  
Still mark a long extended line.
- 5 From Christ their varied gifts derive,  
And, fed by him, their graces live ;  
Whilst, guarded by his potent hand,  
Amidst the rage of hell they stand.
- 6 So shall the bright succession run  
Through all the courses of the sun ;  
Whilst unborn churches, by their care,  
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 7 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know  
The spring whence all these blessings flow ;  
Pastors and people shout his praise,  
Through the long round of endless days.

DODDRIDGE.

## HYMN LXXI. Common Metre. \*

The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Scriptures.

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! in thy word  
What endless glory shines !  
For ever be thy name ador'd,  
For these celestial lines.

- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want  
     Exhaustless riches find ;  
 Treasures beyond what earth can grant,  
     And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
     And yields a free repast ;  
 Sublimer fruits, than nature knows,  
     Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
     Spreads heav'nly peace around ;  
 And life and everlasting joys  
     Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heav'nly pages be  
     Our study and delight !  
 And still new beauties may we see,  
     And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine Instructor ! gracious Lord !  
     Be thou for ever near ;  
 Teach us to love thy sacred word,  
     And view our Saviour there.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN LXXII. *Common Metre. # or b*  
*Love to our Neighbour.*

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! send thy grace,  
     All pow'rful, from above,  
 To form, in our obedient souls,  
     The image of thy love.
- 2 O may our sympathizing breasts  
     That gen'rous pleasure know,  
 Kindly to share another's joy,  
     And weep for others' wo.
- 3 Whene'er the helpless sons of want  
     In low distress are laid,

Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,  
And swift our hands to aid.

- 4 So Jesus look'd on wretched man,  
When seated in the skies ;  
Amidst the glories of that world,  
He felt compassion rise.
- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,  
To raise us from the ground ;  
And shed his rich and precious blood,  
A balm for ev'ry wound.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN LXXIII. *Long Metre. \* or b*  
Humility.

- 1 FOLLY builds high upon the sand ;  
But lowly let my basis be ;  
Firm as a rock my hope shall stand,  
Deep founded in humility.
- 2 Content, when threat'ning ills obtrude,  
Sweet meek-ey'd patience, arm my soul ;  
And let a prudent fortitude  
Teach me my passions to control.
- 3 My God, I long to know thee still,  
To love and fear and trust thee more ;  
To live submissive to thy will,  
And whilst I feel thy grace, adore.
- 4 My faith and love, obedient be,  
O Saviour, to thy just commands !  
My ardent soul still follows thee,  
And trusts her int'rest in thy hands.
- 5 Let love and mercy all divine,  
Justice descending from the skies,  
Kindness and truth my heart incline  
Still to forgive my enemies.

**6** Thus may I act the christian part,  
The social, humane and divine ;  
Whilst a wise zeal inspires my heart,  
Then shall I know that heav'n is mine.

SMART.

HYMN LXXIV. *Common Metre.* \* or b  
**Abraham's Blessing extended to the Gentiles.**

- 1** GENTILES by nature, we belong  
To the wild olive wood ;  
Grace took us from the barren tree,  
And grafts us on the good.
- 2** With the same blessings, grace endows  
The Gentile as the Jew ;  
If pure and holy be the root,  
Such are the branches too.
- 3** Then let the children of the saints  
Be sanctify'd to God ;  
In that great covenant, confirm'd  
By water and by blood.
- 4** Thus to the parents, and their seed,  
Shall thy salvation come ;  
And num'rous households meet at last  
In one eternal home.

WATTS.

HYMN LXXV. *Long Metre.* \*  
**The Excellency of the Gospel.**

- 1** GOD, in the gospel of his Son,  
Makes his eternal counsels known ;  
And sinners of a humble frame  
May taste his grace, and learn his name.
- 2** Wisdom its dictates here imparts,  
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts ;  
Its influence makes the sinner live,  
It bids the drooping saint revive.

- 3 Our raging passions it controls,  
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;  
It guides us all our journey through,  
And brings a better world to view.
- 4 May this blest volume ever lie  
Close to my heart and near my eye ;  
To life's last hour, my soul employ,  
And fit me for the heav'nly joy.

BEDDOME.

HYMN LXXVI. *Common Metre. \* or b*

Sincerity and Hypocrisy.

- 1 God is a Spirit, just and wise,  
He sees our inmost mind ;  
In vain to heav'n we raise our eyes,  
And leave our hearts behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne  
With honour can appear ;  
The painted hypocrites are known,  
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted hands salute the skies,  
Their bended knees the ground ;  
But God abhors the sacrifice,  
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,  
And make my soul sincere ;  
Then shall I stand before thy face.  
And find acceptance there.

WATTS.

HYMN LXXVII. *Long Metre. \* or b*

Redeeming Time.

- 1 God of eternity ! from thee  
Did infant time its being draw ;  
Minutes and days and months and years  
Revolve by thy unvaried law.

- 2 Silent and slow they glide away ;  
 Steady and strong the current flows ;  
 Till lost in that unmeasur'd sea,  
 From which its being first arose.
- 3 The thoughtless sons of Adam's race  
 Upon the rapid stream 'are borne,  
 To that unseen, eternal home,  
 From which no travellers return.
- 4 Yet, whilst the shore, on either side,  
 Presents a gaudy, flatt'ring show,  
 We gaze, in fond amazement lost,  
 Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of wisdom, teach our hearts  
 To know the price of ev'ry hour ;  
 That time may bear us on to joys,  
 Beyond its measure and its pow'r.

Reformed Liturgy.

HYMN LXXVIII. *Long Metre.*

#

Gratitude for all Things.

- 1 God of my life, my thanks to thee  
 Shall, like my debts, continual be ;  
 In constant streams thy bounty flows,  
 Nor end, nor intermission knows.
- 2 From thee, my comforts all arise,  
 My num'rous wants thy hand supplies ;  
 Nor can I need or wish for more,  
 Than thou canst furnish from thy store.
- 3 If what I ask, my God denies,  
 It is because he's good and wise ;  
 And what for evils I mistake,  
 He can my greatest blessings make.
- 4 Deep, Lord, upon my thankful breast,  
 Let all thy goodness be impress'd :

Dispose me, each revolving day,  
For daily gifts my praise to pay.

- 5 In praise I'll spend my latest breath,  
Then yield it to the call of death ;  
In hope that thou my flesh wilt raise,  
To celebrate thy deathless praise.

BROWN, with addition.

HYMN LXXIX. Long Metre. \*

Unceasing Praise.

- 1 God of my life, through all its days  
My grateful tongue shall sound thy praise :  
The song shall wake with dawning light,  
And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,  
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,  
Thy tuneful praises, rais'd on high,  
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
And all the pow'rs of language fail,  
Joy through my feeble eyes shall break,  
And *mean* those thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But when the final conflict's o'er,  
My spirit chain'd to flesh no more,  
With what glad accents shall I rise  
To join the musick of the skies !
- 5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains,  
Which echo through the heav'nly plains ;  
And emulate, with joy unknown,  
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.
- 6 This cheerful tribute will I give,  
Long as a deathless soul can live ;  
A work so vast, a theme so high,  
Demands a whole eternity.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN LXXX. *Common Metre.* # or b

The Mysteries of Providence.

- 1** God moves in a mysterious way,  
His counsels to perform ;  
He marks his footsteps on the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2** Deep, in unfathomable mines  
Of never failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3** Let fearful saints fresh courage take ;  
The clouds, they so much dread,  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on their head.
- 4** Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace ;  
Behind a frowning Providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5** His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding ev'ry hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6** Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain ;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

COWPER.

HYMN LXXXI. *Common Metre.* # or b

Divine Providence, and the Folly of Self-Dependence,

- 1** God reigns ; events in order flow,  
Man's industry to guide ;  
But in a diff'rent channel go,  
To humble human pride.

- 2 The swift, not always, in the race,  
Shall win the crowning prize ;  
Not always wealth and honour grace  
The labours of the wise.
- 3 Fond mortals do themselves beguile,  
When on themselves they rest ;  
Blind is their wisdom, vain their toil,  
By thee, O Lord, unblest.
- 4 'Tis ours, the furrows to prepare,  
And sow the precious grain ;  
'Tis thine to give the sun and air,  
And to command the rain.
- 5 Evil and good before thee stand,  
Their mission to perform ;  
The sun shines bright at thy command ;  
Thy hand directs the storm.
- 6 In all thy ways, we humbly own  
Thy providential pow'r ;  
Entrusting to thy care alone  
The lot of ev'ry hour.

SCOTT.

HYMN LXXXII. *Long Metre.* \* or b  
The Fear of God.

- 1 GREAT Author of all nature's frame,  
Holy and rev'rend is thy name ;  
Thou, Lord of life, and Lord of death,  
Worlds rise and vanish at thy breath.
- 2 Nations, in thine all-seeing eye,  
Are less than nothing, vanity ;  
Against thee who shall lift his hand ?  
Before thy terrors who can stand ?
- 3 But blest are they, O gracious Lord,  
Who fear thy name, and hear thy word !  
With such thy dwelling is ; on those,  
Thy peace its joy divine bestows.

- 4 Thy wisdom guides, thy pow'r defends  
 Their life, till life its journey ends ;  
 Death shall convey them to thy seat,  
 Where all thy saints in glory meet.
- 5 O that my soul, with awful sense  
 Of thy transcendent excellence,  
 May close the day, the day begin,  
 Watchful against each darling sin !
- 6 Never, O never from my heart  
 May this great principle depart !  
 But act, with unabating pow'r,  
 Within me to my latest hour.

SCOTT

HYMN LXXXIII. *Long Metre.*

#

The Divine Goodness imitated.

- 1 GREAT Author of th' immortal mind,  
 For noblest thoughts and views design'd,  
 Make me desirous to express  
 The image of thy holiness.
- 2 Whilst I thy boundless love admire,  
 Grant me to catch the sacred fire ;  
 Thus shall my heav'nly birth be known,  
 And as thy child, thou wilt me own.
- 3 Father, I see thy sun arise,  
 To cheer thy friends and enemies ;  
 And when from heav'n thy rain descends,  
 Thy bounty both alike befriends.
- 4 Enlarge my soul with love like thine,  
 My mortal pow'rs by grace refine ;  
 So shall I feel another's wo,  
 And freely feed a hungry foe.
- 5 I hope for pardon through thy Son,  
 For all the crimes which I have done ;  
 Then may the grace that pardons me,  
 Constrain me to forgive like thee.

RIPON'S Collection.

HYMN LXXXIV. *Hallelujah Metre.*

## The House of Prayer.

**1** GREAT Father of mankind,  
We bless that wondrous grace,  
Which could for Gentiles find,  
Within thy courts, a place.

How kind the care  
Our God displays,  
For us to raise  
A house of pray'r !

**2** Once we were strangers here,  
But now approach the throne ;  
For Jesus brings us near,  
And makes our cause his own.

Strangers no more,  
To thee we come ;  
And find our home,  
And rest secure.

**3** To thee our souls we join,  
And love thy sacred name ;  
No more our own, but thine,  
We triumph in thy claim.

Our Father, King,  
Thy cov'nant grace  
Our souls embrace,  
Thy glories sing.

**4** Here in thy house we feast  
On dainties all divine ;  
And whilst such food we taste,  
With joy our faces shine.

Incense shall rise  
From flames of love,  
And God approve  
The sacrifice.

5 May all the nations throng,  
To worship in thy house ;  
Wilt thou attend the song,  
And hear their ardent vows ?

Indulgent still,  
Till earth conspire  
To join the choir,  
On Zion's hill.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN LXXXV. *Common Metre.*

#

Creation and Providence.

- 1 GREAT first of beings, mighty Lord  
Of all this wondrous frame !  
Produc'd by thy creating word,  
The world from nothing came.
- 2 Thy voice sent forth the high command,  
'Twas instantly obey'd ;  
And through thy goodness all things stand,  
Which by thy pow'r were made.
- 3 Thy glories shine throughout the whole,  
Each part reflects thy light ;  
By thee, in course, the planets roll,  
And day succeeds the night.
- 4 By thee, the sun dispenses heat,  
And beams of cheering day ;  
The distant stars in order set,  
By night, thy pow'r display.
- 5 By thee, the earth its produce yields ;  
By thee, the waters flow ;  
And various plants adorn the fields,  
And trees aspiring grow.
- 6 Inspir'd with praise, our minds pursue  
This wise and noble end ;  
And all we think, and all we do,  
Shall to thy honour tend.

HYMN LXXXVI. *Long Metre # or b*

Man changeable and God unchangeable.

**G**R E A T Former of this various frame,  
Our souls adore thine awful name ;  
We bow with rev'rence, when we praise  
The Ancient of eternal days.

Beyond the reach of angel's sight,  
Thou dwell'st in uncreated light ;  
It shines with undiminish'd ray,  
Whilst suns and stars shall pass away.

Our days a transient period run,  
And change with ev'ry circling sun ;  
E'en in the firmest state we boast,  
Thy hand can crush us to the dust.

But let all nature fall around ;  
Let death consign us to the ground ;  
Let the last gen'ral flame arise,  
Consume the earth, dissolve the skies ;

Calm as a summer evening, we  
Shall all the wreck of nature see ;  
Whilst grace secures us an abode,  
Unshaken as the throne of God.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN LXXXVII. *Long Metre. # or b*

The Sun of Righteousness.

**G**R E A T God, amidst the darksome night  
Thy glories dart upon my sight,  
Whilst wrapt in wonder I behold  
The silver moon and stars of gold.

2 But when I see the sun arise,  
And pour his glory round the skies,  
In more stupendous form I view  
Thy greatness and thy glory too.

- 3 Thou Sun of Righteousness, whose light  
O'erwhelms the highest angel's sight,  
How shall I glance my eye at thee,  
In all thy vast immensity !
- 4 Yet may I be allow'd to trace  
The distant shadow of thy face ;  
As in the pale reflecting moon  
We see the image of the sun.
- 5 In ev'ry work thy hands have made,  
Thy pow'r and wisdom are display'd ;  
But O ! what glories all divine,  
In my exalted Saviour shine !
- 6 May I enjoy, like those above,  
The gentle influence of his love ;  
Enable me my course to run,  
With the same vigour as the sun.

STENNET.

HYMN LXXXVIII. *Common Metre. # or b*  
The Spreading of the Gospel.

- 1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth  
Are by creation thine ;  
And in thy works, by all beheld,  
Thy pow'r and glory shine.
- 2 But thy compassion, Lord, has sent  
Thy gospel to mankind,  
Unveiling what rich stores of grace  
Are treasur'd in thy mind.
- 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread  
The spacious earth around,  
Till ev'ry tribe and ev'ry soul  
Shall hear the joyful sound ?
- 4 O when shall Afric's sable sons  
Enjoy the heav'nly word !  
And, long in slav'ry held, become  
The freemen of the Lord ?

- 5 When shall the savage wand'ring tribes,  
     A dark bewilder'd race,  
     Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,  
     And learn his saving grace ?
- 6 Haste, sov'reign mercy, and transform  
     Their cruelty to love :  
     Soften the tyger to a lamb,  
     The vulture to a dove.
- 7 Smile, Lord, on each sincere attempt  
     To spread the gospel's rays ;  
     And build in ev'ry heathen land  
     A temple to thy praise.

RIPON'S Collection.

## HYMN LXXXIX. Common Metre.

b

Trust in God.

- 1 GREAT Source of boundless pow'r and  
     Attend my mournful cry ; [grace !  
     In the dark hour of deep distress,  
     To thee alone I fly.
- 2 Thou art my strength, my life, my stay ;  
     Assist my feeble trust ;  
     Drive these distressing fears away,  
     And raise me from the dust.
- 3 Fain-would I call thy grace to mind,  
     And trust thy glorious name ;  
     Jehovah, pow'rful, wise, and kind,  
     For ever is the same.
- 4 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart  
     When earthly comforts die ;  
     Thy voice can bid my pains depart,  
     And raise my pleasures high.
- 5 Here let me rest, on thee depend,  
     My God, my hope, my all ;  
     Be thou my everlasting friend,  
     And I shall never fall.

SMART.

HYMN XC. *Long Metre.*

Praise for common Mercies.

- 1 **GREAT** Source of life, our souls confess  
The various riches of thy grace ;  
Crown'd with thy mercies, we rejoice,  
And in thy praise exalt our voice.
- 2 By thee heav'n's shining arch was spread ;  
By thee were earth's foundations laid ;  
All the delights of our abode  
Proclaim the wise, the pow'rful God.
- 3 Thy tender hand restores our breath,  
When trembling on the verge of death ;  
Gently it wipes away our tears,  
And lengthens life to future years.
- 4 These lives are sacred to the Lord,  
By thee upheld, by thee restor'd ;  
And whilst our hours renew their race,  
Still we would walk before thy face.
- 5 So, when our souls by thee are led  
Through unknown regions of the dead,  
With joy triumphant, they shall move  
To seats of nobler life above.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN XCI. *Long Metre.* # or b

Religion vain without Love.

- 1 **HAD** I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,  
And nobler speech than angels use,  
If love be absent, I am found,  
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspir'd to preach, and tell  
All that is done in heav'n and hell ;  
Or could my faith the world remove,  
Still I am nothing without love.

- 3 Should I distribute all my store,  
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor ;  
Or give my body to the flame,  
To gain a martyr's glorious name ;
- 4 If love to God, and love to men  
Be absent, all my hopes are vain ;  
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,  
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

WATTS.

HYMN XCII. *Common Metre.*

#

## The God of Nature.

- 1 HAIL, King supreme ! all wise and good !  
    To thee our thoughts we raise ;  
Whilst nature's lovely charms, display'd,  
    Inspire our souls with praise.
- 2 At morning, noon, and ev'ning mild,  
    Thy works engage our view ;  
And as we gaze, our hearts exult  
    With transports ever new.
- 3 Thy glory beams in ev'ry star  
    Which gilds the gloom of night ;  
And decks the rising face of morn  
    With rays of cheering light.
- 4 Th' aspiring hill, the verdant lawn,  
    With thousand beauties shine ;  
The vocal grove and cooling shade  
    Proclaim thy pow'r divine.
- 5 From tree to tree, a constant hymn  
    Employs the feather'd throng ;  
To thee their cheerful notes they swell,  
    And chant their grateful song.
- 6 Great nature's God ! still may these scenes  
    Our serious hours engage ;  
Still may our wond'ring eyes peruse  
    Thy works' instructive page.

HYMN XCIII. *Particular Metre.*

Praise to our Redeemer.

- 1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus !  
Thou didst free salvation bring ;  
By thy death thou didst release us  
From the tyrant's deadly sting.
- 2 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,  
Bearer of our sin and shame !  
By thy merits we find favour,  
Life is given through thy name.
- 3 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
All our sins on thee were laid ;  
Great High Priest by God anointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made !
- 4 Contrite sinners are forgiven,  
Through the virtue of thy blood :  
Open'd is the gate of heaven,  
Peace is made with man and God.
- 5 Jesus hail ! enthron'd in glory,  
There for ever to abide ;  
All the heav'ly hosts adore thee,  
Seated at thy Father's side.
- 6 There for sinners thou art pleading,  
There thou dost our place prepare ;  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in heaven we appear.
- 7 Glory, honour, pow'r and blessing,  
Thou art worthy to receive ;  
Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give.
- 8 Help, ye bright angelick spirits,  
Lend your loudest, noblest lays ;  
Join to sing our Saviour's merits,  
And to celebrate his praise.

HYMN XCIV. *Common Metre.* # or b

Early Religion.

- 1 HAPPY is he, whose early years  
Receive instruction well ;  
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears  
The road that leads to hell.
- 2 Our youth, devoted to the Lord,  
Is pleasing in his eyes ;  
A flow'r when offer'd in the bud  
Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 'Tis easier work, if we begin  
To fear the Lord betimes ;  
While sinners, who grow old in sin,  
Are harden'd in their crimes.
- 4 It saves us from a thousand fears,  
To mind religion young ;  
With joy it crowns succeeding years,  
And renders virtue strong.
- 5 To thee, Almighty God, to thee  
Our hearts we now resign ;  
'Twill please us to look back and see  
That our whole lives were thine.
- 6 We'll do thy work, we'll speak thy praise,  
Whilst we have life and breath ;  
Thus we're prepar'd for longer days,  
Or fit for early death.

WATTS.

HYMN XCV. *Long Metre.*

The Glory and Defence of the Church.

- 1 HAPPY the Church ! thou sacred place,  
The seat of thy Creator's grace !  
Thy holy courts are his abode,  
Thou earthly palace of our God.

- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates  
   A guard of heav'nly angels waits ;  
   Nor shall thy deep foundations move,  
   Built on the counsels of his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,  
   Against thy walls in vain they rage ;  
   Like rising waves, with anger roar,  
   That dash and die upon the shore.
- 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,  
   Nor fear the pow'r of earth or hell ;  
   Since God defends this happy ground,  
   Like brazen bulwarks built around.
- 5 God is our sun, God is our shield,  
   Light and protection he will yield ;  
   And we, beneath the genial rays,  
   Will sing his love, and speak his praise.

WATTS.

HYMN XCVI. *Common Metre.*

#

*Christian Moderation.*

- 1 HAPPY the man, whose cautious steps  
   Still keep the golden mean ;  
   Whose life, by wisdom's rules well form'd,  
   Declares a conscience clean.
- 2 Not of himself he highly thinks,  
   Nor acts the boaster's part ;  
   His modest tongue the language speaks,  
   Of his more humble heart.
- 3 Not in base scandal's arts he deals,  
   For truth is in his breast ;  
   With grief he sees his neighbour's faults,  
   And thinks and hopes the best.
- 4 What blessings bount'ous Heav'n bestows,  
   He takes with thankful heart ;  
   With temp'rance he receives his food,  
   And gives the poor a part.

- 5 To sect and party, his large soul  
     Disdains to be confin'd ;  
     The good he loves, of ev'ry name,  
     And prays for all mankind.
- 6 Pure is his zeal, the offspring fair  
     Of truth and peaceful love ;  
     The bigot's rage can never dwell  
     Where rests the heav'nly dove.

NEEDHAM.

HYMN XCVII. *Common Metre.*

\*

Love to God.

- 1 HAPPY the mind where graces reign,  
     And love inspires the breast ;  
     Love is the brightest of the train,  
     And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,  
     And all in vain our fear ;  
     Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
     If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet  
     In swift obedience move ;  
     Affliction's bitter cup is sweet,  
     When mix'd with heav'nly love.
- 4 Soon as we drop this mortal clay,  
     And leave this dark abode,  
     On wings of love we'll soar away,  
     To see our Father, God.
- 5 This is the grace that lives and sings,  
     When faith and hope shall cease ;  
     'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,  
     In realms of endless peace.

WATTS, varied.

HYMN XCIII. *Common Metre.*

\*

The Blessedness of departed Saints.

- 1 HARK ! from on high a solemn voice,  
    Let all attentive hear !  
    'Twill make each pious heart rejoice,  
    And vanquish every fear :
- 2 " Thrice blessed are the pious dead,  
    " Who in the Lord shall die ;  
    " Their weary flesh, as on a bed,  
    " Safe in the grave shall lie.
- 3 " Their holy souls, at length releas'd,  
    " To heav'n shall take their flight ;  
    " There to enjoy eternal rest,  
    " And infinite delight.
- 4 " They drop each load as they ascend,  
    " And quit this world of wo ;  
    " Their labours with their lives shall end ;  
    " Their rest, no period know.
- 5 " Their conflicts with their busy foes  
    " For ever more shall cease ;  
    " None shall their happiness oppose,  
    " Nor interrupt their peace.
- 6 " But bright rewards shall recompense  
    " Their faithful service here ;  
    " And perfect love shall banish thence  
    " Each gloomy doubt and fear."

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN XCIX. *Common Metre.*

b

A Funeral Thought

- 1 HARK ! from the tombs a mournful sound ;  
    My ears attend the cry :  
    " Ye living men, come view the ground,  
    " Where you must shortly lie.

- 2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
   " In spite of all your tow'rs ;  
   " The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,  
   " Must lie as low as ours."
- 3 Great God ! is this our certain doom ?  
   And are we still secure ?  
   Still walking downward to the tomb,  
   And yet prepare no more ?
- 4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,  
   To fit our souls to fly ;  
   Then, when we drop this dying flesh,  
   We'll rise above the sky.

WATTS.

HYMN C.      *Short Metre.*      # or b

## The Voice of Wisdom.

- 1 HARK ! it is Wisdom's voice  
   That spreads itself around ;  
   Come hither, all ye sons of earth,  
   And listen to the sound.
- 2 What, though she speaks rebukes,  
   That pierce the soul with smart ;  
   Yet love through all her chast'nings runs,  
   By pain to mend the heart :
- 3 "Ye who have wander'd long  
   " In sin's destructive ways ;  
   " Return, return, at my reproof,  
   " And seize the offer'd grace.
- 4 "I know your souls are weak,  
   " And all your efforts vain,  
   " To overcome your mighty foes,  
   " And break their iron chain.
- 5 "But, I will freely send  
   " My Spirit from above,

- “ To arm you with superior strength,  
   “ And melt your hearts to love.
- 6 “ Come, whilst my offers last,  
   “ Ye sinners, and be wise ;  
   “ He lives, who hears this friendly call,  
   “ But he that slighteth it, dies.”

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CI. *Common Metre.*

\*

## The Saviour's Commission.

- 1 HARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes !  
   The Saviour promis'd long ;  
   Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,  
   And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,  
   Exerts his sacred fire ;  
   Wisdom and pow'r, and zeal and love,  
   His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice,  
   To clear the mental sight ;  
   And on the eye-balls of the blind  
   To pour celestial light.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to heal,  
   The bleeding soul to cure ;  
   And with the treasures of his grace,  
   T' enrich the humble poor.
- 5 He comes, the pris'ners to release,  
   In Satan's bondage held ;  
   The gates of brass before him burst,  
   The iron fetters yield.
- 6 His silver trumpet loud proclaims  
   The Lord's accepted year ;  
   Our debts are all remitted now,  
   Our heritage is clear.

7 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
 And heav'n's eternal arches ring  
 With thy beloved name.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CH. *Common Metre.*

#

The Christian Warrior animated.

- 1 HARK ! 'tis our heav'nly Leader's voice,  
 From the bright realms above !  
 Amidst the war's tumultuous rage,  
 A voice of pow'r and love.
- 2 " Maintain the fight, my faithful band,  
 " Nor fear the mortal blow ;  
 " He that in such a warfare dics,  
 " Shall speedy vict'ry know.
- 3 " I have my days of combat known,  
 " And in the dust was laid ;  
 " But now I sit upon my throne,  
 " And glory crowns my head.
- 4 " This throne, this glory shall be yours,  
 " My hands the crown shall give ;  
 " And you the blest reward shall share,  
 " Whilst God himself shall live."
- 5 Lord, 'tis enough, our souls are fir'd  
 With courage and with love ;  
 Vain are th' assaults of earth and hell,  
 Our hopes are fix'd above.
- 6 We'll trace the footsteps thou hast trod,  
 To triumph and renown ;  
 Nor shun thy combat and thy cross,  
 May we but wear thy crown.

Altered from DODDRIDGE.

## HYMN CIII. Common Metre.

b

Walking in Darkness and trusting in God.

- 1 HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan,  
To thee I breathe my sighs ;  
When will the tedious night be gone,  
And when the dawn arise ?
- 2 My God ! O could I make the claim,  
My Father and my Friend—  
And call thee mine, by ev'ry name  
On which thy saints depend—
- 3 By ev'ry name of pow'r and love,  
I would thy grace entreat ;  
Nor should my humble hope remove,  
Nor leave thy sacred seat.
- 4 Yet though my soul in darkness mourns,  
Thy word is all my stay ;  
Here will I rest till night returns,  
Thy presence makes my day.
- 5 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace  
Relieve my aching heart ;  
Thy love can make my sorrow cease,  
And all the gloom depart.
- 6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,  
And bless thy healing rays ;  
And change these deep complaining sighs  
To songs of sacred praise.

Mrs. STEELE.

## HYMN CIV. Common Metre.

#

The Angels' Song at the Birth of Christ.

- 1 HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,  
And join th' angelick song ;  
For such a theme does less to them,  
Than to the saints, belong.

- 2 Good will is shown to sinful men,  
And peace on earth is giv'n ;  
For lo ! the promis'd Saviour comes,  
With messages from heav'n.
- 3 Mercy and truth, in sweet accord,  
His rising beams adorn ;  
Justice and peace in concert join,  
Now such a Child is born.
- 4 Glory to God ! in highest strains,  
In highest worlds be paid ;  
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,  
And by our lives display'd.
- 5 When shall we reach those happy realms,  
Where Christ exalted reigns,  
And learn of the celestial choir  
Their own immortal strains !

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CV. *Common Metre.*

#

The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

- 1 HOSANNA ! to the Prince of life,  
Who cloth'd himself in clay ;  
Enter'd the gloomy shades of death,  
And rose to endless day.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,  
Since our Immanuel rose ;  
He took the monster's sting away,  
And crush'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Conq'ror mounts aloft,  
And to his Father flies !  
With scars of honour in his flesh,  
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,  
A priest upon his throne ;  
And, to supply his place on earth,  
He sent his Spirit down.

5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,  
     To reach that blest abode ;  
 Let heav'n and earth with praise resound  
     To the immortal God.

Altered from WATTS.

HYMN CVI. *Common Metre.*

\*

*Preservation at Sea, and in foreign Countries.*

- 1 How are thy servants blest, O Lord !  
     How sure is their defence !  
 Eternal Wisdom is our guide,  
     Our help Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms and lands remote,  
     Supported by thy care,  
 Through burning climes we pass unhurt,  
     And breathe infected air.
- 3 Thy mercy sweetens ev'ry soil,  
     Makes ev'ry region please ;  
 The hoary frozen hills it warms,  
     And smooths the boist'rous seas.
- 4 Think, O my soul, devoutly think,  
     How, with affrighted eyes,  
 Thou saw'st the wide extended deep,  
     In all its horrors rise !
- 5 Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,  
     And fear in ev'ry heart,  
 When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs  
     O'ercame the pilot's art.
- 6 Yet then, from all my griefs, O Lord,  
     Thy mercy set me free ;  
 Whilst, in the confidence of pray'r,  
     My hope repos'd on thee.
- 7 The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,  
     Obedient to thy will ;  
 The sea that roar'd at thy command,  
     At thy command was still.

8 In midst of dangers and of death,  
 Thy goodness I'll adore ;  
 I'll praise thee for thy mercies past,  
 And humbly hope for more.

(Supposed) ADDISON.

HYMN CVII.      *Short Metre.*

#

Blessings of the Gospel.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet,  
 Who stand on Zion's hill ;  
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
 And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice !  
 How glad the tidings are !  
 Zion, behold thy Saviour King,  
 He reigns and triumphs here !
- 3 How happy are our ears,  
 That hear this joyful sound,  
 Which kings and prophets waited for,  
 And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,  
 That see this heav'nly light !  
 Prophets and kings desir'd it long,  
 But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
 And tuneful notes employ ;  
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
 And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm,  
 Through all the earth abroad ;  
 Let ev'ry nation now behold  
 Their Saviour and their God.

WATTS.

HYMN CVIII. *Short Metre.* # or b

Fatherly Discipline received with Meekness.

- 1 How gracious and how wise  
Is our chastizing God !  
How rich the blossoms and the fruit  
Of his correcting rod !
- 2 He takes it in his hand,  
With pity in his heart ;  
That ev'ry stroke his children feel  
May grace and peace impart.
- 3 Instructed thus, we bow,  
And own thy sov'reign sway ;  
We turn our erring footsteps back  
To thy forsaken way.
- 4 Thy promis'd love we seek,  
And strengthen all the bands,  
Which closer still engage our hearts  
To honour thy commands.
- 5 Our Father, we consent  
To discipline divine ;  
And bless the pains, which make our soul  
Still more completely thine.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CIX. *Common Metre.* \*

The Song of Moses and the Lamb.

- 1 How great thy works, Almighty God !  
Who shall not fear thy name !  
How just and true are all thy ways,  
Thou Son of God, the Lamb !
- 2 More hast thou done than Moses did,  
Our prophet, priest and king ;  
From sin thou hast redeem'd our souls,  
And from death's pois'nous sting.

- 3 In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,  
   Th' Egyptian host was drown'd ;  
 But, in thy blood, our souls are cleans'd,  
   And guilt no more is found.
- 4 When through the desert Israel went,  
   With manna they were fed ;  
 But thou hast giv'n thy flesh to eat,  
   And call'd it living bread.
- 5 Moses beheld the promis'd land,  
   Yet never reach'd the place ;  
 But thou shalt bring thy foll'wers home,  
   To see thy Father's face.
- 6 Thy lofty praise, O King of saints,  
   Shall ev'ry nation sing ;  
 To thee shall Jew and Gentile race  
   Their humble off'rings bring.
- 7 No parting wall shall intervene ;  
   But, with united soul,  
 Their voice shall join in songs of praise,  
   Whilst endless ages roll.

WATTS altered.

HYMN CX. *Common Metre.*

#

## The Safety of the Church.

- 1 How honourable is the place  
   Where we adoring stand !  
 Zion, the glory of the earth,  
   And beauty of the land !
- 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend  
   The city where we dwell !  
 The walls, of strong salvation made,  
   Defy th' assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,  
   The doors wide open fling ;

Enter, ye nations, who obey  
The statutes of our King.

- 4 Here shall you taste unmixed joys,  
And live in perfect peace ;  
You, who have known Jehovah's name,  
And tasted of his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,  
And banish all your fears ;  
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,  
Eternal as his years.

WATTS.

HYMN CXI. *Common Metre.*

The Blessings of Abraham.

- 1 How large the promise, how divine,  
To Abrah'm and his seed !  
“ I'll be a God to thee and thine,  
“ Supplying all their need.”
- 2 The words of thy extensive love  
From age to age endure ;  
The Angel of th' cov'nant proves  
And seals the blessings sure.
- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,  
To our great fathers giv'n ;  
He takes young children in his arms,  
And calls them heirs of heav'n.
- 4 Our God ! how faithful are his ways !  
His love endures the same ;  
Nor from the promise of his grace,  
Blots out the children's name.

WATTS.

HYMN CXII. *Common Metre.*

The Resurrection.

- 1 How long shall death the tyrant reign,  
And triumph o'er the just !

- Whilst the rich blood of martyrs slain,  
Lies mingled with the dust !
- 2 Let faith arise and climb the hills,  
The Saviour to descry ;  
To view his distant chariot wheels,  
And tell how fast they fly.
- 3 Lo, faith beholds the scatter'd shades !  
The dawn of heav'n appears !  
And the bright morning gently spreads  
Its blushes round the spheres.
- 4 Faith sees the Lord of glory come,  
His flaming guards around !  
The skies divide to make him room,  
His trumpet shakes the ground.
- 5 She hears the voice, " Ye dead, arise !"  
She sees the graves obey !  
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,  
Salute th' expected day.
- 6 They leave the dust, and on the wing  
Surmount the yielding air ;  
In shining garments meet their King,  
And bow before him there.
- 7 O may we then among them stand,  
Cloth'd in celestial white !  
The meanest place at his right hand  
Gives infinite delight.

WATTS.

HYMN CXIII. *Common Metre.*    # or b  
Pardoning Mercy.

- 1 How oft, alas ! this wretched heart  
Has wander'd from the Lord !  
How oft my erring thoughts depart,  
Forgetful of thy word !

- 2 Yet sov'reign Mercy cries, "Return;"  
     Lord, at thy call, I come ;  
     My vile ingratitude I mourn ;  
     O take the wand'rer home !
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,  
     And all my crimes remove ?  
     And shall a pardon'd rebel live,  
     To speak thy wondrous love ?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing pow'r,  
     How glorious ! how divine !  
     That can to life and bliss restore  
     So vile a heart as mine !
- 5 Thy pard'ning love, for ever free,  
     With rapture I adore ;  
     Lord, I devote myself to thee,  
     And long to love thee more.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN CXIV. *Long Metre.*

#

## The Gospel Feast.

- 1 How rich are thy provisions, Lord !  
     Thy table furnish'd from above ;  
     The fruits of life o'erspread the board ;  
     The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.
- 2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,  
     Were first invited to the feast ;  
     We humbly take what they refuse,  
     And Gentiles thy salvation taste.
- 3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,  
     And help was far and death was nigh ;  
     Yet, at the gospel call, we came,  
     And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.
- 4 From the high way that leads to hell,  
     From paths of darkness and despair,

Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,  
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.

- 5 What shall we pay our heav'nly Friend,  
Who left the sky, his blest abode,  
And did to this low earth descend,  
To bring us, wand'lers, back to God ?
- 6 Our everlasting love is due  
To Him, who pitied sinners lost ;  
And paid our ransom, when he knew  
His precious life must be the cost.

WATTS.

HYMN CXV. *Common Metre.*

#

Rich Treasure in earthen Vessels.

- 1 How rich thy bounty, King of kings !  
Thy favours, how divine !  
The blessings which thy gospel brings,  
How splendidly they shine !
- 2 Gold is but dross, and gems but toys ;  
Should gold and gems compare,  
How mean ! when set against those joys  
Thy poorest servants share !
- 3 Yet all these treasures of thy grace  
Are lodg'd in urns of clay,  
And the weak sons of mortal race  
Th' immortal gifts convey.
- 4 Feebly they lisp thy glories forth,  
Yet grace the vict'ry gives ;  
Quickly they moulder back to earth,  
Yet still the gospel lives.
- 5 Such wonders pow'r divine effects ;  
Such trophies God can raise ;  
His hand from crumbling dust erects  
His monuments of praise.

Salisbury Collection.

HYMN CXVI. *Common Metre.*

b

The Frailty and Folly of Man.

- 1 How short and hasty is our life !  
How vast our souls' affairs !  
Yet foolish mortals vainly strive  
To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,  
Without a moment's stay ;  
Just like a story or a song,  
We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home,  
But we march heedless on ;  
And, ever hast'ning to the tomb,  
Stoop downward as we run.
- 4 Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace,  
And lift our thoughts on high ;  
That we may end this mortal race,  
And see salvation nigh.

WATTS.

HYMN CXVII. *Common Metre.* # or b

God's Justice and Power. Job ix. 2, 10.

- 1 How should the sons of Adam's race  
Be just before their God !  
If he contend in righteousness,  
We fall beneath his rod.
- 2 To vindicate my words and thoughts,  
I'll make no vain pretence ;  
Not one of all my num'rous faults  
Can bear a just defence.
- 3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise ;  
What vain presurers dare  
Against their Maker's pow'r to rise,  
And impious war declare !

- 4 Mountains, by his almighty wrath,  
From their old seats are torn ;  
He shakes the pillars of the earth,  
And all the nations mourn.
- 5 Through the wide air, the mighty rocks  
Are swift as hail-stones thrown ;  
Whilst Etna pours, with horrid shocks,  
Her melted entrails down.
- 6 He bids the sun forbear to rise,  
The obedient sun forbears ;  
His hand with darkness spreads the skies,  
And seals up all the stars.
- 7 He walks upon the stormy sea,  
And rides upon the wind ;  
No flesh can trace his wondrous way,  
Nor his dark footsteps find.
- 8 Yet, mighty God, thy sov'reign grace  
Sits regent on the throne,  
The refuge of thy chosen race,  
When wrath comes rushing down.

WATTS, with variation.

HYMN CXVIII. *Common Metre. \* or b*

## The Gospel Feast.

- 1 How sweet and awful is the place,  
With Christ within the doors ;  
Here everlasting love displays  
The choicest of her stores !
- 2 Whilst all our hearts and all our songs  
Join to admire the feast ;  
Each of us say, with thankful tongues,  
“ Lord, why was I a guest ? ”
- 3 “ Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
“ And enter whilst there’s room,  
“ When thousands make a wretched choice,  
“ And rather starve than come ? ”

- 4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,  
Which gently drew us in ;  
Or we had still refus'd to taste,  
And perish'd in our sin.
- 5 Pity the nations, O our Lord !  
Compel the Jews to come ;  
Send thy victorious word abroad,  
And bring thy people home.
- 6 We long to see thy churches full,  
That all the chosen race  
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,  
Sing thy redeeming grace.

WATTS.

HYMN CXIX. *Particular Metre.*

\*

## The Beauties of the Spring.

- 1 How sweetly along the gay mead  
The daisies and cowslips are seen ;  
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,  
Rejoice in the beautiful green !
- 2 The vines that encircle the bow'rs,  
The herbage that springs from the sod,  
Trees, plants, cooling fruits and sweet flow'r  
All rise to the praise of my God.
- 3 Shall man, the great master of all,  
The only insensible prove ?  
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,  
Forbid it, devotion and love.
- 4 The Lord, who such wonders can raise,  
And still can destroy with a nod,  
My lips shall incessantly praise,  
My soul shall rejoice in my God.

HYMN CXX: *Long Metre.*

\* or b

Justice.

- 1 IF high or low our station be,  
Of noble or ignoble name,  
By uncorrupt integrity,  
Thy blessing, Lord, we humbly claim.
- 2 The upright man no want shall fear ;  
Thy providence shall be his trust ;  
Thou wilt provide his portion here,  
Thou friend and guardian of the just.
- 3 May we, with most sincere delight,  
To all, the test of duty pay ;  
Tender of ev'ry social right,  
Obedient to thy righteous sway.
- 4 Such virtue thou wilt not forget,  
In that blest world, where virtue shares  
A fit reward ; though not of debt,  
But what thy boundless grace prepares.

Reformed Liturgy.

HYMN CXXI. *Short Metre.*

b

Compassion and Forgiveness.

- 1 I HEAR the voice of wo !  
I hear a brother's sigh !  
Then let my heart with pity flow,  
With tears of love, mine eye.
- 2 I hear the thirsty cry !  
The hungry beg for bread !  
Then let my spring its stream supply,  
My hand its bounty shed.
- 3 The debtor humbly sues,  
Who would, but cannot pay ;  
And shall I lenity refuse,  
Who need it ev'ry day ?

- 4 Shall not my wrath relent,  
     Touch'd by that humble strain,  
     My brother crying, " I repent,  
         " Nor will offend again ?"
- 5 If not, how shall I dare  
     Appear before thy face,  
     Great God ! and how present the pray'r  
         For thy forgiving grace ?
- 6 They, who forgive, shall find  
     Remission, in that day,  
     When all the merciful and kind  
         Thy pity shall repay.
- 7 But all, who here below  
     Mercy refuse to grant,  
     Shall judgment without mercy know,  
         When mercy most they want.

ENFIELD.

## HYMN CXXII. Common Metre.

\*

Not ashamed of the Gospel.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,  
     Or to defend his cause ;  
     Maintain the honour of his word,  
         The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God, I know his name,  
     His name is all my trust ;  
     Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
         Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne, his promise stands,  
     And he can well secure  
     What I've committed to his hands,  
         Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name  
     Before his Father's face ;

And in the New Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

WATTS.

HYMN CXXIII. *Short Metre.* \* or b

The Love of Truth.

- 1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,  
And dreads the curious eye ;  
But Christian truths the test invite,  
They bid us search and try.
- 2 A meek inquiring mind,  
Lord, help us to maintain ;  
That growing knowledge we may find,  
And growing virtue gain.
- 3 With understanding blest,  
Created to be free,  
Our faith on man we dare not rest,  
Subject to none but thee.
- 4 Give us the light we need,  
Our minds with knowledge fill ;  
From noxious error guard our creed,  
From prejudice, our will.
- 5 The truth thou shalt impart,  
May we with firmness own ;  
Abhorring each evasive art,  
And fearing thee alone.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CXXIV. *Common Metre.*

\*

A Song of Praise.

- 1 INDULGENT Father, how divine,  
How bright thy glories are !  
Through nature's ample round they shine,  
Thy goodness to declare.

- 2 But, in the nobler work of grace,  
   What winning mercy smiles  
   In my divine Redeemer's face,  
   And ev'ry fear beguiles.
- 3 Such wonders, Lord, while I survey,  
   To thee, my thanks shall rise,  
   When morning ushers in the day,  
   Or ev'ning veils the skies.
- 4 When glimm'ring life resigns its flame,  
   Thy praise shall tune my breath ;  
   The sweet remembrance of thy name  
   Shall gild the shades of death.
- 5 But O, how blest my song shall rise,  
   When freed from feeble clay ;  
   And all thy glories meet mine eyes,  
   In one eternal day !
- 6 Not seraphs, who resound thy name,  
   Through the ethereal plains,  
   Shall glow with a diviner flame,  
   Or raise sublimer strains.

SOWDEN.

HYMN CXXV. *Common Metre.*

#

## An Evening Hymn.

- 1 INDULGENT God, whose bounteous care  
   O'er all thy works is shown,  
   O let my grateful praise and pray'r  
   Arise before thy throne !
- 2 What mercies has this day bestow'd !  
   How largely hast thou blest !  
   My cup with plenty overflow'd,  
   With cheerfulness my breast.
- 3 Now may soft slumbers close my eyes,  
   From pain and sickness free ;

And let my waking thoughts arise,  
To meditate on thee.

4 Thus bless each future day and night,  
Till life's vain scene is o'er ;  
And then, to realms of endless light,  
O let my spirit soar !

LIVERPOOL Collection.

HYMN CXXVI. Common Metre.

b

Looking to Him whom we have pierced.

1 INFINITE grief ! amazing wo !

Behold our bleeding Lord !

Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,  
And us'd the Roman sword.

2 O, the sharp pangs of pain and grief,  
That our Redeemer bore !

When scourging whips and pointed thorns  
His sacred body tore !

3 But scourging whips and pointed thorns  
In vain do we accuse ;

In vain we blame the Roman bands,  
And the more spiteful Jews :

Our sins, alas ! our cruel sins,  
His chief tormentors were ;

Each of our crimes became a nail,  
And unbelief the spear.

Strike, mighty grace, our flinty souls,  
Till melting waters flow ;

And deep contrition drown our eyes,  
In undissembled wo.

WATTS.

But flowing tears cannot suffice,  
To make repentance sure ;

Then let our hearts be purify'd,  
As Christ the Lord is pure.

(Added.)

HYMN CXXVII. *Short Metre.* \* or b  
Baptism by Immersion.

- 1 IN such a grave as this,  
The meek Redeemer lay,  
When he, our souls to seek and save,  
Learn'd humbly to obey.
- 2 See, how the spotless Lamb  
Descends into the stream,  
And teaches us to imitate  
What him so well became !
- 3 Let sinners wash away  
Their sins of crimson die ;  
Buried with him, their vilest sins  
Shall in oblivion lie.
- 4 Rise, and ascend with him,  
A heav'nly life to lead ;  
Who came to ransom guilty men  
From regions of the dead.
- 5 Lord, see the sinner's tears !  
Hear his repenting cry !  
Speak, and his contrite heart shall live ;  
Speak, and his sins shall die.
- 6 Speak with that mighty voice,  
Which shall hereafter spread  
Its summons through the earth and sea,  
To raise the sleeping dead.

STENNET.

HYMN CXXVIII. *Common Metre.* \* or b  
God our Portion. Psalm iv. 6, 7.

- 1 IN vain the erring world inquires  
For true substantial good ;  
Whilst earth confines their low desires,  
They live on airy food.

- 2 Illusive dreams of happiness  
 Their eager thoughts employ ;  
 They wake, convinc'd their boasted bliss  
 Was visionary joy.
- 3 Not all the good, which earth bestows,  
 Can fill the craving mind ;  
 Its highest joys have mingled woes,  
 And leave a sting behind.
- 4 Begone, ye gilded vanities !  
 I seek some solid good ;  
 To real bliss my wishes rise,  
 The favour of my God.
- 5 To thee, my God, my soul aspires ;  
 Dispel these shades of night ;  
 Enlarge and fill these vast desires  
 With infinite delight.
- 6 Immortal joy thy smiles impart,  
 Heav'n dawns in ev'ry ray ;  
 One glimpse of thee will glad my heart,  
 And turn my night to day.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CXXIX. *Common Metre. \* or b*

The Covenant of Grace.

- 1 In vain we lavish out our lives,  
 To gather empty wind ;  
 The choicest blessings earth can yield  
 Will starve a hungry mind.
- 2 But God can ev'ry want supply,  
 And fill our hearts with peace ;  
 He gives by cov'nant and by oath  
 The riches of his grace.

- 3 Pardon he speaks to contrite souls ;  
 " This is the joyful sound,  
 " Your sins shall sink beneath the sea,  
 " And shall no more be found :
- 4 " And lest pollution should o'erspread  
 " Your inward pow'rs again,  
 " My Spirit shall bedew your souls,  
 " Like purifying rain.
- 5 " Your stony hearts I'll take away,  
 " That will not be refin'd ;  
 " And put within you tender hearts,  
 " To my blest will inclin'd.
- 6 " On them my Spirit shall engrave  
 " The precepts of my law ;  
 " And by the gentle cords of love  
 " Your willing souls shall draw."
- 7 Lord, we receive thy pard'ning grace,  
 We yield to thy commands ;  
 Thou art our God, and we are thine,  
 In everlasting bands.

WATTS, with variation and addition.

HYMN CXXX. *Long Metre.* # or b  
 Christ the Way to God.

- 1 In vain would boasting reason find  
 The way to happiness and God ;  
 Her weak directions leave the mind  
 Bewilder'd in a doubtful road.
- 2 Jesus, no other name but thine  
 Is giv'n by everlasting love,  
 To lead our souls to joys divine ;  
 No other name will God approve.
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart ;  
 On these, my fainting spirit lives ;

- Diviner comforts cheer my heart  
Than all the pow'r of nature gives.
- 4 To whom but thee shall mortals go,  
To find the true and living way,  
That leads us through this world of wo  
To the bright realms of endless day ?
- 5 Here let my constant feet abide,  
Nor from the heav'nly way depart ;  
Let thy good Spirit be my guide,  
Direct my steps, and rule my heart.
- 6 In thee, my great almighty Friend,  
My safety dwells, and peace divine ;  
On thee alone my hopes depend,  
For life, eternal life, is thine.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN CXXXI. *Long Metre.*

#

The Blessing of the Gospel.

- 1 In various forms, to saints of old,  
God did his mind and will unfold ;  
But Christ, commission'd from above,  
Hath now reveal'd his grace and love.
- 2 We read the volume of thy word,  
That book of life, that true record ;  
The bright inheritance of heav'n  
Is by this sure conveyance giv'n.
- 3 His kindest thoughts are here exprest,  
Able to make us wise and blest ;  
His doctrines are divinely true,  
Fit for reproof and comfort too.
- 4 We render thanks to God above,  
For his rich grace and boundless love ;  
Let all mankind receive his word,  
And ev'ry nation bless the Lord.

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN CXXXII. *Common Metre.*

#

Praise for Creation and Providence.

- 1** I sinc the mighty pow'r of God,  
That made the mountains rise ;  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.
- 2** I sing the Wisdom that ordain'd  
The sun to rule the day ;  
The moon shines full at his command,  
And all the stars obey.
- 3** I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That fill'd the earth with food :  
He form'd the creatures by his word,  
And then pronounc'd them good.
- 4** Lord, how thy wonders are display'd  
Where'er I turn mine eye !  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky !
- 5** There's not a plant or flow'r below  
But makes thy glories known ;  
The clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
By order from thy throne.
- 6** Creatures, as num'rous as they be,  
Are subject to thy care ;  
There's not a place where we can flee,  
But God is present there.

WATTS.

HYMN CXXXIII. *Common Metre.*

#

Christ precious in Life and Death.

- 1** JESUS, I love thy glorious name ;  
'Tis musick to my ear ;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud  
That heav'n and earth might hear.

- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
My treasure and my trust ;  
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish,  
In thee doth richly meet ;  
Not to my eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,  
And sheds its fragrance there ;  
The richest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name,  
With my last lab'ring breath ;  
Then, speechless, give my soul to thee,  
The antidote of death.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CXXXIV. *Long Metre. \* or b*  
The Memorial of our absent Lord.

- 1 JESUS is gone above the sky,  
Where our weak senses reach him not ;  
And carnal objects court our eye  
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,  
How weak our faith and hope might prove ;  
And, to refresh our minds, he gave  
This kind memorial of his love.
- 3 The Lord of life this table spread,  
With his own flesh and dying blood ;  
We on the rich provision feed,  
And taste the wine, and bless our God.
- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,  
And earth grow less in our esteem ;

Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,  
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5 Whilst he is absent from our sight,  
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,  
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,  
And live for ever near his face.

WATTS.

HYMN CXXXV. *Common Metre. # or b*

Relieving Christ in his Saints.

- 1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace !  
Thy bounties, how complete !  
How shall I count the matchless sum ?  
How pay the mighty debt ?
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light  
Dost thou exalted shine ;  
What can my poverty bestow,  
When all the world is thine ?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,  
Partakers of thy grace ;  
And wilt confess their humble names  
Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,  
And visited and cheer'd ;  
And, in their accents of distress,  
My Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face, with rev'rence and with love,  
I in thy poor would see ;  
Lord, I would rather beg my bread,  
Than hold it back from thee.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CXXXVI. *Common Metre.*

Redemption.

- 1 JESUS, th' eternal Son of God,  
Whom heav'nly pow'rs obey,  
The bosom of his Father left,  
And enter'd human clay.
- 2 Into our sinful world he came,  
The messenger of grace ;  
And on the cursed tree expir'd,  
A victim in our place.
- 3 Transgressors of the deepest stain,  
In him salvation find ;  
His blood removes the foulest guilt ;  
His Spirit heals the mind.
- 4 Our Jesus saves from sin and death,  
His promises are sure ;  
And on this Rock our souls may rest,  
Immoveably secure.
- 5 O let these tidings be receiv'd  
With universal joy !  
And let the high angelick praise  
Our tuneful pow'rs employ.
- 6 Glory to God, who gave his Son,  
To bear our shame and pain ;  
Hence peace on earth, and grace to man,  
Through all succession reign.

GIBBONS.

HYMN CXXXVII. *Long Metre.*

The Union of Christ and his Church.

JESUS, thou everlasting King,  
Accept the tribute which we bring ;  
Accept the well deserv'd renown,  
And wear our praises as thy crown.

- 2 Let ev'ry act of homage be  
 Like our espousals, Lord, to thee ;  
 Like the blest hour, when from above  
 We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,  
 Our hearts would wish it long to stay ;  
 Let not our faith forsake its hold,  
 Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.
- 4 May ev'ry minute, as it flies,  
 Increase thy praise, improve our joys ;  
 Till we are rais'd to sing thy name,  
 At the great supper of the Lamb.

WATTS.

HYMN CXXXVIII. *Common Metre. # or b*

The compassionate Call of Christ. Matt. xxiii. 37, 38.

- 1 JESUS, the friend of sinners, calls,  
 With pity in his eyes ;  
 And warns them of the dang'rous foes  
 That all around them rise :
- 2 " Fly to the refuge of my arms,  
   " And dwell secure from fear ;  
   " No enemy shall pluck you hence,  
   " No weapon wound you here."
- 3 With anxious heart, the parent bird  
 Thus calls her offspring round ;  
 When furious vultures beat the air,  
 And slaughter stains the ground:
- 4 The trembling brood, by nature taught,  
 Fly to the known retreat ;  
 Beneath her downy wings are safe,  
 And find the shelter sweet.
- 5 Shall men, alas ! more thoughtless men,  
 Refuse to lend an ear ?

Their only refuge madly shun,  
And rather die than hear ?

- 6 No, let us take the offer'd grace,  
Lest we his wrath inflame ;  
For blest are they who put their trust  
In his almighty name.

Altered from DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CXXXIX. *Common Metre.* \* or b

Christ the Head of his Church.

- 1 JESUS, we sing thy matchless grace,  
That calls such worms thy own ;  
Gives us among thy saints a place,  
And brings us near thy throne.
- 2 When join'd to thee, our vital head,  
Our virtues grow and thrive ;  
From thee divided, each is dead,  
Though it may seem alive.
- 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,  
All join in sweet accord ;  
The body one, in mutual love,  
And thou our common Lord.
- 4 O may our humble faith receive  
Thy Spirit with delight !  
Then time and death in vain shall strive  
The bond to disunite.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CXL. *Hallelujah Metre.* \*

The Offices and Names of Christ.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom and of pow'r,  
That ever mortals knew,  
That ever angels bore ;

All are too mean      To speak his worth,  
 Or set Immanuel's      Glory forth.

- 2 Great *Prophet* of our God,  
 Our souls would bless thy name ;  
 By thee, the joyful news  
 Of our salvation came :  
 The joyful news      Of sins forgiv'n,  
 Of hell subdu'd,      And peace with Heav'n.
- 3 Jesus, our great *High-Priest*,  
 Hath shed his blood, and died ;  
 Our guilty conscience seeks  
 No sacrifice beside.  
 His precious blood      Did once atone,  
 And now he pleads      Before the throne.
- 4 Our great almighty *Lord*,  
 Our *Saviour* and our *King*,  
 Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
 Thy reigning grace we sing.  
 Thine is the pow'r,      Behold we sit,  
 Thy willing captives,      At thy feet.
- 5 We hear our *Shepherd's* voice,  
 His watchful eyes shall keep  
 Our wand'ring souls among  
 Ten thousands of his sheep.  
 He feeds his flock,      He knows their names ;  
 His bosom bears      The tender lambs.
- 6 Should the proud host of death,  
 And pow'rs of hell unknown,  
 Put their most dreadful forms  
 Of rage and malice on,  
 We shall be safe,      For Christ displays  
 Superior pow'r,      And guardian grace.

HYMN CXLI. *Common Metre. # or b*  
 Divine Counsels.

KEEP silence, all created things,  
 And wait your Maker's nod !

My soul stands trembling, whilst she sings  
 The honours of her God.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,  
 Hang on his firm decree ;

He sits on no precarious throne,  
 Nor borrows leave to be.

Before his throne, a volume lies,  
 With all the fates of men ;

With ev'ry angel's form and size,  
 Drawn by th' eternal pen.

His providence unfolds the book,  
 And makes his counsels shine ;

Each op'ning leaf, and ev'ry stroke,  
 Fulfils some kind design.

Here he exalts neglected worms  
 To sceptres and a crown ;

And then the foll'wing page he turns,  
 And treads the monarch down.

No creature asks the reason why,  
 Nor God the reason gives ;

No fav'rite angel dares to pry  
 Between the folded leaves..

My God, I would not wish to see  
 My fate with curious eyes ;

What gloomy lines are writ for me,  
 Or what bright scenes may rise :

In thy fair book of life and grace,  
 May I but find my name,

Recorded, in some humble place,  
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

WATTS.

HYMN CXLII. *Common Metre.*

b

The Scriptures.

- 1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,  
I come to thee, my Lord ;  
For not a ray of hope appears  
But in thy holy word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace  
Does all my grief assuage ;  
There I behold my Saviour's face  
In ev'ry sacred page.
- 3 This is the field where hidden lies  
The pearl of price unknown ;  
Then blest is he who wisely tries  
To make that pearl his own.
- 4 Here living water gently flows,  
To wash me from my sin ;  
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
Nor danger dwells therein.
- 5 This is the judge that ends the strife,  
Where sense and reason fail ;  
My guide to everlasting life,  
Through all this gloomy vale.
- 6 May thy wise counsels, O my God,  
These roving feet command,  
Lest I forsake the happy road  
That leads to thy right hand.

WATTS, varied.

## HYMN CXLIII. Common Metre. \* or b

In a Thunder Storm.

LET coward guilt, with pallid fear,  
To shelt'ring caverns fly,  
And justly dread the vengeful fate,  
Which thunders through the sky :

Protected by that Hand, whose law  
The threat'ning storms obey,  
Intrepid virtue smiles secure,  
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,  
The lightning's horrid glare,  
It views the same all-gracious Pow'r  
Which breathes the vernal air.

Through nature's ever varying scene,  
By diff'rent ways pursu'd,  
The one eternal end of Heav'n  
Is universal good :

With like beneficent effect,  
O'er flaming ether glows,  
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,  
And blushes in the rose.

When through creation's vast expanse,  
The last dread thunders roll,  
Untune the concord of the spheres,  
And shake the guilty soul :

Unmov'd, may we the final storm  
Of jarring worlds survey,  
That ushers in the tranquil morn  
Of everlasting day.

## HYMN CXLIV. Common Metre. \*

## The Gospel Invitation.

- 1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,  
And ev'ry heart rejoice ;  
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,  
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,  
Who feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill th' immortal mind—
- 3 Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd  
A soul reviving feast ;  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die ;  
Here you may quench your raging thirst  
With streams that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here  
In a rich ocean join ;  
Salvation in abundance flows,  
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 O Lord, the treasures of thy love  
Are deep, unfathom'd mines ;  
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,  
And boundless as our sins.
- 7 The happy gates of gospel grace  
Stand open night and day ;  
We humbly seek that rich supply  
That drives our wants away.

HYMN CXLV. *Long Metre.* \* or b  
True Charity.

- 1 LET men of high conceit and zeal  
Their fervours and their faith proclaim ;  
If charity be wanting still,  
The rest is but a sounding name.
- 2 Patient and meek, she suffers long,  
And slowly her resentments rise ;  
Soon she forgets the greatest wrong,  
And soon the angry passion dies.
- 3 She envies none their better state,  
But makes her neighbour's bliss her own ;  
Nor vaunts herself with mind elate,  
But still a modest air puts on.
- 4 Her neighbour's infamy and ill  
To her no entertainment give ;  
She's pleas'd to see him prosper still,  
And still in good repute to live.
- 5 This is the grace that reigns on high,  
And will for ever brightly burn,  
When hope shall in enjoyment die,  
And faith to intuition turn.

SMART.

HYMN CXLVI. *Long Metre.*

#

The Conquest of Michael over the Dragon.

- 1 LET mortal tongues attempt to sing  
The wars of heav'n, when Michael stood,  
Appointed by th' eternal King,  
To fight the battles of our God.
- 2 Against the dragon and his host  
The armies of the Lord prevail ;  
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,  
Their courage sinks, their weapons fail.

- 3 Down to the earth was Satan thrown,  
   Down to the earth his legions fell ;  
   Then was the trump of triumph blown,  
   And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.
- 4 Now is the hour of darkness past,  
   Christ hath assum'd his reigning pow'r ;  
   Behold the great accuser cast  
   Down from the skies, to rise no more.
- 5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,  
   Thine armies trod the dragon down ;  
   'Twas by thy word and pow'rful name,  
   They gain'd the battle and renown.
- 6 Rejoice, ye heav'ns, let ev'ry star  
   Shine with new glories round the sky ;  
   Saints, while ye sing the heav'nly war,  
   Raise your Deliv'r'r's name on high.

WATTS.

HYMN CXLVII. Common Metre. \* or b  
   Frail Bodies, and God our Preserver.

- 1 LET others boast how strong they be,  
   Nor death nor danger fear ;  
   But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,  
   What feeble things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass, our bodies stand,  
   And flourish bright and gay ;  
   A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,  
   And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our flesh contains a thousand springs,  
   And dies if one be gone ;  
   Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings  
   Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,  
   The God who made us first ;

Salvation to th' almighty Name,  
That rear'd us from the dust.

- 5 Whilst we have breath, or use our tongues,  
Our Maker we'll adore ;  
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,  
Or they would breathe no more.

WATTS.

HYMN CXLVIII. *Short Metre.* \* or b  
Catholicism.

- 1 LET party names no more  
The Christian world o'erspread ;  
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth,  
Let mutual love be found ;  
Heirs of the same inheritance,  
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let envy, child of hell,  
Be banish'd far away ;  
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,  
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below  
Resemble that above ;  
Where streams of pleasure always flow,  
And ev'ry heart is love.

BEDDOME.

HYMN CXLIX. *Common Metre.* \* or b  
Charity greater than Faith or Hope.

- 1 LET Pharisees of high esteem  
Their faith and zeal declare,  
All their religion is a dream,  
If love be wanting there.

- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,  
   Nor is provok'd in haste ;  
   She lets the present inj'ry die,  
   And long forgets the past.
- 3 Malice and rage, those fires of hell,  
   She quenches with her tongue ;  
   Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,  
   Though she endures the wrong.
- 4 She ne'er desires nor seeks to know  
   The scandals of the time ;  
   Nor looks with pride on those below,  
   Nor envies those who climb.
- 5 She lays her own advantage by,  
   To seek her neighbour's good ;  
   So God's own Son came down to die,  
   And save us by his blood.
- 6 Love is the grace that keeps her pow'r  
   In the blest realms above ;  
   There faith and hope are known no more,  
   But saints for ever love.

WATTS.

HYMN CL.    *Common Metre. # or b*  
                     Sincerity.

- 1 LET those who bear the Christian name  
   Their promises fulfil ;  
   The saints, the foll'wers of the Lamb,  
   Are men of honour still.
- 2 True to the solemn oaths they take,  
   Though to their hurt they swear ;  
   Constant and just to all they speak,  
   For God and angels hear.
- 3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,  
   Nor flatt'ring words devise ;

They know the God of truth can see  
 Through ev'ry false disguise.

- 4 They hate th' appearance of a lie,  
 In all the shapes it wears ;  
 And God has promis'd, when they die,  
 Eternal life is theirs.
- 5 Lo, from afar the Lord descends,  
 And brings the judgment down ;  
 He bids his saints, his faithful friends,  
 Rise and possess their crown.

WATTS.

HYMN CLI. *Common Metre. # or b*  
 The Bread of Life. John vi. 49, 54.

- 1 LET us adore th' Eternal Word ;  
 'Tis he our souls hath fed ;  
 Thou art our living stream, O Lord,  
 And thou th' immortal bread.
- 2 The manna came from lower skies ;  
 But Jesus from above,  
 Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,  
 And rivers flow with love.
- 3 The ancient fathers died at last,  
 Who ate that heav'nly bread ;  
 But these provisions, which we taste,  
 Can raise us from the dead.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, that gives his flesh  
 To nourish dying men ;  
 And often spreads his table fresh,  
 Lest we should faint again.
- 5 Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath,  
 While Jesus finds supplies ;  
 Nor shall our graces sink to death,  
 For Jesus never dies.

6 Daily our mortal flesh decays,  
 But Christ our life shall come ;  
 And by his mighty pow'r shall raise  
 Our bodies from the tomb.

WATTS.

HYMN CLII. *Common Metre.*

b

On the Death of a Child.

- 1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour,  
 How soon the vapour flies !  
 Man is a tender transient flow'r,  
 That in the blooming dies.
- 2 Death spreads, like winter, frozen arms,  
 And beauty smiles no more ;  
 Where now are fled those rising charms  
 Which pleas'd our eyes before ?
- 3 The once lov'd form, now cold and dead,  
 Each mournful thought employs ;  
 And nature weeps her comforts fled,  
 And wither'd all her joys.
- 4 But wait the interposing gloom,  
 And lo ! stern winter flies !  
 And, drest in beauty's fairest bloom,  
 The flow'ry tribes arise.
- 5 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,  
 When what we now deplore  
 Shall rise in full immortal prime,  
 And bloom, to fade no more.
- 6 Then cease, fond nature, dry thy tears,  
 Religion points on high ;  
 There everlasting spring appears,  
 And joys that never die.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CLIII. *Long Metre.***b**

## Life and Death.

- 1** LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time t' insure the great reward ;  
And whilst the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2** Life is the hour which God has giv'n,  
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n ;  
The day of grace, and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3** The living know that they must die,  
But all the dead forgotten lie ;  
Their mem'ry and their sense are gone,  
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4** Their hatred and their love are lost ;  
Their envy buried in the dust ;  
They have no share in all that's done  
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 5** No acts of pardon can be past  
In the cold grave to which we haste ;  
For no repentance can be found,  
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 6** Then, what my thoughts design to do,  
My soul, with all thy might pursue ;  
Believe, and take the promis'd rest,  
Obey, and be for ever blest.

WATTS.

HYMN CLIV. *Common Metre.* \* or **b**

## Conviction of Sin, and Relief by the Gospel.

- 1** LORD, how secure my conscience was,  
And felt no inward dread !  
I was alive without the law,  
And thought my sins were dead !

- 2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright ;  
     But since the precept came,  
     With a convincing pow'r and light,  
     I find how vile I am.
- 3 My guilt appear'd but small before,  
     Till, terrified, I saw  
     How perfect, holy, just and pure  
     Is thine eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,  
     My sins reviv'd again ;  
     I had provok'd a holy God,  
     And all my hopes are vain.
- 5 My God, what pow'r shall I invoke  
     With my last lab'ring breath,  
     To rid me of this wretched yoke,  
     These bonds of sin and death ?
- 6 In Jesus I behold thy face,  
     Thy mercy there I see ;  
     Through him I trust thy boundless grace  
     To set the pris'ner free.

WATTS, with variation and addition.

HYMN CLV. *Common Metre.*



Recovery from Sickness.

- 1 LORD, in thy service I would spend  
     The remnant of my days ;  
     Why was this fleeting breath renew'd  
     But to renew thy praise ?
- 2 Thy own almighty pow'r and love  
     Did this weak frame sustain,  
     When life was hov'ring o'er the grave,  
     And nature sunk with pain.
- 3 Thou, when the pains of death were felt,  
     Didst chase the fears of hell ;

And teach my pale and quiv'ring lips,  
Thy matchless grace to tell.

4 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,  
I did my soul resign,

In firm dependence on that truth  
Which made salvation mine.

5 From the dark borders of the grave,  
At thy command, I come ;

Nor would I urge a speedier flight  
To my celestial home.

6 Where thou shalt settle my abode,  
There would I choose to be ;  
For in thy presence death is life,  
And earth is heav'n with thee.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CLVI. *Long Metre.* \* or b

Storm and Thunder.

LORD of the earth, and sea, and skies,  
All nature owns thy sov'reign pow'r ;  
At thy command the tempests rise,  
At thy command the thunders roar.

We hear with trembling and affright  
The voice of heav'n, tremendous sound !  
Keen lightnings pierce the shades of night,  
And spread their horrors all around.

What mortal could sustain the stroke,  
Should wrath divine in dreadful storms,  
Which our repeated crimes provoke,  
Descend to crush rebellious worms !

These dreadful glories of thy name  
With terror would o'erwhelm our souls ;

But mercy dawns with kinder beam,  
And guilt and rising fear controls.

- 5 O let thy mercy on my heart,  
With cheering, healing radiance shine !  
Bid ev'ry anxious fear depart,  
And gently whisper, "Thou art mine."
- 6 Then, safe beneath thy guardian care,  
In hope serene my soul shall rest ;  
Nor storms nor dangers reach me there,  
In thee, my God, my refuge, blest.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN CLVII. *Long Metre. # or b*

The eternal Sabbath.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,  
On this thy day, in this thy house ;  
And let our songs and worship rise,  
Like grateful incense to the skies.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;  
But there's a nobler rest above ;  
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,  
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place ;  
No groans shall mingle with the songs,  
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms, no raging foes,  
To interrupt the long repose ;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
To veil the bright eternal noon.
- 5 O long expected day, begin !  
Dawn on these realms of death and sin ;

Fain would we quit this weary road,  
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CLVIII. *Common Metre.*

\*

Divine Goodness.

- 1 LORD, thou art good ; all nature shows  
Thee full and free and kind ;  
Thy bounty through creation flows,  
Nor can it be confin'd.
- 2 The whole in ev'ry part proclaims  
Thy infinite good will ;  
It shines in stars, it flows in streams,  
And bursts from ev'ry hill.
- 3 It fills the wide extended main,  
And heav'ns which spread more wide ;  
It drops in gentle show'rs of rain,  
And rolls in ev'ry tide.
- 4 Still hath it been diffus'd and free,  
Through ages past and gone ;  
Nor ever can exhausted be,  
But still keeps flowing on.
- 5 Through the whole earth it pours supplies,  
Spreads joy through all its parts ;  
Lord, may thy goodness draw our eyes,  
And captivate our hearts.
- 6 High admiration let it raise,  
And kind affections move ;  
Employ our tongues in hymns of praise,  
And fill our hearts with love.

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN CLIX. *Short Metre.* \* or b

The Promise to Believers and their Children.

- 1 **L**ORD, what our ears have heard,  
Our eyes delighted trace ;  
Thy love in long succession shown  
To Sion's chosen race.
- 2 Our children thou dost claim,  
And mark them out for thine ;  
Ten thousand blessings to thy name  
For goodness so divine.
- 3 Thee, let the fathers own,  
And thee, the sons adore ;  
Join'd to the Lord in solemn vows,  
To be forgot no more.
- 4 Thy cov'nant may they keep,  
And bless the happy bands,  
Which closer still engage their hearts  
To honour thy commands.
- 5 How great thy mercies, Lord !  
How plenteous is thy grace,  
Which, in the promise of thy love,  
Includes our rising race !
- 6 Our offspring, still thy care,  
Shall own their father's God,  
To latest times thy blessings share,  
And sound thy praise abroad.

Salisbury Collection.

HYMN CLX. *Common Metre.* \*

Creation and Providence.

- 1 **L**ORD, when my raptur'd thought surveys  
Creation's beauties o'er,

- All nature joins to teach thy praise,  
And bid my soul adore.
- 2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,  
Thy radiant footsteps shine ;  
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,  
And speak the hand divine.
- 3 The living tribes of countless forms  
In earth, and sea, and air ;  
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,  
Almighty pow'r declare :
- 4 All rose to life at thy command,  
And wait their daily food  
From thy paternal, bounteous hand,  
Exhaustless Spring of good !
- 5 The meads, array'd in beauteous green,  
With wholesome herbage crown'd ;  
The fields with corn, a richer scene,  
Spread thy full bounties round.
- 6 The fruitful tree, the blooming flow'r,  
In varied charms appear ;  
Their varied charms display thy pow'r,  
Thy goodness all declare.
- 7 The sun's productive quick'ning beams  
The growing verdure spread ;  
Refreshing rains and cooling streams  
His gentle influence aid.
- 8 The moon and stars his absent light  
Reflect with borrow'd rays ;  
And deck the sable veil of night,  
And speak their Maker's praise.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CLXI. *Long Metre.* \* or b

Faith in the Redeemer's Sacrifice.

- 1 LORD, when my thoughts delighted rove  
Amidst the wonders of thy love,  
Glad hope revives my drooping heart,  
And bids intruding fear depart.
- 2 But whilst thy suff'rings I survey,  
And faith enjoys a heav'ly ray,  
These dear memorials of thy pain  
Present anew the dreadful scene.
- 3 I hear thy groans, with deep surprise,  
And view thy wounds with weeping eyes ;  
Each bleeding wound, each dying groan,  
With anguish fill'd, and pains unknown.
- 4 For mortal crimes, a sacrifice,  
The Lord of life, the Saviour dies ;  
What love, what mercy, how divine !  
And can I call the Saviour mine ?
- 5 Repenting sorrow fills my heart,  
But mingling joy allays the smart ;  
O may my future life declare  
The sorrow and the joy sincere !
- 6 Be all my heart and all my days  
Devoted to my Saviour's praise ;  
And let my glad obedience prove  
How much I owe, how much I love.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CLXII. *Long Metre.* \*

The Gospel Jubilee.

- 1 LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,  
And spread the joyful tidings round ;

Let ev'ry soul with transport hear,  
And hail the Lord's accepted year.

- 2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,  
That you ten thousand talents owe,  
When humbled at his feet you fall,  
Your gracious Lord forgives them all.
- 3 Slaves, who have borne the heavy chain  
Of sin, and hell's tyrannick reign,  
To liberty assert your claim,  
And plead the great Redeemer's name.
- 4 The rich inheritance of heav'n,  
Your joy, your crown, are freely giv'n ;  
Fair Salem your arrival waits,  
With golden streets and pearly gates.
- 5 Her blest inhabitants no more  
Bondage and poverty deplore ;  
No debt but love immensely great,  
Whose joy still rises with the debt.
- 6 O happy souls, who know the sound !  
God's light shall all their steps surround,  
And shew that jubilee begun,  
Which through eternal years shall run.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CLXIII. *Hallelujah Metre.*

\*

The Triumph of Christ, and the Power of his Gospel.

- 1 . LOUD to the Prince of heav'n  
Your cheerful voices raise !  
To him your vows be giv'n,  
And fill his courts with praise.  
With conscious worth, All clad in arms,  
All bright in charms, He sallies forth.

- 2 Gird on thy conq'ring sword,  
 Ascend thy shining car,  
 And march, Almighty Lord,  
 To wage the holy war.  
 Before his wheels, In glad surprise,  
 Ye vallies, rise, And sink, ye hills.
- 3 Fair truth and gentle love,  
 With righteousness and peace,  
 In thy retinue move,  
 Thy conq'ring pow'r to grace.  
 Thou in their cause Shalt prosp'rous ride,  
 And far and wide Dispense thy laws.
- 4 Before thy mighty sword,  
 Millions of foes shall fall,  
 The captives of thy word,  
 That word which conquers all.  
 The world shall know, Great King of kings,  
 What wondrous things Thine arm can do.
- 5 Here to my willing soul  
 Bend thy triumphant way ;  
 Here every foe control,  
 And all thy pow'r display.  
 Beneath thy sword, Blest Jesus, see,  
 I bow to thee, My Prince and Lord.

DODDRIDGE, varied.

HYMN CLXIV. *Long Metre.*

b

Folly cured by Affliction.

- 1 Low at thy gracious feet I bend,  
 My God, my everlasting Friend—  
 Permit the claim ; O let thine ear  
 My humble suit indulgent hear !

- 2 Lord, thou hast bid me seek thy face,  
And ask of thee thy promis'd grace ;  
O may thy favour, bliss divine !  
With fuller, clearer radiance shine.
- 3 But, O my heart, reflect with shame ;  
Can I prefer so bold a claim ?  
Conscious how often I have stray'd,  
By empty vanities betray'd.
- 4 How oft, ungrateful to my God,  
Have trifles call'd my thoughts abroad !  
Till heav'nly pity saw me roam,  
And bade affliction bring me home.
- 5 And when the snares of earth were broke,  
By kind affliction's needful stroke,  
Have not I own'd, with humble praise,  
That just and right are all his ways ?
- 6 Yes, gracious God, before thy throne,  
My vileness and thy love I own ;  
O let that love, with beams divine,  
Forgiving, healing, round me shine.
- 7 Whene'er, ungrateful to my God,  
This heedless heart requires the rod,  
Thy arm supporting I implore ;  
The hand that chastens can restore.
- 8 O may the kind conviction prove  
A fruit of thy paternal love ;  
Wean me from earth, from sin refine,  
And make my heart entirely thine !

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CLXV. *Common Metre.*

#

The New Jerusalem.

- 1** Lo, what a glorious sight appears  
     To our believing eyes ;  
 The earth and seas are past away,  
     And the old rolling skies !
- 2** From the third heav'n, where God resides,  
     That holy, happy place,  
 The New Jerusalem comes down  
     Adorn'd with shining grace.
- 3** Attending angels shout for joy,  
     And the bright armies sing,  
 " Mortals, behold the sacred seat  
     " Of your descending King !
- 4** " The God of glory, down to men  
     " Removes his blest abode ;  
 " Men are the objects of his love,  
     " And he their gracious God.
- 5** " His tender hand shall wipe the tears  
     " From ev'ry weeping eye ;  
 " And pains and groans and griefs and fears,  
     " And death itself shall die."
- 6** How bright the vision ! but how long  
     Shall this glad hour delay ?  
 Fly swifter round, ye wings of time,  
     And bring the welcome day.

WATTS.

HYMN CLXVI. *Common Metre.* \* or b-

A living and a dead Faith.

- 1** MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heav'n,  
     And make their empty boast

Of inward joys and sins forgiv'n,  
Whilst they are slaves to lust.

- 2 Vain are our fancies' airy flights,  
If faith be cold and dead ;  
None but a living pow'r unites  
To Christ, the living head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart ;  
'Tis faith that works by love,  
That bids all sinful joys depart,  
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,  
By a celestial pow'r ;  
This is the grace that shall prevail  
In the decisive hour.
- 5 Faith must obey our Father's will,  
As well as trust his grace ;  
A pard'ning God is jealous still,  
For his own holiness.
- 6 When from the curse he sets us free,  
He makes our natures clean ;  
Nor would he send his Son to be  
The minister of sin.
- 7 His Spirit fills our hearts with love,  
And seals our peace with God ;  
With cheerful steps our feet shall move  
Along the heav'nly road.

WATTS, varied.

HYMN CLXVII. *Long Metre. # or b*

The Example of Christ.

My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word ;

But in thy life thy law appears,  
Drawn out in living characters.

- 2 Such was thy piety and zeal,  
Thy def'rence to thy Father's will ;  
Thy love and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air,  
Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r ;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern, make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here ;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

WATTS.

HYMN CLXVIII. *Long Metre. # or b*

Retirement and Meditation.

- 1 My God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee ;  
Amidst ten thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus degrade my heav'nly birth ?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,  
Thy sov'reign word can draw me thence ;  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes withdrawn ;  
Let noise and vanity be gone ;

In secret silence of the mind,  
My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

WATTS.

HYMN CLXIX. *Common Metre.* \* or b

The Everlasting Covenant.

- 1 My God, the cov'nant of thy love  
Abides for ever sure ;  
And in its boundless grace I feel  
My happiness secure.
- 2 What though my house be not with thee,  
As nature could desire ?  
To higher joys than nature gives,  
My nobler views aspire.
- 3 Since thou, the everlasting God,  
My Father art become ;  
Jesus, my Guardian and my Friend,  
And heav'n my final home ;
- 4 I welcome all thy sov'reign will,  
For all that will is love ;  
And when thy providence is dark,  
I wait thy light above.
- 5 Thy cov'nant in my dying hour  
Shall dwell upon my tongue ;  
And when I wake, shall still employ  
My everlasting song.

DODDRIDGE, varied.

HYMN CLXX. *Common Metre.* \*

Gratitude the Spring of True Religion.

- 1 My God, what silken cords are thine !  
How soft, and yet how strong !  
Whilst pow'r, and truth, and love combine  
To draw our souls along.

- 2 When crush'd beneath the heavy yoke  
Of Satan and of sin,  
Thy hand our iron bondage broke,  
Our grateful hearts to win.
- 3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins  
Thy mercy takes away ;  
Thy promise, when the war begins,  
Secures the crowning day.
- 4 Comfort through all this vale of tears  
In rich profusion flows ;  
The glory of unnumber'd years  
Eternity bestows.
- 5 Drawn by such cords, we onward move,  
Till round thy throne we meet ;  
And, captives in the chains of love,  
Fall at our Conq'ror's feet.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CLXXI. *Long Metre. # or b*

Imploring divine Influences.

- 1 My God, whene'er my longing heart  
Its grateful tribute would impart ;  
In vain my tongue with feeble aim  
Attempts the glories of thy name.
- 2 In vain my boldest thoughts arise ;  
I sink to earth, and lose the skies ;  
Yet I may still thy grace implore,  
And low in dust thy name adore.
- 3 O let thy grace my heart inspire,  
And raise each languid, weak desire—  
Thy grace, which condescends to meet  
The sinner prostrate at thy feet !

- 4 With humble tear let love unite,  
And mix devotion with delight ;  
Then shall thy name be all my joy,  
Thy praise my constant, blest employ.
- 5 Thy name inspires the harps above  
With harmony and praise and love ;  
That grace, which tunes th' immortal strings,  
Looks kindly down on mortal things.
- 6 O let thy grace guide ev'ry song,  
And fill my heart, and tune my tongue !  
Then shall the strains harmonious flow,  
And heav'nly joy begin below.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN CLXXII. *Short Metre. \* or b*

God our Creator and Benefactor.

- 1 My Maker and my King !  
To thee my all I owe ;  
Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring  
From whence my blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good and kind !  
A thousand reasons move,  
A thousand obligations bind  
My heart to grateful love.
- 3 The creature of thy hand,  
On thee alone I live ;  
My God, thy benefits demand  
More praise than I can give.
- 4 Lord, what can I impart  
When all is thine before ?  
Thy love demands a thankful heart ;  
The gift, alas, how poor !

5 Shall I withhold thy due ?  
 And shall my passions rove ?  
 Lord, form this wretched heart anew,  
 And fill it with thy love.

6 O let thy grace inspire  
 My soul with strength divine ;  
 Let all my pow'rs to thee aspire,  
 And all my days be thine !

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CLXXIII. *Common Metre.* \* or b

Repentance and Hope.

1 My Saviour, when my thoughts recal  
 The wonders of thy grace,  
 Low at thy feet asham'd I fall,  
 And hide my guilty face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid ?  
 Ah, vile ungrateful heart !  
 By earth's unworthy cares betray'd,  
 From Jesus to depart !

3 From Jesus, who alone can give  
 True pleasure, peace and rest :  
 When absent from my Lord, I live  
 Unsatisfied, unblest.

4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,  
 My wand'ring soul restores ;  
 He bids the mourning heart partake  
 The pardon it implores.

5 O whilst I breathe to thee, my Lord,  
 The penitential sigh,  
 Confirm the kind, the pard'ning word,  
 With pity in thine eye.

6 Then shall the mourner, at thy feet,  
 Rejoice to seek thy face,  
 And grateful own how kind, how sweet  
 Is thy forgiving grace.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN CLXXIV. *Short Metre.*

b

## Confession and Pardon.

- 1 My sorrows, like a flood  
 Impatient of restraint,  
 Into thy bosom, O my God,  
 Pour out a long complaint.
- 2 How often have I stood  
 A rebel to the skies !  
 Yet, O the patience of my God !  
 Thy thunder silent lies.
- 3 Now by a pow'rful glance,  
 My Saviour, from thy face,  
 This rebel heart no more withstands,  
 But yields to sov'reign grace.
- 4 I see the Prince of Life  
 Display his wounded veins ;  
 I see the fountain open'd wide,  
 To wash away my stains.
- 5 My God is reconcil'd,  
 My tears his pity move ;  
 He calls me his adopted child,  
 The object of his love.
- 6 Now let me not receive  
 In vain this heav'nly grace ;  
 But let it be a fruitful seed,  
 Producing holiness.

WATTS, abbreviated and altered.

HYMN CLXXV. *Common Metre.*

#

## The Christian Race.

- 1 My soul, awake, stretch ev'ry nerve,  
And press with vigour on ;  
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around,  
Hold thee in full survey ;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all animating voice,  
Which calls thee from on high ;  
'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye :—
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new lustre boast,  
When victors' wreaths, and monarchs' gems  
Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 My soul, with sacred ardour fir'd,  
The glorious prize pursue,  
And meet with joy the high command,  
To bid this earth adieu.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CLXXVI. *Short Metre.*

b

## Prayer in Sickness.

- 1 My Sov'reign, to thy throne,  
With humble hope, I press ;  
O bow thine ear, to hear the groan  
Of indigent distress !

- 2 Th' eternal Priest appears  
     Before thee with his blood ;  
 Through him I offer these my tears,  
     And cast my care on God.
- 3 My life, bow'd down with pain,  
     Mourns its decaying bloom ;  
 Lord, clothe these bones with flesh again,  
     And spare me from the tomb.
- 4 Without one murmur'ring word,  
     Thy chast'ning I receive ;  
 But with submission ask, O Lord,  
     A merciful reprieve.
- 5 Distress'd and pain'd as now,  
     Thy aid I once implor'd ;  
 Thy pity heard my earnest vow,  
     Thy pow'r my health restor'd.
- 6 My supplicating voice,  
     Unwearied, I will raise :  
 Say to thy servant's soul, "Rejoice,"  
     And fill my mouth with praise.

SCOTT.

HYMN CLXXVII. *Common Metre.**Marriage.*

- 1 MYSTERIOUS rite ! by Heav'n ordain'd  
     This sacred truth to prove,  
 The bliss which mortals here enjoy,  
     Must flow from virtuous love.
- 2 Though made by God's almighty hand,  
     And in his image form'd ;  
 Yet Adam knew no happiness,  
     Till love his bosom warm'd.

- 3 Eden, with all its beauteous groves,  
     And fruits of richest taste,  
     To one for social bliss design'd  
         Was but a lonely waste.
- 4 But when his lovely bride appear'd,  
     In native graces drest,  
     The latent spark burst into flame,  
         And love inspir'd his breast.
- 5 What wise provision hast thou made,  
     Great Parent of mankind,  
     That all thine offspring may enjoy  
         The bliss for them design'd !
- 6 Then will we join our hearts and hands  
     In bonds of virtuous love ;  
     And whilst we live in peace below,  
         Prepare for bliss above.

HYMN CLXXVIII. *Common Metre.*

b

## Submission to Providence.

- 1 NAKED as from the earth we came,  
     And rose to life at first,  
     We to the earth return again,  
         And mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,  
     And call our own, in vain,  
     Are but short favours, borrow'd now,  
         To be repaid again.
- 3 'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,  
     Or sinks them to the grave ;  
     He gives, and, blessed be his name,  
         He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions, then !  
     Let each impatient sigh

Be silent at his sov'reign will,  
And ev'ry murmur die.

- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,  
Its praises shall be spread ;  
And we'll adore the justice too  
That strikes our comforts dead.

WATTS.

HYMN CLXXIX. Common Metre. b

Vain Prosperity, or Forgetfulness of God.

- 1 No, I shall envy them no more,  
Who grow profanely great ;  
Though they increase their golden store,  
And shine in robes of state.
- 2 They taste of all the joys that grow  
Upon this earthly clod ;  
In vain they search the creature through  
Whilst they forget their God.
- 3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,  
And think your life your own ;  
But death comes hast'ning on to you,  
To cut your glory down.
- 4 Yes, you must bow your stately head,  
Away your spirit flies ;  
And no kind angel near your bed,  
To bear it to the skies.
- 5 Go now, and boast of all your stores,  
And tell how bright you shine ;  
Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are yours,  
And my Redeemer's mine.

WATTS.

## HYMN CLXXX. Common Metre. \*

The Holiness and Happiness of Heaven.

- 1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,  
Nor sense, nor reason known,  
What joys the Father hath prepar'd  
For those that love the Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord  
Reveals a heav'n to come ;  
The beams of glory in his word  
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,  
And all the region peace ;  
No wanton lip, nor envious eye,  
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Not the malicious or profane,  
The covetous or proud,  
Nor thieves nor sland'fers shall obtain  
The kingdom of our God.
- 5 Those holy gates for ever bar  
Pollution, sin, and shame ;  
None shall receive admittance there,  
But foll'wers of the Lamb.
- 6 If we are wash'd in Jesus' blood  
And pardon'd through his name ;  
If the good Spirit of our God  
Has sanctified our frame ;
- 7 We ask a persevering pow'r,  
To keep thy just commands ;  
We would defile our hearts no more,  
No more pollute our hands.

WATTS, varied.

HYMN CLXXXI. *Long Metre.*

\*

Christians the Sons of God.

- 1 Not all the nobles of the earth,  
Who boast the honours of their birth,  
Such real dignity can claim,  
As those who bear the christian name.
- 2 To them the privilege is giv'n,  
To be the sons and heirs of heav'n ;  
Sons of the God, who reigns on high,  
And heirs of joys beyond the sky.
- 3 On them, a happy, chosen race,  
Their Father pours his richest grace ;  
To them his counsels he imparts,  
And writes his law within their hearts.
- 4 When through temptation they rebel,  
His chast'ning rod he makes them feel ;  
Then with a Father's tender heart  
He sooths the pain and heals the smart.
- 5 Their daily wants his hand supply,  
Their steps he guards with watchful eye ;  
Leads them from earth to heav'n above,  
And crowns them with eternal love.
- 6 Have I the honour, Lord, to be  
One of this num'rous family ?  
On me thy gracious gift bestow,  
To call my God my Father too.  
  
So may my conduct ever prove  
My filial piety and love ;  
Whilst all my brethren clearly trace  
Their Father's image in my face.

STENNET.

HYMN CLXXXII. *Long Metre.* # or b

Divine Compassion to Sinners.

- 1 Not to condemn the sons of men,  
Did Christ the Son of God appear ;  
No weapons in his hands are seen,  
No flaming sword nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,  
He lov'd the race of man so well,  
He sent his Son to bear our load  
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Let sinners hear the Saviour's word,  
Trust in his mighty name, and live ;  
A thousand joys his lips afford,  
His hands a thousand blessings give.
- 4 " Come, all ye weary fainting souls,  
" Ye heavy laden sinners, come ;  
" I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
" And lead you to my heav'nly home.
- 5 " Ye shall find rest that learn of me,  
" I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;  
" But passion rages like the sea,  
" And pride is restless as the wind.
- 6 " Blest is the man whose shoulders take  
" My yoke, and bear it with delight ;  
" My yoke is easy to his neck,  
" My grace shall make the burden light."
- 7 Jesus, we come at thy command,  
With faith and hope and humble zeal,  
Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
To rule and guide us at thy will.

HYMN CLXXXIII. *Common Metre.* \*

Sinai and Sion.

- 1** Not to the terrors of the Lord,  
     The tempest, fire and smoke ;  
 Not to the thunder of that word  
     Which God on Sinai spoke ;
- 2** But we are come to Sion's hill,  
     The city of our God,  
 Where milder words declare his will,  
     And spread his love abroad.
- 3** Behold th' innumerable host  
     Of angels cloth'd in light !  
 Behold the spirits of the just,  
     Whose faith is turn'd to sight !
- 4** Behold the blest assembly there,  
     Whose names are writ in heav'n !  
 And God, the Judge of all, declares  
     Their vilest sins forgiv'n.
- 5** The saints on earth, and all the dead,  
     But one communion make ;  
 All join in Christ, their living Head,  
     And of his grace partake.
- 6** In such society as this  
     My weary soul wou'd rest ;  
 The man that dwells where Jesus is,  
     Must be for ever blest.

WATTS.

HYMN CLXXXIV. *Common Metre.*

b

On the Death of a Minister.

- 1** Now let our drooping hearts revive,  
     And all our tears be dry :

- Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,  
Which view a Saviour nigh ?
- 2 What though the gloomy tyrant death  
Doth God's own house invade ?  
What though the prophet and the priest  
Be number'd with the dead ?
- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,  
The aged and the young ;  
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,  
And mute th' instructive tongue :
- 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,  
New comfort to impart ;  
His hand still guides us, and his voice  
Still animates our heart.
- 5 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,  
"My church shall safe abide ;  
"For I will ne'er forsake my own,  
"Whose souls in me confide."
- 6 Through ev'ry scene of life and death  
This promise is our trust ;  
And this shall be our children's song  
When we are laid in dust.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CLXXXV. *Common Metre.*

The Intercession of Christ. \*

- 1 Now let our humble faith behold  
Our great High Priest above,  
And celebrate his constant care  
And sympathetick love :
- 2 Exalted to his Father's throne,  
With matchless honours crown'd ;  
And Lord of all th' angelick host,  
Who wait the throne around,

- 3 The names of all the saints he bears,  
Engraven on his heart ;  
Nor shall the meanest saint complain  
That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall firm remain  
Our everlasting trust,  
When gems and monuments and crowns  
Are moulder'd into dust.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CLXXXVI. *Common Metre.*

God's Love to his Church. \*

- 1 Now shall my inward joys arise  
And burst into a song :  
Almighty love inspires my heart,  
And pleasures tune my tongue.
- 2 God, on his thirsty Sion hill,  
Some mercy-drops has thrown,  
And solemn oaths have bound his love  
To show'r salvation down.
- 3 Why do we then indulge our fears,  
Suspicions and complaints ?  
Is he a God ! and shall his grace  
Grow weary of his saints ?
- Can a kind mother e'er forget  
The object of her care ?  
Among a thousand tender thoughts,  
Her suckling have no share ?
- “ Yet, (saith the Lord) should nature change,  
“ And mothers monsters prove,  
“ Sion still dwells upon the heart  
“ Of everlasting love.

6 " Deep on the palms of both my hands  
     " I have engrav'd her name ;  
   " My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,  
     " And build her broken frame."

WATTS.

HYMN CLXXXVII. *Long Metre.*

#

The Glory and Grace of Christ.

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song !  
   Awake, my soul ; awake, my tongue ;  
   Hosanna to th' eternal Name,  
   And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,  
   The brightest image of his grace ;  
   God, in the person of his Son,  
   Has all his noblest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,  
   Proclaim the wise, the pow'rful God ;  
   And thy rich glories from afar,  
   Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.
- 4 But in thy Son a glory shines,  
   Drawn out in far superior lines ;  
   The lustre of redeeming grace  
   Outshines the beams of nature's face.
- 5 Grace ! 'tis a pure celestial theme,  
   Our thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name !  
   Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;  
   Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground.
- 6 O may we reach that glorious place,  
   Where we shall see him face to face ;  
   Where all his saints, from death restor'd,  
   Shall be for ever with the Lord !

WATTS, varied.

HYMN CLXXXVIII. *Long Metre.*

#

Glory to Christ, our Priest and King.

- 1 Now to the Lord, who makes us know  
The wonders of his dying love,  
Be humble honours paid below,  
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he who cleans'd us from our sins,  
And wash'd us in his precious blood ;  
'Tis he who makes us priests and kings,  
And brings us, rebels, near to God.
- 3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,  
To Jesus, our eternal King,  
Be universal pow'r confess'd,  
And ev'ry tongue his glory sing.
- 4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes !  
And ev'ry eye shall see him move !  
Though with our sins we pierc'd him once,  
Then he displays his pard'ning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,  
Whilst we rejoice to see the day ;  
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,  
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

WATTS.

HYMN CLXXXIX. *Long Metre.*

#

Salvation by Grace.

- 1 Now to the pow'r of God supreme  
Be everlasting honours giv'n ;  
He saves from sin, we bless his name,  
And calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.
- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,  
But of his own abundant grace,

He works salvation in our hearts,  
And forms a people for his praise.

- 3 'Twas his own purpose that begun  
To rescue sinners doom'd to die ;  
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,  
Before he spread the starry sky.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,  
And makes his Father's counsels known ;  
Declares the great transactions past,  
And brings immortal blessings down.
- 5 He dies, and in that dreadful night  
Did all the pow'rs of hell destroy ;  
Rising, he brought our heav'n to light,  
And took possession of the joy.

WATTS.

HYMN CXC. *Common Metre.*

Divine Goodness in Afflictions.

- 1 Now to thy heav'nly Father's praise,  
My heart, thy tribute bring ;  
That goodness which prolongs my days,  
With grateful pleasure sing.
- 2 Whene'er he sends afflicting pains,  
His mercy holds the rod ;  
His pow'rful word the heart sustains,  
And speaks a faithful God.
- 3 A faithful God is ever nigh,  
When humble grief implores ;  
His ear attends each plaintive sigh,  
He pities and restores.
- 4 My grateful soul would humbly bring  
Her tribute to thy throne ;

Accept the wish, my God, my King,  
To make thy goodness known.

5 O be the life, thy hand restores,  
Devoted to thy praise !

To thee I consecrate my pow'rs,  
To thee, my future days.

6 Thy soul-enliv'ning grace impart,  
A warmer love inspire ;  
And be the breathings of my heart,  
Dependence and desire.

MRS. STEELE.

## HYMN CXCI.

*Common Metre.*

# or b

## Winter.

1 Now winter throws his icy chains,  
Encircling nature round :  
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,  
With verdure lately crown'd !

2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,  
And light and warmth depart ;  
And drooping, lifeless nature seems  
An emblem of my heart :

3 My heart, where mental winter reigns,  
In night's dark mantle clad,  
Confin'd in cold, inactive chains,  
How desolate and sad !

4 Ere long the sun, with genial ray,  
Shall cheer the mourning earth ;  
And blooming flow'rs, and verdure gay,  
Renew their annual birth.

5 So, if my soul's bright Sun impart  
His all-enliv'ning smile,

The vital ray shall cheer my heart,  
Till then a frozen soil.

6 Then faith and hope and love shall rise,  
Renew'd to lively bloom,  
And breathe, accepted to the skies,  
Their humble, sweet perfume.

7 Great Source of light ! thy beams display  
My drooping joys restore,  
And guide me to the seats of day,  
Where winter frowns no more.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CXII. *Common Metre.*

#

*Charity.*

1 O C H A R I T Y ! thou heav'ly grace !  
All tender, soft and kind !  
A friend to all the human race,  
To all that's good inclin'd !

2 The man of charity extends  
To all his lib'ral hand ;  
His kindred, neighbours, foes and friends,  
His pity may command.

3 He aids the poor in their distress,  
He hears when they complain ;  
With tender heart delights to bless,  
And lessen all their pain.

4 The sick, the pris'ner, poor and blind,  
And all the sons of grief,  
In him a benefactor find ;  
He loves to give relief.

5 'Tis love that makes religion sweet,  
'Tis love that makes us rise,

With willing mind and ardent feet,  
To yonder happy skies.

- 6 Then let us all in love abound,  
And charity pursue ;  
Thus shall we be with glory crown'd,  
And love as angels do.

PROUD.

HYMN CXCIII. *Long Metre. # or b*

Longing for Heaven.

- 1 O COULD I soar to worlds above,  
That blessed state of peace and love,  
How gladly would I mount and fly  
On angels' wings to joys on high !
- 2 But ah ! still longer must I stay,  
Ere darksome night is chang'd to day ;  
More crosses, sorrows, conflicts bear,  
Expos'd to trials, pains and care.
- 3 Well, let these troubles still abound,  
Let thorns and briars fill the ground ;  
Let storms and tempests dreadful come,  
Till I arrive at heav'n, my home :
- 4 My Father knows what road is best,  
And how to lead to peace and rest ;  
To him I cheerful give my all,  
Go where he leads, and wait his call :
- 5 When he commands my soul away,  
Not kingdoms then shall tempt my stay ;  
With rapture I shall wake, and rise  
To join my friends above the skies.

PROUD.

HYMN CXCIV. *Common Metre.*

The universal Extent of Christ's Kingdom.  
Isaiah ii. 2, 4.

- 1 O'ER mountain tops, the mount of God,  
In latter days, shall rise  
Above the summits of the hills,  
And draw the wond'ring eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;  
Up to the mount of God, they say,  
And to his house we'll go.
- 3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill  
Shall lighten ev'ry land ;  
The King, who reigns in Salem's tow'rs,  
Shall the whole world command.
- 4 Among the nations he shall judge,  
His judgments truth shall guide ;  
His sceptre shall protect the just,  
And crush the sinner's pride.
- 5 No war shall rage, nor hostile strife,  
Disturb those happy years ;  
To plough-shares men shall beat their swords  
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 6 No longer hosts, encour'tring hosts,  
Shall crowds of slain deplore ;  
They'll lay the martial trumpet by,  
And study war no more.

Scotch Paraphrases.

HYMN CXCV. *Common Metre.* \* or b

Obedience to God our Father.

- 1 O GOD, my Father, I adore  
That all commanding name ;

- It will my soul to life restore,  
And kindle all my flame.
- 2 Entire, I bow at thy commands,  
My filial homage pay ;  
With heart and life, with tongue and hands,  
I'll cheerfully obey.
- 3 I'll wilfully no more transgress,  
As I too oft have done ;  
But ev'ry sinful thought suppress,  
Each sinful action shun.
- 4 Each day I live, I'll seek with care,  
My Father well to please ;  
And in this course will persevere,  
By thine assisting grace.
- 5 Thus will I my relation claim,  
And call myself thy son ;  
And whilst I bear the glorious name,  
My Father's rights will own.
- 6 I will ; but thou must strength impart,  
This promise to fulfil ;  
Lord, write thy law upon my heart,  
That I may do thy will.

HYMN CXCVI. *Long Metre.*      \* or b

*Brotherly Love.*

O God, our Father and our King,  
Of all we have or hope, the spring ;  
Send down thy Spirit from above,  
And fill our hearts with holy love.

2 May we from ev'ry act abstain  
That hurts, or gives our neighbour pain,  
And ev'ry secret wish suppress  
That would abridge his happiness.

- 3 Still may we find our hearts inclin'd  
 To act the friend to all mankind ;  
 Still seek their safety, health and ease,  
 Their virtue and eternal peace.
- 4 With pity may our breast o'erflow,  
 When we behold a wretch in wo ;  
 And bear a sympathizing part  
 With all who are of heavy heart.
- 5 Let love in all our conduct shine,  
 An image fair, though faint, of thine ;  
 Thus may we his disciples prove  
 Who came to manifest thy love.

Salisbury Collection.

HYMN CXCVII. *Common Metre.*

#

*TE DEUM.*

A general Hymn of Praise.

- 1 O God, we praise thee, and confess  
 That thou the only Lord  
 And everlasting Father art,  
 By all the earth ador'd.
- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud,  
 To thee the pow'rs on high,  
 Both Cherubim and Seraphim,  
 Continually do cry :
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,  
 Whom heav'nly hosts obey !  
 The world is with the glory fill'd  
 Of thy majestick sway.
- 4 Th' apostles' glorious company,  
 And prophets crown'd with light,  
 With all the martyrs' noble host,  
 Thy constant praise recite.

- 5 The holy Church throughout the world,  
     O Lord, confesses thee,  
     That thou eternal Father art,  
     Of boundless majesty.
- 6 Thy honour'd, true, and only Son,  
     And Holy Ghost, the spring  
     Of never ceasing joy ; O Christ,  
     Of glory thou art King.

PATRICK.

HYMN CXCVIII. *Long Metre.*

\*

The Glory and Safety of the Church.

- 1 O HAPPY Church, celestial bride,  
     Thy Husband will with thee reside ;  
     With matchless glory thou shalt shine,  
     In robes of honour all divine.
- 2 Silver and gold her happy dress,  
     Truth, meekness, love and righteousness ;  
     Holy without, and pure within,  
     Free from the guilt of reigning sin.
- 3 Her laws and doctrines just and right,  
     Her priests the ministers of light ;  
     Her order from the courts above,  
     And all her service done in love.
- 4 Her discipline is from the word,  
     Her head and ruler is the Lord ;  
     Her sons and daughters all agree,  
     And live in peace and charity.
- 5 Her journey is the holy way  
     Which leads to everlasting day ;  
     And her eternal sure reward,  
     A crown of glory with the Lord.

PROUD.

HYMN CXCIX. *Common Metre.*

\*

## The Ways of Wisdom.

- 1 O HAPPY is the man who hears  
Instruction's faithful voice !  
And who celestial wisdom makes  
His early, only choice.
- 2 Her treasures are of more esteem  
Than east or west unfold ;  
And her rewards more precious are  
Than all their mines of gold.
- 3 In her right hand she holds to view  
A length of happy days ;  
Riches, with splendid honours join'd,  
Her left hand full displays.
- 4 She guides the young with innocence  
In pleasure's path to tread ;  
A crown of glory she bestows  
Upon the hoary head.
- 5 According as her labours rise,  
So her rewards increase ;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.

Scotch Paraphrase.

HYMN CC. *Common Metre.*

\* or b

## Filial Submission.

- 1 O LORD, my best desires fulfil,  
And help me to resign  
Life, health and comfort to thy will,  
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,  
Whose love forbids my fears ?

Or tremble at the gracious hand  
That wipes away my tears ?

- 3 No, let me rather freely yield  
What most I prize to thee,  
Who never hast a gift withheld,  
Nor wilt withhold, from me.

COWPER.

- 4 I would submit to all thy will,  
For thou art good and wise ;  
Let ev'ry anxious thought be still,  
Nor one faint murmur rise.

- 5 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom,  
And bid me wait serene,  
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,  
And brighten all the scene.

- 6 My Father ! O permit my heart  
To plead her humble claim,  
And ask the bliss those words impart,  
In my Redeemer's name.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN CCI. *Common Metre.*

#

A Morning or Evening Hymn.

- 1 On thee, each morning, O my God,  
My waking thoughts attend ;  
In whom are founded all my hopes,  
In whom my wishes end.

- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,  
Thy boundless love surveys ;  
And, fir'd with grateful zeal, prepares  
Her sacrifice of praise.

- 3 When ev'ning slumbers press my eyes,  
With thy protection blest,

- In peace and safety, I commit  
My weary limbs to rest.
- 4 My spirit, in thy hands secure,  
Fears no approaching ill ;  
For, whether waking or asleep,  
Thou, Lord, art with me still.
- 5 Then will I daily to the world  
Thy wondrous acts proclaim ;  
Whilst all with me shall praises sing,  
And bless thy sacred name.
- 6 At morn, at noon, at night, I'll still  
The growing work pursue ;  
And thee alone will praise, to whom  
Eternal praise is due.

Liverpool Collection.

## HYMN CCII. Common Metre.

b

Resignation, or Good out of Evil.

- 1 O RESIGNATION ! heav'nly pow'r !  
Our warmest thoughts engage ;  
Thou art the safest guide of youth,  
The sole support of age.
- 2 Teach us the hand of love divine  
In *evils* to discern ;  
'Tis the first lesson which we need,  
The latest which we learn.
- 3 Is resignation's lesson hard ?  
On trial we shall find  
It makes us give up nothing more  
Than anguish of the mind.
- 4 Resign, and all the pain of life  
That moment we remove ;

The heavy load of grief and care,  
Devolves on **ONE** above.

- 5 He bids us lay our burthen down  
On his almighty hand ;  
Supports our feeble frame, and makes  
Our weary feet to stand.
- 6 What though we're swallow'd in the deep,  
And billows round us roar ?  
Like Jonah thou wilt safely keep,  
And guide us to the shore.
- 7 Thy will is welcome, let it wear  
Its most tremendous form ;  
Though tempests rise, we know that thou  
Canst save us from the storm.

YOUNG, altered.

HYMN CCIII. *Common Metre.*

b

Desire of Communion with God.

- 1 O THAT I knew the secret place  
Where I might find my God !  
I'd spread my wants before his face,  
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise ;  
What sorrows I sustain ;  
How strength decays, and comfort dies,  
And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take  
To wrestle with my God ;  
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,  
And plead my Saviour's blood.

- 4 My God will pity my complaints,  
And heal my broken bones ;  
He knows the meaning of his saints,  
The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,  
And banish ev'ry fear ;  
He calls me to his throne of grace,  
To spread my sorrows there.

WATTS.

HYMN CCIV. *Long Metre.*

b

On the dangerous Sickness of a Minister.

- 1 O Thou, before whose gracious throne  
We bow our suppliant spirits down ;  
Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,  
And all our trembling lips would tell.
- 2 Thou only canst assuage our grief,  
And give our sorrowing hearts relief ;  
In mercy then thy servant spare,  
Nor turn aside thy people's pray'r.
- 3 Avert thy desolating stroke,  
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock ;  
Restore him, sinking to the grave,  
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save.
- 4 Bound to each soul by tender ties,  
In ev'ry heart his image lies ;  
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,  
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.
- 5 But if our supplications fail,  
And pray'rs and tears cannot prevail,  
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,  
Support him through the gloomy way.

6 Around him may thy angels stand,  
 Waiting the signal of thy hand,  
 To bid his happy spirit rise,  
 And bear him to their native skies.

Rippon's Collection.

HYMN CCV. *Common Metre. \* or b*

The Christian's resolution, founded on Jacob's vow.

Gen. xxviii. 20.

1 O THOU, by whose all bounteous hand  
 Thy people still are fed ;  
 Who through life's weary pilgrimage  
 Hast all our fathers led ;

2 To thee our humble vow we raise,  
 To thee address our pray'r ;  
 And in thy kind and faithful hand  
 Deposite all our care.

3 If thou, through each perplexing path,  
 Wilt be our constant guide ;  
 If thou wilt daily food supply,  
 And raiment wilt provide ;

4 If thou wilt spread thy shield around,  
 Till all our wand'rings cease,  
 And at our Father's safe abode  
 Our souls arrive in peace ;

5 To thee, as to our cov'nant God,  
 Ourselves we will resign ;  
 And count that all on earth we have,  
 And e'en our life is thine.

DODDRIDGE,

HYMN CCVI. *Common Metre.***b**

## The contrite Heart.

- 1** O Thou, whose tender mercy hears  
    C<sup>r</sup>ontrition's humble sigh ;  
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears  
    From sorrow's weeping eye !
- 2** See ! low before thy throne of grace,  
    A wretched wand'r<sup>e</sup>r mourn ;  
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?  
    Hast thou not said—Return ?
- 3** And shall my guilty fears prevail,  
    To drive me from thy feet ?  
O let not this dear refuge fail,  
    This only safe retreat !
- 4** Absent from thee, my guide, my light,  
    Without one cheering ray,  
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,  
    How desolate my way !
- 5** O shine on this benighted heart,  
    With beams of mercy shine !  
And let thy healing voice impart  
    A taste of joys divine.
- 6** Thy presence only can bestow  
    Delights which never cloy ;  
Be this my comfort here below,  
    And my eternal joy.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN CCVIL. *Long Metre.***\* or b**

## The Importance of Time.

- 1** O TIME, how few thy value weigh !  
    How few will estimate a day !

Days, months and years are rolling on,  
The soul neglected and undone.

- 2 In painful cares or empty joys  
Our life its precious hours destroys ;  
Whilst death stands watching at our side,  
Eager to stop the living tide.
- 3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,  
Your Maker gave you here a place ?  
Was it for this, his thought design'd  
The frame of your immortal mind ?
- 4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,  
He fashion'd all the sons of time ;  
Pilgrims on earth, but soon to be  
The heirs of immortality.
- 5 This season of your being, know,  
Is giv'n to you, your seeds to sow ;  
Wisdom and folly's diff'ring grain  
In future worlds is bliss and pain.
- 6 Then let me ev'ry day review,  
Idle or busy, search it through ;  
And whilst probation's minutes last,  
Let ev'ry day amend the past.

SCOTT.

HYMN CCVIII. *Common Metre.* \* or b

Prudence.

- 1 O 'tis a lovely thing to see  
A man of prudent heart !  
Whose thoughts and lips and life agree  
To act a useful part.
- 2 When envy, strife and wars begin  
In little angry souls,

Mark how the sons of peace come in,  
And quench the kindling coals.

- 3 Their minds are humble, mild and meek,  
Nor does their anger rise ;  
Nor passion moves their lips to speak,  
Nor pride exalts their eyes.
- 4 Their lives are prudence mix'd with love ;  
Good works employ their day ;  
They join the serpent with the dove,  
But cast the sting away.
- 5 Such was the Saviour of mankind ;  
Such pleasures he pursu'd ;  
His manners gentle and refin'd,  
His soul divinely good.

HYMN CCIX. *Long Metre.*

b

**Importunate Prayer.** “ Ask, and ye shall receive.”

Matt. vii. 7, &c.

- 1 OUR Father, thron'd above the sky,  
To thee, our empty hands we spread ;  
Thy children at thy footstool lie,  
And ask thy blessings on their head.
- 2 Let mercy all our sins dispel,  
As clouds before the solar beam ;  
Our souls from bondage and from hell  
To liberty and life redeem.
- 3 With cheerful hope and filial fear,  
In that august and precious name,  
By thee ordain'd, we now draw near,  
And would the promis'd blessing claim.
- 4 Does not an earthly parent hear  
The cravings of his famish'd son ?

- Will he reject the filial pray'r,  
Or mock him with a cake of stone ?
- 5 Our heav'nly Father, how much more  
Will thy divine compassion rise ;  
And open thy unbounded store  
To satisfy thy children's cries ?
- 6 Yes, we will ask, and seek, and press  
For gracious audience to thy seat ;  
Still hoping, waiting for success,  
If persevering to entreat.
- 7 For Jesus in his faithful word  
The patient suppliant has blest ;  
And all thy saints with one accord  
The prevalence of pray'r attest.

SCOTT.

HYMN CCX. *Short Metre.* \* or b.

Communion with God and Christ.

- 1 OUR heav'nly Father calls,  
And Christ invites us near ;  
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,  
And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all my griefs,  
He pardons ev'ry day ;  
Almighty to protect my soul,  
And wise to guide my way.
- 3 How large his bounties are !  
What various stores of good,  
Diffus'd from my Redeemer's hand,  
And purchas'd with his blood !
- 4 Jesus, my living head,  
I bless thy faithful care,

My Advocate before the throne,  
And my Fore-runner there.

5 Here fix my roving heart,  
Here wait my warmest love,  
Till the communion be complete,  
In nobler scenes above.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXI. *Hallelujah Metre.*

Christ seen of Angels.

- 1 O YE immortal throng  
Of angels round the throne,  
Join with our feeble song,  
And make the Saviour known ;  
On earth ye knew His wondrous grace ;  
His radiant face In heav'n ye view.
- 2 Ye saw the heaven-born Child  
In human flesh array'd ;  
How innocent and mild,  
When in the manger laid !  
And praise to God, And peace on earth,  
For such a birth, Proclaim'd aloud.
- 3 Ye in the wilderness  
Beheld the tempter spoil'd,  
Well known in ev'ry dress,  
In ev'ry combat foil'd ;  
Ye join'd to crown The Victor's head,  
When Satan fled Before his frown.
- 4 Ye kept a silent guard  
Around his sleeping head,  
Till the bright morn appear'd,  
Which wak'd him from the dead :  
Then roll'd the stone, And all ador'd  
Your rising Lord, With joy unknown.

5 When all array'd in light,  
 The shining Conq'ror rode,  
 Ye hail'd his rapt'rous flight,  
 Up to the throne of God ;  
 And wav'd around Your ardent wings,  
 And tun'd your strings, Of noblest sound.

6 The warbling notes pursue,  
 And louder anthems raise ;  
 Whilst mortals sound with you  
 Their own Redeemer's praise.  
 And thou, my soul, With equal flame,  
 His praise proclaim, Whilst ages roll.

DODDRIDGE, altered.

HYMN CCXII. *Long Metre. \* or b*

*Patience.*

- 1 PATIENCE, O what a grace divine,  
 Sent from the God of peace and love !  
 That leans upon its Father's hand,  
 As through the wilds of life we rove.
- 2 By patience we serenely bear  
 The troubles of our mortal state ;  
 And wait contented our discharge,  
 Nor think our glory comes too late.
- 3 Though we in full sensation feel  
 The weight, the wounds our God ordains,  
 We smile amidst our heaviest woes,  
 And triumph in our sharpest pains.
- 4 O for this grace to aid us on,  
 And arm with fortitude the breast ;  
 Till life's tumultuous voyage is o'er,  
 We reach the port of endless rest !

5 Faith into vision shall be brought,  
 Hope shall in full enjoyment die ;  
 And patience in possession end  
 In the bright world of bliss on high.

RIPON'S Collection.

## HYMN CCXIII. Common Metre. \* or b

The Peace and Consolation of a Christian.

1 PEACE, all ye sorrows of the heart,  
 And ev'ry tear be dry ;  
 The christian ne'er can be forlorn,  
 Who views his Saviour nigh.

2 "Let not your sorrows rise," he says,  
 "Nor be your souls afraid :  
 "Trust in your God's almighty name,  
 "And trust your Saviour's aid.

3 "Fair mansions in my Father's house  
 "For all his children wait ;  
 "And I, your elder Brother, go  
 "To open wide the gate.

4 "And if I thither go before,  
 "A dwelling to prepare,  
 "I surely will return again,  
 "That I may fix you there.

5 "United in eternal love,  
 "My people shall remain,  
 "And with rejoicing heart shall share  
 "The glories of my reign."

6 Thy gracious words, O Lord, we hear,  
 And cordial joys they bring ;  
 Frail nature may extort a groan,  
 But death has lost its sting.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXIV. *Common Metre.***b**

Submission to afflictive Providence.

- 1 PEACE, my complaining, doubting heart,  
Ye busy cares, be still ;  
Adore the just, the sov'reign Lord,  
Nor murmur at his will.
- 2 Unerring wisdom guides his hand ;  
Nor dares my guilty fear,  
Amidst the sharpest pains I feel,  
Pronounce his hand severe.
- 3 To soften ev'ry painful stroke,  
Indulgent mercy bends ;  
And unrepining when I plead,  
His gracious ear attends.
- 4 Let me reflect with humble awe,  
Whene'er my heart complains ;  
Compar'd with what my sins deserve,  
How easy are my pains !
- 5 Great sov'reign Lord, I own thy hand,  
Thou just and wise and kind ;  
Be ev'ry anxious thought suppress'd,  
And all my soul resign'd.
- 6 From evil thou wilt good produce,  
And light from darkness raise ;  
Thus thou wilt change my grief to joy,  
And turn my tears to praise.

MRS. STEELE, with addition.

HYMN CCXV. *Common Metre.***b**

The Trials of Virtue.

- 1 PLAC'D on the verge of youth, my mind  
Life's op'ning scene survey'd ;

- 1 I view'd its ills of various kinds,  
Afflicted and afraid.
- 2 But chief my fear the dangers mov'd  
That virtue's path enclose ;  
My heart the wise pursuit approv'd ;  
But oh, what toils oppose !
- 3 For see, while yet her unknown ways  
With doubtful step I tread,  
A hostile world its terrors raise,  
Its snares delusive spread.
- 4 O how shall I, with heart prepar'd,  
Those terrors learn to meet ?  
How from the thousand snares to guard  
My inexperienc'd feet ?
- 5 Let faith suppress each rising fear,  
Each anxious doubt exclude ;  
My Maker's will has plac'd me here,  
A Maker wise and good.
- 6 He to my ev'ry trial knows  
Its just restraint to give ;  
Attentive to behold my woes,  
And faithful to relieve.
- 7 Then why thus heavy, O my soul ?  
Say, why, distressful still,  
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll  
O'er scenes of future ill ?
- 8 Tho' griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,  
Still in thy God confide ;  
Whose finger marks the seas their bound,  
And curbs the rolling tide.

MERRICK.

HYMN CCXVI. *Sevens Metre.*

\*

Praise in Prosperity and Adversity.

- 1** PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days ;  
Bounteous Source of ev'ry joy,  
Let thy praise our songs employ.
- 2** For the blessings of the field,  
For the stores the gardens yield,  
For the vine's exalted juice,  
For the gen'rous olive's use ;
- 3** Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,  
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,  
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse ;
- 4** All that spring with bounteous hand  
Scatters o'er the smiling land :  
All that lib'ral autumn pours  
From her rich o'erflowing stores ;
- 5** These to thee, our God, we owe,  
Source, whence all our blessings flow ;  
And for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 6** Yet should rising whirlwinds tear  
From its stem, the op'ning ear ;  
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot  
Drop its green untimely fruit ;
- 7** Should the vine put forth no more,  
Nor the olive yield her store ;  
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,  
And the herds desert the stall ;
- 8** Yet to thee our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise ;

And, when ev'ry blessing's flown,  
Love thee for thyself alone.

MRS. BARBAULD.

HYMN CCXVII. *Long Metre.*

\*

The Old and New Creation.

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,  
With uncreated glories bright ;  
His presence fills the world above,  
Th' eternal Source of light and love.
- 2 This rising earth his eye beheld,  
When in substantial darkness veil'd;  
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,  
Lay buried in eternal gloom.
- 3 "Let there be light," Jehovah said,  
And light o'er all its face was spread ;  
The world array'd in charms unknown,  
With all its new-born lustre shone.
- 4 He sees the mind obscur'd within  
The shades of ignorance and sin ;  
And darts from heav'n a vital ray,  
That changes darkness into day.
- 5 Shine, mighty God, with vigour shine  
On this benighted heart of mine ;  
And let thy glories stand reveal'd  
As in the Saviour's face beheld.
- 6 My soul, reviv'd by heav'n-born day,  
Thy radiant image shall display,  
Whilst all my faculties unite  
To praise the Lord who gives me light.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXVIII. *Short Metre.*

\*

The Grace of God in Christ.

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs  
To an immortal tune ;  
Let the wide earth resound the deeds  
Celestial grace hath done.
- 2 Sing how eternal Love  
Its chief Beloved chose,  
And bade him raise our sinful race  
From their abyss of woes.
- 4 His hand no thunder bears,  
Nor terror clothes his brow ;  
No bolts to drive our guilty souls  
To fiercer flames below :
- 4 But mercy fill'd the throne  
Of the eternal sky,  
When Christ was sent with pardon down,  
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,  
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;  
Bow to the sceptre of his love,  
And take the offer'd peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call,  
We lay an humble claim  
To the salvation thou hast wrought,  
And love and praise thy name.

WATTS.

HYMN CCXIX. *Common Metre.* # or b

For a New Year.

- 1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds  
Of the revolving year ;

How swift the weeks complete their round !  
How short the months appear !

- 2 So fast, eternity comes on,  
And that important day,  
When all that mortal life hath done  
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass  
The swift advancing year ;  
And study artful ways t' increase  
The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my careless heart,  
Its great concern to see,  
That I may act the christian part,  
And give the year to thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,  
If future years arise ;  
Or this shall bear my waiting soul  
To joy beyond the skies.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXX. *Common Metre.*

#

Salvation.

- 1 SALVATION ! O melodious sound  
To wretched dying men !  
Salvation, that from God proceeds,  
And leads to God again !
- 2 Rescu'd from hell's eternal gloom,  
From darkness, fire and chains ;  
Rais'd to a paradise of bliss,  
Where love with glory reigns !
- 3 But O, may a degen'rate soul,  
Sinful and weak as mine,

Presume to raise a trembling eye  
To blessings so divine ?

- 4 The lustre of so bright a scene  
My feeble heart o'erbears ;  
And unbelief almost perverts  
The promise into tears.
- 5 My Saviour God, no voice but thine  
These dying hopes can raise ;  
Speak thy salvation to my soul,  
And turn my tears to praise.
- 6 My Saviour God, this broken voice  
Transported shall proclaim ;  
And call on all th' angelick harps,  
To sound thy glorious name.

DODDRI DGE.

**HYMN CCXXI. Common Metre. # or b**

Christ's Regard to little Children.

- 1 SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,  
With all engaging charms !  
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,  
And takes them in his arms !
- 2 " Permit them to approach, (he cries,)  
" Nor scorn their humble name ;  
" It was to bless such souls as these,  
" The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, with grateful hearts,  
And yield them up to thee ;  
Rejoic'd that we ourselves are thine,  
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear ;  
Ye children, seek his face ;

And fly with transport to receive  
The blessings of his grace.

5. If orphans they are left behind,  
Thy guardian care we trust ;  
That thought shall heal our bleeding hearts,  
When weeping o'er their dust.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXXII. *Short Metre.*

Christ the Wisdom of God.

- 1 SHALL Wisdom cry aloud,  
And not her speech be heard ?  
The voice of God's eternal word,  
Deserves it no regard.
- 2 " I was his chief delight,  
His everlasting Son,  
Before the first of all his works,  
Creation, was begun.
- 3 Before the flying clouds,  
Before the solid land,  
Before the fields, before the floods,  
I dwelt at his right hand.
- 4 When he adorn'd the skies,  
And built them, I was there,  
To order when the sun should rise,  
And marshal ev'ry star.
- 5 When he pour'd out the sea,  
And spread the flowing deep,  
I gave the flood a firm decree,  
In its own bounds to keep.
- 6 Upon the empty air  
The earth was balanc'd well ;

With joy I saw the mansion where  
The sons of men should dwell.

7 My busy thoughts at first  
On their salvation ran ;  
Ere sin appear'd, or Adam's dust  
Was fashion'd to a man.

8 Then come, receive my grace,  
Ye children, and be wise ;  
Happy the man that keeps my ways,  
The man that shuns them, dies."

WATTS.

HYMN CCXXIII. *Common Metre.*

#

The Nativity of Christ.

1 "SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,  
" And send your fears away ;  
" News from the region of the skies,  
" Salvation's born to-day.

2 "The Son of God, whom angels fear,  
" Comes down to dwell with you ;  
" To-day he makes his entrance here,  
" But not as monarchs do.

3 "No gold nor purple swaddling bands,  
" Nor royal shining things ;  
" A manger for his cradle stands,  
" And holds the King of kings.

4 "Go, shepherds, where the Infant lies,  
" And see his humble throne ;  
" With tears of joy in all your eyes,  
" Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around  
The heav'nly armies throng ;

They tune their harps to lofty sound,  
And thus conclude the song :

- 6 "Glory to God, who reigns above,  
"Let peace surround the earth ;  
"Mortals shall know their Maker's love,  
"At their Redeemer's birth."
- 7 Lord, shall the angels have their songs,  
And men no tunes to raise ?  
O may we lose these useless tongues,  
When they forget to praisc !
- 8 Glory to God, who reigns above,  
Who pitied us forlorn ;  
We join to sing our Maker's love,  
For there's a Saviour born.

WATTS.

HYMN CCXXIV. *Long Metre.*

b

Faith in God in a Time of Distress. Habakkuk iii. 17, 18

- 1 SHOULD famine o'er the mourning field  
Extend her desolating reign ;  
Nor spring her blooming beauties yield,  
Nor autumn swell the rip'ning grain :
- 2 Should lowing herds and bleating sheep  
Around their famish'd master die ;  
And hope itself expiring weep,  
Whilst life deplores its last supply :
- 3 Amidst the dark, the deathful scene,  
If I can say, *The Lord is mine*,  
The joy shall triumph o'er the pain,  
And glory dawn, though life decline.
- 4 The God of my salvation lives,  
My nobler life he will sustain ;

His word immortal vigour gives,  
Nor shall my hope or trust be vain.

- 5 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,  
Though ev'ry earthly comfort die ;  
Thy love can bid my pain depart,  
And raise my sacred pleasures high.
- 6 O let me hear thy blissful voice,  
Inspiring life and joys divine !  
The barren desert shall rejoice ;  
'Tis paradise if thou be mine.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN CCXXV. *Common Metre.*

#

Christ the Supreme Beauty. *Isaiah xxxiii. 17.*

- 1 SHOULD nature's charms, to please the eye,  
In sweet assemblage join,  
All nature's charms would droop and die,  
Jesus, compar'd with thine.
- 2 Vain were her fairest beams display'd,  
And vain her blooming store ;  
Her brightness languishes to shade,  
Her beauty is no more.
- 3 But ah, how far from mortal sight  
The Lord of glory dwells !  
A veil of interposing night  
His radiant face conceals.
- 4 O could my longing spirit rise  
On strong immortal wing,  
And reach thy palace in the skies,  
My Saviour and my King !
- 5 There thousands worship at thy feet.  
And there, (divine employ !)

The triumphs of thy love repeat,  
In songs of endless joy.

- 6 Thy presence beams eternal day  
O'er all the blissful place ;  
Who would not drop this load of clay,  
And die to see thy face ?

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCXXVI. *Long Metre.*



Faith in God's Names.

- 1 SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims  
His various and his saving names ;  
O may they not be heard alone,  
But by our sure experience known.
- 2 The great Jehovah be ador'd,  
Th' eternal, all-sufficient Lord ;  
He through the world most high confess'd,  
By whom 'twas form'd, and is possess'd.
- 3 Awake, our noblest pow'rs, to bless  
The God of Abrah'm, God of peace ;  
Now by a dearer title known,  
Father and God of Christ his Son.
- 4 Through ev'ry age, his gracious ear  
Is open to his servants' pray'r ;  
Nor can one humble soul complain  
That he hath sought his God in vain.
- 5 What unbelieving heart shall dare,  
In whispers to suggest a fear ?  
While still he owns his ancient name,  
The same his pow'r, his love the same.
- 6 To thee our souls in faith arise,  
To thee we lift expecting eyes ;

And boldly through the desert tread,  
For God will guard where God shall lead.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXXVII. *Common Metre.* \* or b

The Brazen Serpent.

- 1 So did the Hebrew prophet raise  
    The brazen serpent high ;  
The wounded felt immediate ease,  
    The sick forebore to die.
- 2 "Look upward in th' expiring hour,  
    " And live," the prophet cries ;  
But Christ performs a nobler cure,  
    When faith lifts up her eyes.
- 3 High on the cross the Saviour hung ;  
    High in the heav'ns he reigns ;  
Here sinners, by the serpent stung,  
    Look, and forget their pains.
- 4 When God's own Son is lifted up,  
    A dying world revives ;  
The Jew beholds the blessed hope,  
    Th' expiring Gentile lives.

WATTS.

HYMN CCXXVIII. *Long Metre.*

b

On the Death of a Child.

So fades the lovely blooming flow'r,  
Frail, smiling solace of an hour !  
So soon our transient comforts fly,  
And pleasure only blooms to die.

- 2 To certain trouble we are born,  
Hope to rejoice, but sure to mourn ;

- Ah, wretched effort ! sad relief !  
 To plead necessity of grief !
- 3 Is there no kind, no lenient art,  
 To heal the anguish of the heart ?  
 To ease the heavy load of care  
 Which nature must, but dreads to bear ?
- 4 Can reason's dictates be obey'd ?  
 Too weak, alas ! her strongest aid ;  
 O let religion then be nigh !  
 Her consolations never die.
- 5 Her pow'rful aid supports the soul,  
 And nature owns her kind control ;  
 Whilst she unfolds the sacred page,  
 Our fiercest griefs resign their rage.
- 6 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,  
 And dying hope revives again ;  
 Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,  
 And faith points upward to the sky.
- 7 The promise guides her ardent flight,  
 And joys, unknown to sense, invite,  
 Those blissful regions to explore,  
 Where pleasure blooms, to fade no more.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN CCXXIX. *Long Metre. # or b*

## Holiness.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express  
 The holy gospel we profess ;  
 So let our works and virtues shine,  
 To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
 The honours of our Saviour God ;

When the salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

- 3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,  
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;  
Whilst justice, temp'rance, truth and love,  
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
Whilst we expect that blessed hope,  
The bright appearance of the Lord,  
And faith stands leaning on his word.

WATTS.

HYMN CCXXX. *Common Metre.*

#

## The Hope of Heaven.

- 1 SOON shall this earthly frame, dissolv'd,  
In death and ruin lie ;  
But better mansions wait the just,  
Prepar'd above the sky.
- 2 A house eternal, built by God,  
Shall lodge the holy mind,  
When once the prison walls are broke  
In which 'tis now confin'd.
- 3 Such are the hopes that cheer the just,  
These hopes their God hath giv'n ;  
His Spirit is the earnest now,  
And seals their souls for heav'n.
- 4 What faith rejoices to believe,  
We long and pant to see ;  
We would be absent from the flesh,  
And present, Lord, with thee.

Scotch Paraphrases.

HYMN CCXXXI. *Common Metre.* # or b

Human Misery and divine Consolation.

- 1 THE days how few, how short the year  
Of man's so rapid race !  
Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,  
A shorter in its place.
- 2 They who the longest lease enjoy,  
Have told us, with a sigh,  
That to be born, seems little more  
Than to begin to die.
- 3 Our hearts are fasten'd to this world  
By strong and num'rous ties ;  
But ev'ry sorrow cuts a string,  
And urges us to rise.
- 4 When Heav'n would kindly set us free,  
And earth's enchantment end ;  
It takes the most effectual way,  
And robs us of a friend.
- 5 If we presume to counteract  
A sympathetick God,  
Have we not cause to fear the stroke  
Of his avenging rod ?
- 6 If we resign, our patience makes  
His rod a gentle wand ;  
If not, it darts a serpent's sting,  
Like that in Moses' hand.

YOUNG.

HYMN CCXXXII. *Long Metre.*

Divine Providence towards Man and Beast.

- 1 THE earth and all the heav'ly frame  
Their great Creator's love proclaim ;

He gives the sun his genial pow'r,  
And sends the soft refreshing show'r.

2 The ground with plenty blooms again,  
And yields her various fruits to men ;  
To men, who from thy bounteous hand  
Receive the gifts of ev'ry land.

3 Nor to the human race alone  
Is thy paternal goodness shown ;  
The tribes of earth, of sea and air,  
Enjoy thy universal care.

4 Not e'en the sparrow yields its breath  
Till God permits the stroke of death ;  
He hears the ravens when they call,  
The father and the friend of all.

5 Thy care, great God, sustains them all ;  
When urg'd by hunger's pow'rful call,  
Expectant of the known supply,  
To thee they lift the asking eye.

6 To thee, in ceaseless strains, my tongue  
Shall raise the morn and ev'ning song ;  
And long as breath inspires my frame,  
The wonders of thy love proclaim.

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN CCXXXIII. *Long Metre. # or b*

Sinai and Sion.

1 THE God, who once to Israel spoke  
From Sinai's top in fire and smoke,  
In gentler strains of gospel grace  
Invites us now to seek his face.

2 He wears no terrors on his brow,  
He speaks in love from Sion now ;

It is the voice of Jesus' blood  
That calls us, wand'lers, back to God.

- 3 God's servant, Moses, quak'd and fear'd,  
When Sinai's thund'ring law he heard ;  
But Gospel grace, with accents mild,  
Speaks to the sinner as a child.
- 4 Hark ! how from Calvary it sounds,  
From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds :  
“ Pardon and grace I freely give,  
“ Then, sinner, look to me and live.”
- 5 What other arguments can move  
The heart that slight a Saviour's love ?  
O may that heav'nly pow'r be felt,  
And cause the stony heart to melt !
- 6 Else how shall we thy presence bear,  
When as our Judge thou shalt appear ;  
When slighted love to wrath shall turn,  
And the whole earth like Sinai burn ?

NEWTON.

HYMN CCXXXIV. *Common Metre.*

Room at the Gospel Feast.

- 1 THE King of heav'n his table spreads,  
And dainties crown the board ;  
Not Paradise, with all its joys,  
Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,  
And endless life are giv'n ;  
And the rich blood that Jesus shed,  
To raise the soul to heav'n.
- 3 Ye hungry poor, who long have stray'd  
In sin's dark mazes, come ;

- Come from the hedges and high ways,  
And grace will find you room.
- 4 Thousands of souls in glory now,  
Were fed and feasted here ;  
And thousands more still on the way,  
Around the board appear.
- 5 Yet is his house and heart so large,  
That thousands more may come ;  
Nor could the wide assembling world  
O'erfill the spacious room.
- 6 All things are ready ; enter in,  
Nor weak excuses frame ;  
Come, take your places at the feast,  
And bless the Founder's name.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXXXV. *Short Metre.* ♀ or ♂

## The Law and Gospel.

- 1 THE law by Moses came,  
But peace and truth and love  
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,  
Descending from above.
- 2 Amidst the house of God,  
Their diff'rent works were done ;  
Moses a faithful servant stood ;  
But Christ a faithful Son.
- 3 Then to his new commands  
Be strict obedience paid ;  
O'er all his Father's house he stands  
The sov'reign and the head.
- 4 The man who durst despise  
The law that Moses brought,

Behold how terribly he dies  
For his presumptuous fault !

5 But sorcer vengeance falls  
On that rebellious race,  
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,  
And dare resist his grace.

WATTS.

HYMN CCXXXVI. *Common Metre.* \* or b  
The New Covenant.

- 1 "THE promise of my Father's love  
" Shall stand for ever good,"  
He said ; and gave his soul to death,  
And seal'd the grace with blood.
- 2 To this new cov'nant of thy word  
I set my worthless name ;  
I seal th' engagment to the Lord,  
And make my humble claim.
- 3 Thy light and strength and pard'ning grace,  
And glory shall be mine ;  
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,  
And all my pow'rs be thine.
- 4 Thus will I join my soul to God  
In everlasting bands ;  
And take the blessings he bestows,  
With thankful heart and hands.

WATTS AND DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXXXVII. *Long Metre.* \*

The Reward of faithful Servants. Dan. xii. 3.

- 1 THERE is a glorious world on high,  
Resplendent with eternal day ;

Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,  
And God's own word reveals the way.

- 2 There shall the servants of the Lord  
With never fading lustre shine ;  
Surprising honour ! large reward,  
Conferr'd on man by love divine !
- 3 How happy then the truly wise,  
Who learn and keep the sacred road !  
How happy they whom Heav'n employs,  
To turn rebellious men to God—
- 4 To win them from the fatal way,  
Where erring folly thoughtless roves ;  
And that blest righteousness display,  
Which Jesus wrought, and God approves !
- 5 The shining firmament shall fade,  
And sparkling stars resign their light ;  
But these shall know no change nor shade,  
For ever fair, for ever bright.
- 6 No fancied joy beyond the sky,  
No fair delusion is reveal'd ;  
'Tis God that speaks, who cannot lie,  
And all his word must be fulfill'd.
- 7 And shall not these cold hearts of ours,  
Be kindled at the glorious view ?  
Come, Lord, awake our active pow'rs,  
Our feeble, dying strength renew.
- 8 On wings of faith and strong desire  
O may our spirits daily rise ;  
And reach at last the shining choir,  
In the bright mansions of the skies !

HYMN CCXXXVIII. *Common Metre.* # or b

Death and Heaven.

- 1 THERE is a house not made by hands,  
Eternal and on high ;  
And here my spirit waiting stands,  
Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay  
Must be dissolv'd and fall ;  
Then, oh, my soul, with joy obey  
Thy heav'nly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,  
That forms thee fit for heav'n ;  
And, as an earnest of the place,  
Has his own Spirit giv'n.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come ;  
Faith lives upon his word ;  
But whilst the body is our home,  
We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,  
But we had rather see ;  
We would we absent from the flesh,  
And present, Lord, with thee.

WATTS.

HYMN CCXXXIX. *Common Metre.* b

The Humiliation of Christ. Isaiah liii.

- 1 THE Saviour comes ! no outward pomp  
Bespeaks his presence nigh ;  
No earthly beauties in him shine,  
To draw the carnal eye.

- 2 Fair as a blooming, tender flow'r,  
     Amidst the desert grows ;  
     So, slighted and despis'd by man,  
         The heav'nly Saviour rose.
- 3 They held him as condemn'd by Heav'n,  
     An outcast from his God ;  
     While for their sins he groan'd and bled  
         Beneath his Father's rod.
- 4 With sinners in the dust he lay,  
     The rich a grave supply'd ;  
     Unspotted was his blameless life,  
         Unstain'd by sin he died.
- 5 His soul rejoicing shall behold  
     The purchase of his pain ;  
     And ev'ry sinner by him sav'd  
         Shall bless Messiah's reign.
- 6 He died to bear the guilt of men,  
     That sin might be forgiv'n ;  
     He lives to bless them, and defend,  
         And plead their cause in heav'n.

Scotch Paraphrases.

HYMN CCXL.     *Common Metre.*     \* or b

The Resurrection of the Martyrs.   Rev. vii.

- 1 "THESE glorious minds, how bright they  
     Whence all their white array ?   [shine !  
     How came they to the happy seats  
         Of everlasting day ?"
- 2 From tort'ring pains to endless joys,  
     On fiery wheels they rode ;  
     And strangely wash'd their raiment white  
         In Jesus' dying blood.

- 3 Now they approach a spotless God,  
And bow before his throne ;  
Their warbling harps and sacred songs  
Adore the Holy One.
- 4 The unveil'd glories of his face  
Among his saints reside ;  
While the rich treasure of his grace  
Sees all their wants supply'd.
- 5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls  
And hunger flee as fast ;  
The fruit of life's immortal tree  
Shall be their sweet repast.
- 6 The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock  
Where living fountains rise ;  
And love divine shall wipe away  
The sorrows of their eyes.

WATTS

HYMN CCXLI. *Long Metre.*

## The Voice of Nature.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue etherial sky ;  
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 TH' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's pow'r display,  
And publishes to ev'ry land  
The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the list'ning earth  
Repeats the story of her birth.

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found :  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing as they shine,  
The hand that made us is divine.

ADDISON.

HYMN CCXLII. *Long Metre. \* or b*  
Remembrance of Christ.

"THIS do in mem'ry of your Friend." Such was the Saviour's last request, Who all the pangs of death endur'd, That we might live for ever blest.

Yes, we'll record thy matchless love, Thou dearest, tend'rest, best of Friends ! Thy dying love the noblest praise Of long eternity transcends.

'Tis pleasure more than earth can give, Thy goodness through these veils to see ; Thy table food celestial yields, And happy they who sit with thee.

But oh ! what vast transporting joys Shall fill our breasts, our tongues inspire, When, join'd with the celestial train, Our grateful souls thy love admire ! When these vile bodies, all refin'd, Perfect and glorious as thy own,

Unwearied shall our minds obey,  
And join in worship near thy throne.

HYMN CCXLIII. *Common Metre.* \* or b

The Testimony of a good Conscience.

- 1 THOUGH frightful snares beset me round,  
    And threat'ning billows roll ;  
Though scandal and reproach abound,  
    To vex my weary soul ;
- 2 A conscience pure can testify  
    My heart to be sincere ;  
Presumption and hypocrisy  
    All hateful still appear.
- 3 My feet have kept the path divine,  
    Though sinners did entice ;  
Nor do I yet from thence decline,  
    To tread the paths of vice.
- 4 God's word I treasure up, and prize  
    Beyond all earthly good ;  
Compar'd with this, I may despise  
    My necessary food.
- 5 Censorious men, who dwell at ease,  
    May proudly on me tread ;  
My Saviour, whom I seek to please,  
    My righteous cause will plead.
- 6 His righteousness I shall behold,  
    When light springs from above ;  
And, tried, I shall come forth as gold,  
    To praise his wondrous love.

WALLIN.

HYMN CCXLIV. *Long Metre.* \* or b

Christ the Image of the Invisible God.

- 1 THOU, Lord, by mortal eyes unseen,  
    And by thy offspring here unknown,

To manifest thyself to men,  
Hast set thy image in thy Son.

- 2 As the bright sun's meridian blaze  
O'erwhelms and pains our feeble sight,  
But cheers us with his softer rays  
When shining with reflected light ;
- 3 So in thy Son, thy pow'r divine,  
Thy wisdom, justice, truth and love,  
With mild and pleasing lustre shine,  
Reflected from thy throne above.
- 4 Though harden'd Jews deny'd his claim,  
And turn'd away their scornful face ;  
Yet those who trusted in his name,  
Beheld in him thy truth and grace.
- 5 O thou, at whose almighty word  
Fair light at first from darkness shone,  
Give us to know our glorious Lord,  
And see the Father in the Son.
- 6 Whilst we, thine image there display'd,  
With love and admiration view,  
Form us in likeness to our Head,  
That we may bear thy image too.

MASON, altered.

HYMN CCXLV. *Common Metre.*

b

God our Refuge in Trouble.

- 1 THOU Refuge of my weary soul,  
On thee, when sorrows rise,  
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,  
For thou alone canst heal ;

- Thy promises can bring relief  
For ev'ry pain I feel.
- 3 But when these gloomy doubts prevail,  
I fear to call thee mine ;  
The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?  
Thou art my only trust ;  
And still my soul would rise to thee,  
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?  
And shall I seek in vain ?  
And can the ear of sov'reign grace  
Be deaf when I complain ?
- 6 Thy mercy-seat is open still,  
There shall my soul retreat ;  
With humble hope attend thee still,  
And wait beneath thy feet.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCXLVI. *Long Metre.*

b

## Self-Examination.

- 1 Thou vain intruding world, depart !  
No more allure or vex my heart ;  
Let ev'ry vanity begone,  
I would be peaceful and alone.
- 2 Here let me search my inmost mind,  
And try its real state to find ;  
The secret springs of thought explore,  
And call my words and actions o'er.
- 3 Reflect how soon my life will end,  
And think on what my hopes depend ;  
What aim my busy thoughts pursue ;  
What work is done, and what to do.

- 4 Eternity is just at hand ;  
 And shall I waste the ebbing sand ?  
 And careless view departing day ?  
 And throw my fleeting time away ?
- 5 Be this my chief, my only care,  
 My high pursuit, my ardent pray'r—  
 An int'rest in the Saviour's blood,  
 A pardon seal'd, and peace with God.
- 6 Search, gracious God, my inmost heart,  
 And light, and hope, and joy impart ;  
 From guilt and error set me free,  
 And guide me safe to heav'n and thee.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN CCXLVII. *Long Metre. \* or b*

Seeking Christ the Shepherd.

- 1 THOU, whom my soul admires above  
 All earthly joys and earthly love,  
 Tell me, my Shepherd, let me know,  
 Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow ?
- 2 Where is the shadow of that Rock,  
 Which from the sun defends thy flock ?  
 Fain would I feed among thy sheep,  
 Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 The footsteps of thy flock I see,  
 Thy sweetest pastures here they be !  
 A wondrous feast thy love prepares, [tears.  
 Bought by thy wounds, and groans, and
- 4 His sacred flesh he makes my food,  
 And bids me drink his precious blood ;  
 Here to this feast my soul will come,  
 Till my Beloved lead me home.

WATTS

HYMN CCXLVIII. *Long Metre.* \* or b

The Vanity of Forms without Virtue.

- 1 TH' uplifted eye and bended knee  
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee ;  
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,  
The heart a stranger to the song.
- 2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,  
The breaches of thy precepts heal ?  
Can fasts and penance reconcile  
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile ?
- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,  
Thankful, and to thy will resign'd,  
To thee a nobler off'rning yields,  
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields ;
- 4 Than floods of oil, or costly wine,  
Rolling by thousands to thy shrine ;  
Or than if to thine altar led,  
A first-born son the victim bled.
- 5 "Be just and kind and humble too,  
"In all you say, in all you do ;  
"To men, your charity impart,  
"And love your God with all your heart."
- 6 This truth, by ancient prophets giv'n,  
Was by thy Son confirm'd from heav'n ;  
And, deep engrav'd, this great command  
Doth on eternal pillars stand.

Reformed Liturgy.

HYMN CCXLIX. *Long Metre.* \* or b

Love to God and Man.

- 1 THUS saith the first, the great command,  
"Let all thy inward pow'rs unite  
"To love thy Maker and thy God,  
"With sacred fervour and delight.

- 2 " Then shall thy neighbour, next in place,  
   " Share thine affections and esteem ;  
   " And let thy kindness to thyself  
   " Measure and rule thy love to him."
- 3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,  
   This did the prophets preach and prove ;  
   For want of this the law is broke,  
   And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.
- 4 But oh, how base our passions are !  
   How cold our charity and zeal !  
   Lord, fill our souls with heav'nly fire,  
   Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

WATTS.

HYMN CCL.      *Long Metre.*      ♫ or b

God dwelling with the humble.

- 1 Thus saith the high and lofty One,  
   " I sit upon my holy throne ;  
   My name is God, I dwell on high,  
   Dwell in my own eternity.
- 2 " But I descend to worlds below,  
   On earth I have a mansion too ;  
   The humble spirit and contrite  
   Is an abode of my delight.
- 3 " The humble soul my words revive,  
   I bid the mourning sinner live ;  
   Heal all the broken hearts I find,  
   And ease the sorrows of the mind.
- 4 " When I contend against their sin,  
   I make them know how vile they've been ;  
   But should my wrath for ever smoke,  
   Their souls would sink beneath the stroke."

5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,  
 Lest we should faint, despair and die !  
 Thus shall our better thoughts approve  
 The methods of thy chast'ning love.

WATTS.

HYMN CCLI. *Common Metre. # or b*

Characters of Christ. Isa. xlvi. 1, 4.

- 1 Thus saith the Lord, who built the heav'ns,  
 And bade the planets roll ;  
 Who peopled all the climes of earth,  
 And form'd the human soul ;
- 2 "Behold my Servant, see him rise,  
 Exalted in my might ;  
 Him have I chosen, and in him  
 I place supreme delight.
- 3 "On him, in rich effusion pour'd,  
 My Spirit shall descend ;  
 My truth and judgment he shall show  
 To earth's remotest end.
- 4 "Gentle and still shall be his voice,  
 No threats from him proceed ;  
 The smoking flax he shall not quench,  
 Nor break the bruised reed.
- 5 "The feeble spark to flame he'll raise,  
 The weak will not despise ;  
 Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,  
 And make the fallen rise.
- 6 "The progress of his zeal and pow'r  
 Shall never know decline,  
 Till foreign lands and distant isles  
 Receive the law divine."

Scotch Paraphrases.

**HYMN CCLII.** *Common Metre.* # or b  
Children devoted to God.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the mercy of the Lord,  
“ I'll be a God to thee,  
I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they  
Shall be a seed for me.”
- 2 **A**brah'm believ'd the promis'd grace,  
And gave his sons to God ;  
But water seals the cov'nant now,  
Which then was seal'd with blood.
- 3 **T**hus Lydia's house was sanctify'd,  
When she receiv'd the word ;  
Thus the believing jailer gave  
His household to the Lord.
- 4 **T**hus do thy saints, O faithful God,  
Thine ancient truth embrace ;  
To thee their infant offspring bring,  
And humbly claim the grace.

WATTS.

**HYMN CCLIII.** *Long Metre.* # or b

Christ's Commission to preach the Gospel.

- 1 **T**HUS spake the Saviour, when he sent  
His ministers to preach his word ;  
They through the world obedient went,  
And spread the gospel of their Lord.
- 2 “ Go forth, ye heralds, in my name,  
Bid the whole earth my grace receive ;  
The gospel jubilee proclaim,  
And call them to repent and live.
- 3 “ The joyful news to all impart,  
And teach them where salvation lies ;  
Bind up the broken, bleeding heart,  
And wipe the tear from weeping eyes.

- 4 " Be wise as serpents where you go,  
   But harmless as the peaceful dove ;  
   And let your heav'n-taught conduct show  
   That you're commission'd from above.
- 5 " Freely from me ye have receiv'd,  
   Freely in love to others give ;  
   Thus shall your doctrines be believ'd,  
   And, by your labours, sinners live.
- 6 " All pow'r is trusted in my hands,  
   I will protect you and defend ;  
   Whilst thus you follow my commands,  
   I'm with you till the world shall end."
- 7 Happy those servants of the Lord,  
   Who thus their Master's will obey !  
   How rich, how full is their reward,  
   Reserv'd until the final day !

HYMN CCLIV. *Common Metre.*

#

Divine Goodness to Man.

- 1 THY wisdom, pow'r and goodness, Lord,  
   In all thy works appear ;  
   But man thy bounties shall record,  
   For thy distinguish'd care.
- 2 From thee, the breath of life we drew,  
   That breath thy pow'r maintains ;  
   Thy tender mercy, ever new,  
   Our brittle frame sustains.
- 3 Yet nobler gifts demand our praise,  
   Of reason's light possess'd ;  
   By revelation's brighter rays  
   Still more divinely blest.
- 4 Thy providence our constant guard,  
   When threat'ning woes impend,

Will either threat'ning dangers ward,  
Or timely succours lend.

- 5 On us thy providence has shone  
With its propitious rays ;  
O let our lips and lives make known  
Thy goodness and thy praise.
- 6 All bounteous Lord, thy grace impart ;  
O teach us to improve  
Thy gifts with ever grateful heart,  
And crown them with thy love !

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCLV. *Short Metre. \* or b*

The Voice of Wisdom.

- 1 'Tis Wisdom's earnest cry,  
Wisdom, the voice of God,  
To young and old, the low and high,  
She speaks his will abroad.
- 2 Within the human breast  
Her strong monitions plead ;  
She thunders her divine protest,  
Against th' unrighteous deed.
- 3 Within the holy place,  
She calls with open arms ;  
“ How long, ye fools, will you embrace  
“ Folly's deceiving charms ?
- 4 “ The race of men I love ;  
“ In mercy I chastise ;  
“ Severely faithful, I reprove ;  
“ Hear, mortals, and be wise.
- 5 “ My doors are open wide ;  
“ My table spread within ;  
“ Come then, ye simple, turn aside,  
“ And leave the paths of sin.

- 6 " My joys, unsensual taste,  
   " Come, drink of wisdom's wine ;  
   " No sorrow poisons my repast,  
   " The banquet is divine.

- 7 " My ways are ways of peace,  
   " My pleasures never cloy ;  
   " The bliss I give will never cease,  
   " But lead to endless joy."

SCOTT, varied.

HYMN CCLVI. *Short Metre.*

#

## Preserving Grace.

- 1 To God, the only wise,  
   Our Saviour and our King,  
   Let all the saints below the skies  
   Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,  
   His counsel and his care,  
   Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
   And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,  
   Unblemish'd and complete,  
   Before the glory of his face,  
   With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed  
   Shall meet around the throne ;  
   Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
   And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God,  
   Wisdom and pow'r belongs,  
   Immortal crowns of majesty,  
   And everlasting songs.

WATTS.

HYMN CCLVII. *Long Metre.*

#

## Divine Preservation.

- 1 To heav'n my grateful soul ascends,  
Of God alone for help depends ;  
His hand is my perpetual guard,  
His grace the source of my reward.
- 2 The spreading skies by pow'r divine,  
In all their radiant glories shine ;  
From his command, the solid earth  
And all its stores deriv'd their birth.
- 3 Inspected by his piercing eyes,  
No threat'ning snares my soul surprise ;  
My faithful Guardian never sleeps,  
My trembling feet he safely keeps.
- 4 Protected by his pow'rful arm,  
Should dreadful scenes our souls alarm,  
Our lives are safe ; his heav'nly care  
Defends us still from ev'ry snare.
- 5 He guides our feet, directs our way,  
His morning smiles enliven day ;  
And when the sun withdraws the light,  
His presence cheers the shades of night.

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN CCLVIII. *Long Metre.*

#

## Communion with Christ.

- 1 To Jesus, our exalted Lord,  
That name, in heav'n and earth ador'd,  
Fain would our hearts and voices raise  
A cheerful song of sacred praise.
- 2 But all the notes which mortals know,  
Are weak, and languishing, and low ;

Far, far above our humble songs,  
The theme demands immortal tongues.

- 3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,  
And worship at his saered feet,  
O let our warm affections move,  
In glad returns of grateful love !
- 4 Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,  
But long to know and love thee more ;  
And whilst we taste the bread and wine,  
Desire to feed on joys divine.
- 5 Let faith our feeble senses aid,  
To see thy wondrous love display'd ;  
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,  
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
- 6 Let humble penitential wo,  
With painful, pleasing anguish flow ;  
And thy forgiving love impart  
Life, hope and joy, to ev'ry heart.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCLIX. *Long Metre.*

The Heavenly Conqueror.

#

- 1 To Jesus, our victorious Lord,  
The praises of our lives belong ;  
For ever be his name ador'd,  
The subject of each thankful song.
- 2 Enslav'd by sin, beset by foes,  
Undone and perishing, we lay ;  
His pity melted o'er our woes,  
To save the trembling, dying prey.
- 3 He fought, he conquer'd, though he fell,  
Whilst with his last expiring breath

He triumph'd o'er the pow'rs of hell,  
And, by his dying, vanquish'd death.

- 4 Now on his Father's throne he reigns,  
And all the tuneful choir above  
Resound, in high immortal strains,  
The praises of victorious love.
- 5 Though still surviving foes arise,  
Temptations, sins and doubts appear,  
And pain our hearts, and fill our eyes,  
With many a groan, and many a tear ;
- 6 Still shall we fight, and still prevail,  
In our almighty Leader's name ;  
His strength, whene'er our spirits fail,  
Shall all our active pow'rs inflame.
- 7 Immortal honours wait above,  
To crown the dying Conq'ror's brow ;  
And endless peace, and joy, and love,  
For the short war sustain'd below.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN CCLX.      *Long Metre.*

The Lord's Supper.

b

- 1 'TWAS on that dark and doleful night,  
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betray'd him to his foes :
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and blest, and brake ;  
What love through all his actions ran !  
What wondrous words of grace he spake !
- 3 " This is my body, broke for sin,  
Receive and eat the living food ; "

Then took the cup, and blest the wine,  
 " 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

- 4 " In mem'ry of your dying Lord,  
 Do this (he said) till time shall end ;  
 Meet at my table, and record  
 The love of your departed Friend."
- 5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,  
 We show thy death, we sing thy name ;  
 Till thou return, and we shall eat  
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.

WATTS.

HYMN CCLXI. *Common Metre.* \* or b

The New Birth.

- 1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men  
 On their own works have built ;  
 The carnal mind is all unclean,  
 And all its actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouth,  
 Without a murmur'ring word ;  
 And the whole race of Adam stand  
 Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law  
 To justify us now ;  
 When, to convince and to condemn,  
 Is all the law can do.
- 4 Not all the outward forms on earth,  
 Nor rites that Moses gave,  
 Nor will of men, nor blood, nor birth,  
 The guilty race can save.
- 5 God's Spirit, like a heav'nly wind,  
 Blows on the sons of flesh ;

Changes the heart, renews the mind,  
And forms the man afresh.

6 Our quicken'd souls awake and rise  
From the long sleep of death ;  
To heav'ny things we turn our eyes,  
And praise employs our breath.

7 The sins and follies of our mind  
Are crucified and dead ;  
By holy love our souls are join'd  
To Christ our living Head.

Altered from WATTS.

HYMN CCLXII. *Long Metre.*

b

The Grave destroyed.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,  
Take this new treasure to thy trust ;  
And give these sacred relicks room  
To slumber in thy silent dust.

2 No pain, no grief, no anxious fear,  
Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes  
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
Whilst angels watch its soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son  
Pass'd through the grave and blest the bed ;  
Then rest, dear saint, till from his throne  
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn !  
Attend, O grave, his sov'reign word !  
Restore thy trust ; the glorious form  
Will then arise to meet the Lord.

WATTS.

HYMN CCLXIII. *Short Metre.*

#

## The Lord's Day.

- 1 WELCOME, thou day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise ;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near  
To feast his saints to-day ;  
Here we may sit, and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place,  
Where Jesus is within,  
Is better than ten thousand days  
Of pleasure and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
Till it is call'd to soar away  
To everlasting bliss.

WATTS, varied.

HYMN CCLXIV. *Common Metre.*

#

## The Victory and Dominion of Christ.

- 1 WE sing our Saviour's wondrous death,  
He conquer'd when he fell ;  
“ ‘Tis finish'd !” said his dying breath,  
And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 “ ‘Tis finish'd !” our Immanuel cries,  
The mighty work is done ;  
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,  
His kingdom is begun.
- 3 A person so divine was he,  
Who yielded to be slain,

That he could give his life away,  
And take his life again.

- 4 His cross a sure foundation laid  
For glory and renown ;  
When through the regions of the dead  
He pass'd, to reach the crown.
- 5 Exalted at his Father's side,  
Sits our victorious Lord,  
His saints from sinners to divide,  
To punish or reward.
- 6 Live, glorious Lord, and reign above,  
And ev'ry tongue shall sing  
The riches of eternal love,  
The conquest of our King.

WATTS, varied.

HYMN CCLXV. *Common Metre. \* or b*  
Resignation in Death.

- 1 **W**HAT cannot resignation do ?  
It wonders can perform ;  
That pow'rful charm, "Thy will be done,"  
Can lay the loudest storm.
- 2 Haste, then, O resignation, haste !  
'Tis thine to reconcile  
The mind to death ; at thy approach  
The monster wears a smile.
- 3 What sight beneath the arch of heav'n  
Has most of heav'n to boast ?  
The dying saint, resign'd, serene,  
And giving up the ghost.
- 4 O for that summit of my wish,  
Whilst yet I draw my breath,  
That foretaste of eternal life,  
A glorious smile in death !

YOUNG.

HYMN CCLXVI. *Common Metre.*

#

Gratitude for divine Mercies. Part I.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love and praise.
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redress'd,  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
Or hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd  
To form themselves in pray'r.
- 4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd ;  
Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 5 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.
- 6 Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,  
It gently clear'd my way ;  
And through the pleasing scenes of vice  
Where thousands go astray.

ADDISON.

HYMN CCLXVII. *Common Metre.*

#

Gratitude for divine Mercies. Part II.

- 1 WHEN pale with sickness, oft hast thou  
With health renew'd my face ;  
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,  
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

- 2 Thy bounteous hand with worldly good  
     Has made my cup run o'er ;  
     And in a kind and faithful friend  
         Has doubled all my store.
- 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
     My daily thanks employ,  
     Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
         That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 4 Through ev'ry period of my life,  
     Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
     And after death, in distant worlds,  
         The glorious theme renew.
- 5 When nature fails, and day and night  
     Divide the time no more,  
     My ever grateful heart, O Lord,  
         Thy mercy shall adore.
- 6 Through all eternity to thee  
     A joyful song I'll raise ;  
     For O, eternity's too short  
         To utter all thy praise.

ADDISON.

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HYMN CCLXVIII. *Common Metre.* \*

The Spring.

- 1 WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,  
     And blossoms deck the spray ;  
     And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale,  
         How sweet the vernal day !
- 2 Hark, how the feather'd warblers sing !  
     'Tis nature's cheerful voice ;  
     Soft musick hails the lovely spring,  
         And woods and fields rejoice.

- 3 How kind the influence of the skies !  
     The show'rs, with blessings fraught,  
     Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,  
     And fix the roving thought.
- 4 Then let my wond'ring heart confess,  
     With gratitude and love,  
     The bounteous hand that deigns to bless  
     The garden, field and grove.
- 5 That bounteous hand my thoughts adore,  
     Beyond expression kind,  
     Hath better, nobler gifts in store,  
     To bless the craving mind.
- 6 O God of nature and of grace,  
     Thy heav'nly gifts impart !  
     Then shall my meditation trace  
     Spring blooming in my heart.
- 7 Inspir'd to praise, I then shall join  
     Glad nature's cheerful song,  
     And love and gratitude divine  
     Attune my joyful tongue.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN CCLXIX. *Common Metre.*#  
Strength from God.

- 1 WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise ?  
     And where's our courage fled ?  
     Has restless sin and hopeless fear  
     Struck all our comforts dead ?
- 2 Have we forgot th' Almighty hand  
     That form'd the earth and sea ?  
     Or can the all-creating arm  
     Grow weary, or decay ?
- 3 Treasures of everlasting might  
     In our Jehovah dwell ;

He gives the conquest to the weak,  
And treads their foes to hell.

**4** Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die,  
And youthful vigour cease ;  
But they who wait upon the Lord  
Shall find their strength increase.

**5** The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,  
And taste the promis'd bliss ;  
Till their unwearied feet arrive  
Where perfect pleasure is.

WATTS.

HYMN CCLXX. *Common Metre.*

#

Victory over Death, through Christ.

**1** WHEN death appears before my sight,  
In all his dire array,  
Unequal to the dreadful fight,  
My courage dies away.

**2** How shall I meet this potent foe,  
Whose frown my soul alarms ?  
Dark horror sits upon his brow,  
And vict'ry waits his arms.

**3** But see my glorious Leader nigh !  
My Lord, my Saviour lives ;  
Before him death's pale terrors fly,  
And my faint heart revives.

**4** Jesus, be thou my sure defence,  
My guard for ever near ;  
My faith shall triumph over sense,  
And never yield to fear.

**5** O may I meet the final hour  
With fortitude divine !  
Sustain'd by thine almighty pow'r,  
The conquest must be mine.

- 6 Lord, I commit my soul to thee,  
     Accept the sacred trust ;  
     Receive this nobler part of me,  
     And watch my sleeping dust :
- 7 Till that illustrious morning come,  
     When all thy saints shall rise ;  
     And, cloth'd in thine immortal bloom,  
     Attend thee to the skies.
- 8 O let me join their raptur'd lays,  
     And, with the blissful throng,  
     Resound salvation, pow'r and praise  
     In everlasting song !

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN CCLXXI. *Long Metre.*

#

Christ the Life of the Soul.

- 1 WHEN doubts and fears prevailing rise,  
     And fainting hope almost expires,  
     Jesus, to thee, I lift mine eyes,  
     To thee I breathe my strong desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord ?  
     And can my hope, my comfort die,  
     Fix'd on thine everlasting word,  
     That word which built the earth and sky ?
- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,  
     Then my immortal hope is sure ;  
     His word a firm foundation gives,  
     Here let me build and rest secure.
- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell ;  
     Immovable the promise stands ;  
     Not all the pow'rs of earth and hell  
     Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 5 Here, then, my soul, thy trust repose ;  
     If Jesus is for ever mine,

Not death itself, the last of foes,  
Shall break a union so divine. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN CCLXXII. *Common Metre.* b

Thirsting after God. Isa. xli. 17.

- 1 WHEN, fainting in the sultry waste,  
And parch'd with thirst extreme,  
The weary pilgrim longs to taste  
The cool refreshing stream ;
- 2 Should, sudden to his hopeless eye,  
A crystal spring appear,  
How would th' enliv'ning, sweet supply  
His drooping spirit cheer !
- 3 So longs the weary fainting mind,  
Oppress'd with sins and woes,  
Some soul-reviving spring to find,  
Whence heav'nly comfort flows.
- 4 Thus sweet the consolations are  
The promises impart ;  
Here flowing streams of life appear,  
To ease the panting heart.
- 5 O when I thirst for thee, my God,  
With ardent, strong desire,  
And still, through all this desert road,  
To taste thy grace, aspire ;
- 6 Then, let my pray'r to thee ascend,  
A grateful sacrifice ;  
My plaintive voice thou wilt attend,  
And grant me full supplies.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN CCLXXIII. *Common Metre.* \* or b

The Discipline of God's Providence.

- 1 WHEN I review the crooked ways,  
Through which my feet have trod,

- I find incessant cause to bless  
And love my guardian God.
- 2 Through all the labyrinth of life,  
My folly he pursu'd ;  
My wand'ring heart to quick return,  
How tenderly he woo'd !
- 3 I rarely plann'd, but cause I found  
My plan's defeat to bless ;  
Oft I lamented an event,  
Which turn'd to my success.
- 4 When lab'ring under fancied ill,  
My spirits to sustain,  
He kindly cur'd with wholesome draughts  
Of unaffected pain.
- 5 Sometimes he brought me near to death,  
And, pointing to the grave,  
Made terror whisper kind advice,  
And taught the tomb to save.
- 6 To raise my thoughts beyond where worlds  
As spangles o'er us shine ;  
One day he gave, and made the next  
My soul's delight resign.
- 7 From what seem'd horror and despair,  
The richest harvest rose ;  
And gave me in the will divine,  
An absolute repose.

YOUNG.

HYMN CCLXXIV. *Long Metre.*

b

Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
But in the death of Christ, my God ;  
All the vain things that charm me most  
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,  
Spreads o'er his body on the tree ;  
Then am I dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small ;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

WATTS.

HYMN CCLXXV. *Common Metre. # or b*

Trust in God's Word.

- 1 WHEN sin and sorrow, fear and pain,  
My trembling heart dismay,  
My feeble strength, alas, how vain !  
It sinks and dies away.
- 2 My spirit asks a firmer prop,  
I lean upon the Lord ;  
My God, the pillar of my hope  
Is thy unchanging word.
- 3 On this are built the brightest joys  
Celestial beings know ;  
And 'tis the same almighty voice  
Supports the saints below.
- 4 'Tis this upholds the rolling spheres,  
And heav'n's immortal frame ;

Then let my soul suppress her fears,  
My basis is the same.

5 Thy sacred word, thy solemn oath  
For ever must remain ;  
I trust in everlasting truth,  
Nor shall my trust be vain.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCLXXVI. *Common Metre. \* or b*  
Repentance and Pardon. Isaiah iv.

1 WHEN sinners quit their wicked ways,  
Their evil thoughts forego,  
The God to whom their steps return,  
Returning grace will show.

2 He pardons with o'erflowing love ;  
For, hear the voice divine ;  
“ My nature is not like to yours,  
“ Nor like your ways are mine.

3 “ But far as heav’n’s resplendent orbs  
“ Beyond this earth extend ;  
“ So far my thoughts, so far my ways,  
“ Your thoughts and ways transcend.

4 “ Like as the show’rs from heav’n distil,  
“ Nor thither rise again,  
“ But swell the earth with fruitful juice,  
“ And all its tribes sustain ;

5 “ So not a word that flows from me  
“ Shall ineffectual fall ;  
“ But universal nature prove  
“ Obedient to my call.

6 “ Where briers grew in barren wilds,  
“ Shall firs and myrtles spring ;  
“ And nature through her utmost bounds  
“ Eternal praises sing.”

Scotch Paraphrases.

HYMN CCLXXVII. *Long Metre.* # or b

The Influence of the Divine Spirit.

- 1 WHEN the blest Comforter is nigh,  
'Tis he sustains my sinking heart ;  
Else would my hopes for ever die,  
And ev'ry cheering ray depart.
- 2 When some kind promise glads my soul,  
Does not his kind and welcome voice  
The tempest of my fears control,  
And bid my drooping heart rejoice ?
- 3 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,  
With ardent wish my heart aspires,  
Can it be less than pow'r divine  
Which animates these strong desires ?
- 4 What less than thy almighty word  
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,  
And bid me welcome to my Lord,  
My life, my treasure, and my trust ?
- 5 And when my lively hope can say  
I love my God and taste his grace,  
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray  
Which gives the vision of thy face ?
- 6 Let thy good Spirit in my heart  
For ever dwell, O God of love ;  
And light and heav'nly peace impart ;  
Blest earnest of the joys above.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCLXXVIII. *Common Metre.* \*

The Pleasure of Religion.

- 1 WHEN true religion gains a place,  
And lives within the mind,  
The sensual life, subdu'd by grace,  
And all the soul refin'd ;

- 2 The desert blooms in living green,  
Where thorns and briars grew ;  
The barren waste is fruitful seen,  
And all the prospect new.
- 3 The storms of rugged winter cease,  
The frozen pow'rs revive ;  
Spring blooms without, within is peace,  
All nature seems alive.
- 4 O happy christian, richly bless'd !  
What floods of pleasure roll !  
By God and man he stands confess'd  
In dignity of soul.
- 5 Substantial, pure, his ev'ry joy ;  
His Maker is his friend ;  
The noblest business his employ,  
And happiness his end !
- 6 Ye sensual, worldly, proud and vain,  
Your airy good pursue ;  
Let me religion's pleasure gain,  
I'll leave the world to you.

PROUD.

HYMN CCLXXIX. *Common Metre. # or b*  
The last Tempest.

- 1 WHEN wild confusion wrecks the air,  
And tempests rend the skies ;  
Whilst blended ruin, clouds and fire,  
In harsh disorder rise ;
- 2 Safe in my Saviour's love I'll stand,  
And strike a tuneful song ;  
My harp all trembling in my hand,  
And all inspir'd my tongue.
- 3 I'll shout aloud, " Ye thunders roll,  
" And shake the sullen sky,

- “ Your sounding voice from pole to pole  
   “ In angry murmurs try.
- 4 “ Let the earth totter on her base,  
   “ And clouds the heav'n deform ;  
   “ Blow, all ye winds, from ev'ry place,  
   “ And rush the final storm.
- 5 “ Come quickly, blessed hope, appear,  
   “ Bid thy swift chariot fly ;  
   “ Let angels tell thy coming near,  
   “ And snatch me to the sky.
- 6 “ Around thy wheels in the glad throng  
   “ I'd bear a joyful part ;  
   “ All hallelujah on my tongue,  
   “ All rapture in my heart.”

M. BYLES.

HYMN CCLXXX. *Long Metre. # or b*  
 To Christ the Eternal Life.

- 1 WHERE shall the tribes of Adam find  
 The sov'reign good to fill the mind ?  
 Ye sons of moral wisdom, show  
 The spring whence living waters flow.
- 2 Say, will the *Stoick's* flinty heart  
 Melt, and this cordial balm impart ?  
 Could *Plato* find these blissful streams  
 Among his raptures and his dreams ?
- 3 In vain I ask ! for nature's pow'r  
 Extends but to this mortal hour ;  
 'Twas but a poor relief she gave  
 Against the terrors of the grave.
- 4 Jesus, our kinsman and our Lord,  
 By angels and by men ador'd,  
 Thou art our life ; our souls in thee  
 Possess a full felicity.

- 5 Let atheists scoff, and Jews blaspheme  
 Th' eternal life and Jesus' name ;  
 Yet our immortal hopes are laid  
 In thee, our Surety and our Head.
- 6 Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,  
 Are full of glories, yet unknown ;  
 'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,  
 To see thy face, to sing thy love.

WATTS.

HYMN CCLXXXI. *Common Metre. \** or **b**  
 Mercy before Sacrifice.

- 1 WHEREWITH shall guilty man appear  
 Before Jehovah's throne ;  
 Or how procure thy kind regard,  
 And for his sins atone ?
- 2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,  
 And spicy fumes ascend ?  
 Will these our earnest wish succeed,  
 And make our God our friend ?
- 3 Should thousand rams in flames expire,  
 Would these thy favours buy ?  
 Or oil that should for holy fire  
 Ten thousand streams supply ?
- 4 With trembling hands and bleeding heart  
 Should we our offspring slay ;  
 Would this atone for ill desert,  
 And take our guilt away ?
- 5 "No," saith the Lord, "'tis fruitless all,  
 "Such costly rites are vain ;  
 "No victims from the field or stall  
 "My favour can obtain.
- 6 "But truth to men and justice show,  
 "And proofs of mercy give ;

“Then humbly walk with God below,  
“And you with God shall live.

7 “Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere,  
“I never will despise ;  
“And cheerful duty will prefer  
“To costly sacrifice.”

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN CCLXXXII. Common Metre. \*

The Nativity of Christ.

1 WHILST shepherds watch'd their flocks by  
Near Bethle'm's happy ground, [night,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.

2 “Fear not,” said he, (for mighty dread  
Had seiz'd the troubled mind,)  
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
“To you and all mankind.

3 “To you, in David's town, this day  
“Is born, of David's line,  
“The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,  
“And this shall be the sign :

4 “The heav'nly Babe you there shall find  
“To human view display'd ;  
“But meanly wrapt in swathing-bands,  
“And in a manger laid.”

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
Appear'd a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, and thus  
Address'd their joyful song :

6 “All glory be to God on high !  
“And to the earth be peace !

“ Good-will henceforth from heav’n to men  
 “ Begin and never cease !”

PATRICK, or TATE.

HYMN CCLXXXIII. *Long Metre. # or b*

Peace of Conscience.

- 1 WHILST some in folly’s pleasure roll,  
 And seek the joys which hurt the soul ;  
 Be mine that silent calm repast,  
 A peaceful conscience to the last :
- 2 That tree which bears immortal fruit,  
 Without a canker at the root ;  
 That Friend who never fails the just,  
 When other friends desert their trust.
- 3 With this companion in the shade,  
 My soul no more shall be dismay’d ;  
 I will defy the midnight gloom,  
 And the pale monarch of the tomb.
- 4 Though God afflicts, I’ll not repine,  
 The noblest comforts still are mine ;  
 Comforts which shall o’er death prevail,  
 And journey with me through the vale.
- 5 Amidst the various scenes of ills,  
 Each stroke some kind design fulfils ;  
 And shall I murmur at my God,  
 When sov’reign love directs the rod ?
- 6 His hand will smooth my rugged way,  
 And lead me to the realms of day ;  
 To milder skies and brighter plains,  
 Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

ENFIELD’s Collection.

HYMN CCLXXXIV. *Common Metre.* \*

## Devotion.

- 1 WHILST thee I seek, protecting Pow'r !  
     Be my vain wishes still'd ;  
     And may this consecrated hour  
         With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd,  
     To thee my thoughts would soar ;  
     Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd ;  
         That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
     Thy ruling hand I see !  
     Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
         Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,  
     In ev'ry pain I bear,  
     My heart shall find delight in praise,  
         Or seek relief in pray'r.
- 5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,  
     Thy love my thoughts shall fill :  
     Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,  
         My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
     The gath'ring storm shall see ;  
     My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;  
         That heart will rest on thee.

Miss H. M. WILLIAMS.

HYMN CCLXXXV. *Long Metre.* \* or b*REANIMATION.*

A Hymn for the Humane Society.

- 1 Who, from the shades of gloomy night,  
When the last tear of hope is shed,  
Can bid the soul return to light,  
And break the slumber of the dead ?
- 2 No human skill that heart can warm,  
Which the cold blast of nature froze ;  
Recal to life the perish'd form ;  
The secret of the grave disclose.
- 3 But thou, our saving God, we know,  
Canst arm the mortal hand with pow'r  
To bid the stagnant pulses flow,  
The animating heat restore.
- 4 Thy will, ere nature's tutor'd hand  
Could with young life these limbs unfold ;  
Did the imprison'd brain expand,  
And all its countless fibres told.
- 5 As from the dust, thy forming breath  
Could the unconscious being raise ;  
So can the silent voice of death  
Wake at thy call, in songs of praise.
- 6 Since *twice* to die is ours alone,  
And *twice* the birth of life to see ;  
O let us, suppliant at thy throne,  
Devote our *second* life to thee.

Mrs. MORTON.

HYMN CCLXXXVI. *Long Metre.*

#

Faith triumphant.

- 1 Who shall the Lord's elect condemn ?  
'Tis God who justifies their souls ;  
And mercy, like a mighty stream,  
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell ?  
'Tis Christ who suffer'd in their stead ;  
And, the salvation to fulfil,  
Behold him rising from the dead !
- 3 He lives ! he lives ! and reigns above,  
For ever interceding there ;  
Who shall divide us from his love ?  
Or what shall tempt us to despair ?
- 4 Shall persecution or distress,  
Famine, or sword, or nakedness ?  
He who hath lov'd us, bears us through,  
And makes us more than conq'rors too.
- 5 Faith has an overcoming pow'r,  
It triumphs in the dying hour ;  
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,  
Nor can we sink with such a prop.
- 6 Not all that men on earth can do,  
Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,  
Shall cause his mercy to remove,  
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

WATTS.

HYMN CCLXXXVII. *C. M.*

# or b

Death and the Resurrection.

- 1 Why do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms ?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,  
To call them to his arms.

- 2 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb ?  
There Jesus' sacred body lay,  
And left a long perfume.
- 3 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,  
And soften'd ev'ry bed :  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with the dying Head ?
- 4 Thence he arose, ascended high,  
And show'd our feet the way ;  
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,  
At the great rising day.
- 5 Then shall the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our friends arise ;  
Awake, ye nations, from the ground !  
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

WATTS.

HYMN CCLXXXVIII. C. M. # or b  
Looking at Things unseen.

- 1 Why should the world's alluring toys,  
Detain our hearts and eyes ;  
Regardless of immortal joys,  
And strangers to the skies !
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay,  
They fade upon the sight ;  
And quickly will their brighter day  
Be lost in endless night.
- 3 Their brightest day ! alas, how vain !  
With conscious sighs we own ;  
Whilst clouds of sorrow, care and pain  
O'er shade the smiling noon.
- 4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly  
Above these gloomy shades,

To those bright worlds beyond the sky  
Which sorrow ne'er invades!—

- 5 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,  
Or reason's feeble ray,  
In ever blooming prospect rise,  
Unconscious of decay.
- 6 Lord, send a beam of light divine  
To guide our upward aim ;  
With one reviving ray of thine  
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,  
Our ardent wishes rise, [spring  
To those bright scenes where pleasures  
Immortal in the skies.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN CCLXXXIX. *Long Metre.*

#

*Marriage.*

- 1 With cheerful voices rise and sing  
The praises of our God and King ;  
For he alone can minds unite,  
And bless with conjugal delight.
- 2 This wedded pair, O Lord, inspire  
With heav'nly love, that sacred fire ;  
From this blest moment may they prove  
The bliss divine of marriage love.
- 3 O may they both increasing find  
Substantial pleasures of the mind ;  
Happy together may they be,  
And both united, Lord, to thee.
- 4 To you, blest pair, your God hath giv'n  
To taste the love which reigns in heav'n ;  
His gift with all your pow'rs improve,  
And cultivate that virtuous love.

5 So may you live as truly one ;  
 And when your work on earth is done,  
 Rise, hand in hand, to heav'n, and share  
 The joys of love for ever there !

PROUD.

HYMN CCXC. *Common Metre.* \* or b  
 The penitent Thief.

- 1 WITH deep contrition, grief and shame,  
 The thief his crimes confess'd,  
 Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,  
 And thus his pray'r address'd :
- 2 " When to thy kingdom thou shalt come,  
 O Lord, remember me."
- " This day, with me in paradise  
 Thy happy soul shall be."
- 3 Thus spake the Saviour to a wretch  
 Who languish'd at his side ;  
 Whilst on the fatal tree he hung,  
 And bled, and groan'd, and died.
- 4 Jesus, thou Son, and Heir of heav'n,  
 Thou Lord of all below,  
 Though then unjustly thou wast brought  
 To infamy and wo ;
- 5 Yet quickly from that dreadful scene  
 In triumph thou didst rise,  
 Burst through the prison of the grave,  
 And gain'd thy native skies !
- 6 Exalted to thy Father's throne,  
 Pardon and life to give ;  
 The penitent thou still dost hear,  
 And bid the sinner live.

Altered from STENNETT.

## HYMN CCXCI. Common Metre. # or b

The First and Second Adam.

- 1 WITH flowing eyes and bleeding hearts  
A fallen world survey !  
See the wide ruin sin has made  
In one unhappy day.
- 2 Adam, in God's own image form'd,  
See from his God estrang'd !  
And all the joys of paradise  
For guilt and horror chang'd !
- 3 This fatal heritage bequeath'd  
To all his helpless race ;  
Through this dark maze of sin and wo,  
Thus to the grave we pass.
- 4 But O, my soul, with rapture hear  
The second Adam's name ;  
And the celestial gifts he brings  
To all his seed, proclaim.
- 5 What, though in mortal life they mourn ?  
What, though by death they fall ?  
Jesus, in one triumphant day,  
Transforms and crowns them all !
- 6 Praise to his rich transcending grace,  
Ev'n by our fall we rise ;  
And gain, for earthly Eden lost,  
A heav'nly paradise.

MASON, altered.

## HYMN CCXCII. Common Metre. \*

Compassion of Christ.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above ;  
His heart is full of tenderness,  
Of pity and of love.

- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame ;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he endur'd the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent and pure,  
The great Redeemer stood ;  
When Satan's fiery darts he bore,  
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh  
Pour'd out his cries and tears ;  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What ev'ry christian bears.
- 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame ;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his pow'r ;  
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
In the distressing hour.

WATTS.

HYMN CCXCIII. *Common Metre.* \* or b  
Repentance and Hope.

- 1 WITH restless agitations tost,  
And low immers'd in woes,  
When shall my wild distemper'd thoughts  
Regain their lost repose ?
- 2 O thou, the wretched's sure retreat,  
These tort'ring cares control ;  
And with the cheerful smile of peace  
Revive my fainting soul.

- 3 Did ever thy paternal ear  
     The humble plea disdain ?  
 Or when did plaintive mis'ry sigh,  
     Or supplicate in vain ?
- 4 Oppress'd with grief and shame, dissolv'd  
     In penitential tears,  
 Thy goodness calms our restless doubts,  
     And dissipates our fears.
- 5 New life from thy refreshing grace  
     Our sinking hearts receive ;  
 For 'tis thy darling attribute  
     To pity and forgive.
- 6 From that blest source, propitious hope  
     Appears serenely bright,  
 And sheds its soft diffusive beam  
     O'er sorrow's dismal night.
- 7 My griefs confess its vital pow'r,  
     And bless the friendly ray,  
 Which ushers in the glad serene  
     Of everlasting day.

Mrs. CARTER.

HYMN CCXCIV. *Long Metre. # or b*

Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever.

- 1 With wonder, Lord, our souls proclaim  
     Th' immortal honours of thy name ;  
 Assembled round our Saviour's throne,  
     We make his countless glories known.
- 2 Ere Adam's clay with life was warm'd,  
     Or Gabriel's nobler spirit form'd ;  
 Before Creation was begun,  
     Before all ages, was the Son.

- 3 Through all succeeding ages, he  
   The same hath been, and still shall be ;  
   Immortal honours crown his head,  
   Though earth and skies wax old and fade.
- 4 The same his pow'r his flock to guard ;  
   The same his bounty to reward ;  
   The same his faithfulness and love  
   To saints on earth, and saints above.
- 5 Let nature change, and sink, and die,  
   Jesus shall raise his people high ;  
   And place them near his Father's throne,  
   In glory lasting as his own.

DODDRIDGE

HYMN CCXCV. *Common Metre. # or b*

## The Christian's Farewell.

- 1 YE golden lamps of heav'n, farewell,  
   With all your feeble light ;  
   Farewell, thou ever changing moon,  
   Pale empress of the night.
- 2 And thou, resplendent orb of day,  
   In brighter flames array'd ;  
   My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,  
   No more demands thy aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust  
   Of my divine abode ;  
   The pavement of those heav'ly courts,  
   Where I shall see my God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light  
   Shall there his beams display ;  
   Nor shall one moment's darkness mix  
   With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief  
     Shall swell into my eyes ;  
     Nor the meridian sun decline,  
         Amidst those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his saints  
     Shall in one song unite ;  
     And each the bliss of all shall view  
         With infinite delight.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXCVI. *Common Metre.* \* or b  
                           Divine Goodness.

1 YE humble souls, approach your God  
     With songs of sacred praise ;  
     For he is good, immensely good,  
         And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,  
     In him we live and move ;  
     But nobler benefits declare  
         The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his well beloved Son,  
     To save our souls from sin ;  
     Tis here he makes his goodness known,  
         And proves it all divine.

4 To this sure refuge, Lord, we come,  
     And here our hope relies ;  
     A safe defence, a peaceful home,  
         When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,  
     The souls who trust in thee ;  
     Their humble hope thou wilt reward  
         With bliss divinely free.

**6** Great God, to thy almighty love  
 What honours shall we raise !  
 Not all the raptur'd songs above  
 Can render equal praise.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCXCVII. *Long Metre.*

#

Blessed are the Poor in Spirit.

- 1** YE humble souls, complain no more ;  
 Let faith survey your future store :  
 How happy, how divinely blest,  
 The sacred words of truth attest !
- 2** When conscious grief laments sincere,  
 And pours the penitential tear,  
 Hope points to your dejected eyes  
 A bright reversion in the skies.
- 3** In vain the sons of wealth and pride  
 Despise your lot, your hopes deride ;  
 In vain they boast their little stores ;  
 Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours.
- 4** A kingdom of immense delight,  
 Where health and peace and joy unite ;  
 A kingdom which shall ne'er decay,  
 Though earthly kingdoms fade away.
- 5** There shall your eyes with rapture view  
 The glorious Friend who died for you ;  
 Who died to ransom, died to raise  
 To crowns of joy and songs of praise.
- 6** Jesus, to thee I breathe my pray'r ;  
 Confirm to me my int'rest there ;  
 Whatever be my lot below,  
 This, this my soul desires to know.

7 O let me hear thy voice divine  
 Pronounce the glorious blessing mine !  
 Enroll'd among thy happy poor,  
 My largest wishes ask no more.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN CCXCVIII. *Common Metre.* ♫The Invitation. *Isaiah iv.*

- 1 "YE thirsty souls, approach the spring  
 Where living waters flow ;  
 Free to that sacred fountain, all  
 Without a price may go.
- 2 "How long to streams of false delight  
 Will ye in crowds repair ?  
 How long your strength and substance waste  
 On trifles light as air ?
- 3 "My stores afford those rich supplies  
 That health and pleasure give ;  
 Incline your ear, and come to me ;  
 The soul that hears shall live.
- 4 "With you a cov'nant I will make,  
 That ever shall endure ;  
 The hope which gladden'd David's heart  
 My mercy hath made sure.
- 5 "Behold he comes, your Leader comes,  
 With might and honour crown'd ;  
 A witness who shall spread my name  
 To earth's remotest bound.
- 6 "See, nations hasten to his call  
 From every distant shore ;  
 Islands unknown shall bow to him,  
 And Israel's God adore."

Scotch Paraphrases.

HYMN CCXCIX. *Common Metre.*

## The Gospel Feast.

- 1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,  
Behold a royal feast !  
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store  
For ev'ry humble guest.
- 2 See Jesus stands with open arms,  
He calls, he bids you come :  
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,  
But see, there yet is room !
- 3 In Jesus' condescending heart  
Both love and pity meet ;  
Nor will he bid the soul depart,  
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 Come then, and with his people taste  
The blessings of his love ;  
While hope attends the sweet repast  
Of nobler joys above.
- 5 There, with united heart and voice,  
Before th' eternal throne,  
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,  
In ecstacies unknown.
- 6 And yet ten thousand thousand more  
Are welcome still to come ;  
Ye longing souls, the grace adore ;  
Approach, there yet is room.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCC. *Common Metre.* ※ or b  
True and false Zeal.

- 1 ZEAL is that pure and heav'nly flame  
The fire of love supplies ;  
Whilst that which often bears the name,  
Is self but in disguise.

- 2 True zeal is merciful and mild,  
Can pity and forbear ;  
The false is headstrong, fierce and wild,  
And breathes revenge and war.
- 3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,  
He knows the worth of peace ;  
But self contends for names and forms,  
Its party to increase.
- 4 Zeal has attain'd its highest aim,  
Its end is satisfy'd,  
If sinners love the Saviour's name,  
Nor seeks it aught beside.
- 5 But self, however well employ'd,  
Has its own ends in view ;  
And says, as boasting Jehu cried,  
"Come, see what I can do."
- 6 Self may its own reward obtain,  
And be applauded here ;  
But zeal the best applause will gain  
When Jesus shall appear.
- 7 This idol self, O Lord, dethrone,  
And from our hearts remove ;  
And let no zeal by us be shown  
But that which springs from love.

NEWTON.

HYMN CCCI. *Short Metre.*Christ the Light of the World. b

- 1 BEHOLD, the Prince of Peace !  
The chosen of the Lord,  
God's well-beloved Son, fulfils  
The sure prophetic word.
- 2 No royal pomp adorns  
This King of righteousness :

Meekness and patience, truth and love,  
Compose his princely dress.

- 3 The Spirit of the Lord,  
In rich abundance shed,  
On this great Prophet gently lights,  
And rests upon his head.
- 4 Jesus, thou light of men !  
Thy doctrine life imparts :  
O may we feel its quick'ning pow'r  
To warm and glad our hearts !
- 5 Cheer'd by its beams, our souls  
Shall run the heav'nly way :  
The path, which Christ unwearied trod  
Will lead to endless day.

NEEDHAM.

## HYMN CCCII. 7s. Metre.

b

Christ's Invitations. Matth. xi. 28.

- 1 COME ! said Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come, and make my paths your choice ;  
I will guide you to your home ;  
Weary pilgrim, hither come !
- 2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,  
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn :  
Long hast roam'd the barren waste,  
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !
- 3 Ye who, toss on beds of pain,  
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;  
Ye, whose swoln and sleepless eyes  
Watch to see the morning rise :
- 4 Ye by fiercer anguish torn,  
In remorse for guilt who mourn,  
Here repose your heavy care :  
A wounded spirit who can bear ?

5 Sinner, come ! for here is found  
Balm that flows for ev'ry wound ;  
Peace that ever shall endure,  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

BARBAULD.

## HYMN CCCIII. 7s Metre.

※

Love to God and Man.

- 1 FATHER of our feeble race,  
Wise, beneficent, and kind,  
Spread o'er nature's ample face,  
Flows thy goodness unconfin'd :  
Musing in the silent grove,  
Or the busy walks of men,  
Still we trace thy wondrous love,  
Claiming large returns again.
- 2 Lord, what off'rings shall we bring,  
At thine altars when we bow ?  
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,  
Whence the kind affections flow ;  
Soft compassion's feeling soul,  
By the melting eye express'd ;  
Sympathy, at whose control,  
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast :
- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,  
Bind the wound, or feed the poor ;  
Love, embracing all our kind,  
Charity, with lib'ral store :  
Teach us, O thou heav'nly King,  
Thus to show our grateful mind,  
Thus th' accepted off'ring bring,  
Love to thee, and all mankind.

TAYLOR.

HYMN CCCIV. *Common Metre.*

b

## Religious Retirement.

- 1** FAR from the world, O Lord ! I flee,  
     From strife and tumult far ;  
     From scenes where sin is waging still  
         Its most successful war.
- 2** The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
     With pray'r and praise agree ;  
     And seem by thy sweet bounty made  
         For those who follow thee.
- 3** There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,  
     And grace her mean abode,  
     O with what peace, and joy, and love,  
         She communes with her God !
- 4** There, like the nightingale, she pours  
     Her solitary lays ;  
     Nor asks a witness of her song,  
         Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5** Author and Guardian of my life,  
     Thou Source of light divine ;  
     And all harmonious names in one,  
         My Father—thou art mine !
- 6** What thanks I owe thee ! and what love,  
     A vast and boundless store,  
     Shall echo through the realms above,  
         When time shall be no more !

COWPER.

HYMN CCCV. *Short Metre.*

b

The Designs of Providence in the Changes and Revolutions  
     of the World.

- 1** GOD, to correct the world,  
     In wrath is slow to rise ;

- But comes at length in thunder cloth'd,  
And darkness veils the skies.
- 2 His banners, lifted high,  
The nations' God declare ;  
And stain'd with blood, with terrors mark'd,  
Spread wonder and despair.
- 3 All earthly pomp and pride  
Are in his presence lost ; [crowns,  
Empires o'erturn'd, thrones, sceptres,  
In wild confusion lost.
- 4 While war and wo prevail,  
And desolation wide ;  
In God, the sov'reign Lord of all,  
The righteous still confide.
- 5 Mysterious is the course  
Of his tremendous way :  
His path is in the trackless winds,  
And in the foaming sea.
- 6 Yet, tho' now wrapt in clouds,  
And from our view conceal'd ;  
The righteous Judge will soon appear,  
In majesty reveal'd !
- 7 He'll curb the lawless pow'r,  
The deadly wrath of man ;  
And all the windings will unfold  
Of his own gracious plan.

JERVIS altered.

## HYMN CCCVI. 7s. Metre.

b

A Penitential Hymn.

- 1 God of mercy ! God of love !  
Hear our sad repentant song ;  
Sorrow dwells on ev'ry face,  
Penitence on ev'ry tongue.

- 2 Deep regret for follies past,  
Talents wasted, time mispent ;  
Hearts debas'd by worldly cares,  
Thankless for the blessings lent—
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,  
Vain regrets for things as vain ;  
Lips too seldom taught to praise,  
Oft to murmur and complain—
- 4 These, and every secret fault,  
Fill'd with grief and shame we own ;  
Humbled, at thy feet we lie,  
Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy ! God of grace !  
Hear our sad repentant songs ;  
O restore thy suppliant race,  
Thou to whom our praise belongs !

TAYLOR.

HYMN CCCVII. *Long Metre.*

\*

## Meekness.

- 1 HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,  
Clear as the summer's ev'ning ray,  
Calm as the regions of the blest,  
Enjoys on earth celestial day.
- 2 His heart no broken friendships sting,  
No storms his peaceful tent invade ;  
He rests beneath th' almighty wing,  
Hostile to none, of none afraid.
- 3 Spirit of grace ! all meek and mild,  
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess,  
Repel each passion rude and wild,  
And bless us, as we aim to bless.

SCOTT.

HYMN CCCVIII. *Long Metre.* ※

Death and Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 HE dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !  
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around !  
A solemn darkness veils the skies,  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two  
For him who groan'd beneath your load ;  
He shed a thousand drops for you,  
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree !  
The Lord of Glory dies for men !  
But lo, what sudden joys we see,  
Jesus the dead revives again !
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb ;  
In vain the tomb forbids his rise :  
Cherubick legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns !  
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster, Death, in chains !
- 6 Say, live for ever, wondrous King !  
Born to redeem, and strong to save ;  
Then ask the monster, where's thy sting ?  
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?

WATTS altered.

HYMN CCCIX. *Common Metre.* b

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Rev. xiii. 14.

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims  
For all the pious dead ;  
Sweet is the savour of their names,  
And soft their dying bed.

- 2 They sleep in Jesus, and are bless'd :  
How calm their slumbers are !  
From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,  
And freed from ev'ry care.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,  
They're present with the Lord ;  
The labours of their mortal life  
End in a large reward.

WATTS.

HYMN CCCX. *Long Metre.*

x

Christian Friendship.

- 1 How blest the sacred tie that binds  
In union sweet according minds !  
How swift the heav'nly course they run,  
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are  
one !
- 2 To each the soul of each how dear !  
What jealous love, what holy fear !  
How doth the gen'rous flame within  
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow  
For human guilt and mortal wo ;  
Their ardent pray'rs together rise  
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together both they seek the place  
Where God reveals his awful face :  
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,  
There's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire  
When nature droops her sick'ning fire ;  
Then shall they meet in realms above,  
A heav'n of joy—because of love.

BARBAULD.

HYMN CCCXI. *Common Metre.*      \*

Remember thy Creator in the Days of thy Youth.  
Eccl. xii. 1.

- 1 IN the soft season of thy youth,  
    In nature's smiling bloom,  
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait  
    Its summons to the tomb ;
- 2 Remember thy Creator, God ;  
    For him thy pow'rs employ ;  
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,  
    Thy confidence, thy joy.
- 3 He shall defend and guide thy course  
    Through life's uncertain sea :  
Till thou art landed on the shore  
    Of bless'd eternity.
- 4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose  
    The path of heav'nly truth :  
The earth affords no lovelier sight,  
    Than a religious youth.

Salisbury Collection.

HYMN CCCXII. *Long Metre.*

The House of God.

- 1 Lo, God is here ! let us adore,  
And humbly bow before his face :  
Let all within us feel his power,  
Let all within us seek his grace.
- 2 Lo, God is here ! him day and night  
Th' united choirs of angels sing :  
To him, enthron'd above all height,  
Heav'n's host their noblest praises bring.
- 3 Being of beings ! may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill :  
Still may we stand before thy face,  
Still hear and do thy sov'reign will.

Salisbury Collection.

HYMN CCCXIII. *Hallelujah Metre.* ☀

Fruitful Showers, Emblems of the Effects of the Gospel.  
Isaiah lv. 10, 11.

- 1 MARK the soft falling snow,  
And the descending rain !  
To heav'n, from whence it fell,  
It turns not back again ;  
But waters earth      Thro' ev'ry pore,  
And calls forth all    Her secret store.
- 2 Array'd in beauteous green  
The hills and vallies shine,  
And man and beast are fed  
By Providence divine :  
The harvest bows      Its golden ears,  
The copious seed      Of future years.
- 3 So, saith the God of grace,  
My gospel shall descend,  
Almighty to effect  
The purpose I intend :  
Millions of souls      Shall feel its pow'r,  
And bear it down      To millions more.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCCXIV. *Long Metre.* b

Things below and Things above. Psalm ciii. 15, 16.

- 1 OF mortal life, how short the date !  
Like flow'rs, which in their brightest state  
With gaudy hues the fields adorn,  
But soon by passing storms are torn.
- 2 Their boasted beauty reft away,  
How quick the vernal blooms decay !  
Each in an hour its pride resigns,  
And with'ring in the dust reclines.
- 3 So transient is the life of man,  
At most a brief contracted span ;

It blooms, it fades ; and serves to show  
How vain, how frail are things below.

- 4 To things above with fix'd desire  
Then let our better hopes aspire ;  
To realms, where, in eternal day,  
Nor mortals die, nor flow'rs decay.

MERRICK.

HYMN CCCXV. *Long Metre.*

Veni Creator Spiritus.

- 1 OH ! Source of uncreated light !  
By whom the worlds were rais'd from night ;  
Come, visit ev'ry pious mind ;  
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.
- 2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,  
Rich in thy matchless energy :  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make us temples worthy thee.
- 3 Cleanse and refine our earthly parts,  
Inflame and sanctify our hearts,  
Our frailties help, our vice control,  
Submit the senses to the soul.
- 4 Thrice holy fount ! thrice holy fire !  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;  
Make us eternal truths receive,  
Aid us to live as we believe.
- 5 Chase from our path each noxious foe,  
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;  
And, lest our feet should step astray,  
Protect and guide us in our way.

DRYDEN.

HYMN CCCXVI. *Common Metre.*

The first and second Coming of Christ.

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands !  
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue ;

- His new-discover'd grace demands  
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus came  
A guilty world to save ;  
From vice and error to reclaim,  
And rescue from the grave.
- 3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day ;  
Joy through the earth be seen ;  
Let cities shine in bright array,  
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 With pleasure lift your wond'ring eyes,  
Ye islands of the sea !  
Ye mountains, sink ; ye vallies, rise !  
Prepare the Saviour's way.
- 5 Behold he comes ! he comes to bless  
The nations from their God ;  
To shew the world his righteousness,  
And send his truth abroad.
- 6 Again he comes, with pow'rful voice,  
To wake the num'rous dead,  
And call his churches to rejoice  
With their exalted Head.
- 7 When He, who is our life, draws near,  
And all his glory view,  
His faithful servants shall appear  
With him in glory too.

WATTS.

HYMN CCCXVII. *Common Metre.*

b

The Instability of worldly Enjoyments.

- 1 THE evils that beset our path,  
Who can prevent or cure ?  
We stand upon the brink of death,  
When most we seem secure.

- 2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,  
It soon may be withdrawn ;  
Some change may plunge us in distress,  
Before to-morrow's dawn.
- 3 Disease and pain invade our health,  
And find an easy prey ;  
And oft, when least expected, wealth  
Takes wings and flies away.
- 4 The grounds from which we look for fruit  
Produce us often pain ;  
A worm unseen attacks the root,  
And all our hopes are vain.
- 5 Since sin has fill'd the earth with wo,  
And creatures fade and die ;  
Lord, wean our hearts from things below,  
And fix our hopes on high !

COWPER.

HYMN CCCXVIII. *Short Metre.*      ♠  
Light and Deliverance.

- 1 THE trav'ller, lost in night,  
Breathes many a longing sigh,  
And marks the welcome dawn of light,  
With rapture in his eye.
- 2 Thus sweet the dawn of day  
Which weary sinners find,  
When mercy with reviving ray  
Beams o'er the fainting mind.
- 3 To slaves opprest with chains,  
How kind, how dear the friend,  
Whose gen'rous hand relieves their pains,  
And bids their sorrows end !
- 4 Thus dear that Friend divine,  
Who rescues captive souls ;

Unbinds the galling chains of sin,  
And all its power controls.

- 5 My God ! to gospel light  
My dawn of hope I owe ;  
Once, wand'ring in the shades of night,  
And sunk in hopeless wo.
- 6 Thy hand redeem'd the slave,  
And set the pris'ner free :  
Be all I am, and all I have,  
Devoted, Lord, to thee !

MRS. STEELE, altered.

HYMN CCCXIX. *Common Metre.* b  
For a Fast Day.

- 1 WHEN Abra'm, full of sacred awe,  
Before Jehovah stood,  
And, with an humble, fervent prayer,  
For guilty Sodom su'd ;
- 2 With what success, what wondrous grace,  
Was his petition crown'd !  
The Lord would spare, if in the place  
Ten righteous men were found.
- 3 And could a single pious soul  
So rich a boon obtain ?  
Good God ! and shall a nation cry,  
And plead with thee in vain ?
- 4 Our country, guilty as she is,  
Her num'rous saints can boast ;  
See their united prayers ascend ;  
And shall these prayers be lost ?
- 5 Are not the righteous dear to thee  
Now, as in ancient times ?  
Or does this sinful land exceed  
Gomorrah in her crimes ?

6 Still we are thine, we bear thy name,

Here yet is thine abode :

Long has thy presence blest our land ;

Forsake us not, O God !

7 O may our people, rulers, priests,

Thy choicest blessings share ;

And know thee by that glorious name,

“ The God who heareth pray’r !”

West Boston Coll.

HYMN CCCXX. *Long Metre.*

b

Humility.

1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,  
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,  
Lives but the insect of a day—  
O why should mortal man be proud ?

2 His brightest visions just appear,  
Then vanish, and no more are found :  
The stateliest pile his pride can rear  
A breath may level with the ground.

3 By doubt perplex’d, in error lost,  
With trembling step he seeks his way :  
How vain of wisdom’s gifts the boast !  
Of reason’s lamp, how faint the ray !

4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,  
Are crowded in life’s little span :  
How ill, alas, does pride become  
That erring, guilty creature, man !

5 God of my life, Father divine !  
Give me a meek and lowly mind :  
In modest worth, O let me shine,  
And peace in humble virtue find.

ENFIELD.

## HYMN CCCXXI. 7s. Metre.

b

Close of the Year.

- 1 WHILE by calm reflection led,  
We review each passing year,  
Think how many souls are fled,  
Never more to meet us here !
- 2 Fix'd in an eternal state,  
They have now no cares below ;  
We a little longer wait ;  
But how little, none can know.
- 3 Life how frail ! . how fleeting breath !  
Fate stands threat'ning still in view ;  
And the next dread bolt of death  
May be sent to me or you.
- 4 While we speak, and while we hear,  
Teach us, Lord, with awe to think,  
That eternity is near,  
We are standing on the brink.
- 5 As the winged arrow flies  
Quick, the destin'd mark to find ;  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts, and leaves no trace behind :
- 6 So our brief and transient days  
To their end speed swiftly on ;  
Soon we pass life's little space,  
Here to-day, to-morrow gone.
- 7 Lord, our humble vows receive,  
Pardon of our sins renew ;  
Teach us by thy grace to live,  
With eternity in view.
- 8 Bless thy word to young and old ;  
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
And, when life's short tale is told,  
Take us to thy bliss above !

HYMN CCCXXII. *Long Metre.*

b

Hymn in Time of War.

- 1 WHILE sounds of war are heard around,  
And death and ruin strew the ground ;  
To thee we look, on thee we call,  
The Parent and the Lord of all !
- 2 Thou, who hast stamp'd on human kind  
The image of a heav'n-born mind,  
And in a father's wide embrace  
Hast cherish'd all the kindred race ;
- 3 O see with what insatiate rage  
Thy sons their impious battles wage ;  
How spreads destruction like a flood,  
And brothers shed their brothers' blood !
- 4 See guilty passions spring to birth,  
And deeds of hell deform the earth ;  
While righteousness and justice mourn ;  
And love and pity droop forlorn.
- 5 Great God ! whose powerful hand can bind  
The raging waves, the furious wind,  
O bid the human tempest cease,  
And hush the madd'ning world to peace.
- 6 With rev'rence may each hostile land  
Hear and obey that high command,  
Thy Son's blest errand from above,  
"My creatures, live in mutual love !"

AIKEN.

HYMN CCCXXIII. *Common Metre.*  or bBrotherly Kindness from the Precept and Example of  
Christ.

- 1 YE foll'wers of the Prince of Peace,  
Who round his table draw !  
Remember what his spirit was,  
What his peculiar law.

2 The love, which all his bosom fill'd,  
     Did all his actions guide ;  
 Inspir'd by love, he liv'd and taught ;  
     Inspir'd by love, he died.

3 And do you love him ? do you feel  
     Your warm affections move ?  
 This is the proof which he demands,  
     That you each other love.

Birmingham Collection.

HYMN CCCXXIV. *Long Metre.* ¶

Doxology.

1 From all that dwell below the skies  
 Let the Creator's praise arise !  
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
 Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue !

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !  
 Eternal truth attends thy word :  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

WATTS.

HYMN CCCXXV. *8 and 7s. Metre.* ¶

Universal Praise.

1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator !  
 Praise to thee from ev'ry tongue ;  
 Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature,  
 Join the universal song.

2 For ten thousand blessings giv'n,  
 For the hope of future joy,  
 Sound his praise thro' earth and heav'n,  
 Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

FAWCETT.

## HYMN CCCXXVI. 8 and 7s. Metre.

Before or after Sermon.

- 1 **LORD** of nature ! Source of light !  
     In pity view thy world below :  
     Guide our erring footsteps rightly,  
     Through these scenes of guilt and wo.
- 2 Grant thy Spirit !—By thy kindness  
     Let our errors be forgiven :  
     Heal our sins, dispel our blindness ;  
     Then—conduct us safe to heaven !

CALAMY.

## HYMN CCCXXVII. 7s. Metre.

After Sermon.

- 1 **THANKS** for mercies past, receive ;  
     Pardon of our sins renew ;  
     Teach us, henceforth, how to live,  
     With eternity in view.
- 2 Bless thy word to old and young ;  
     Grant us, **Lord**, thy peace and love ;  
     And, when life's short race is run,  
     Take us to thy house above.

## HYMN CCCXXVIII. 8 and 7s. Metre.

For the Close of publick Worship.

- 1 **LORD** ! dismiss us with thy blessing.  
     Hope and comfort from above ;  
     Let us, each thy peace possessing,  
     Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration  
     For thy gospel's joyful sound :  
     May the fruits of thy salvation  
     In our hearts and lives abound !

## ASCRIPtIONS AND BENEDICTIONS,

FOUNDED ON TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE ; TO BE SUNG AT  
THE END OF PSALMS AND HYMNS, IN VARIOUS ME-  
TRES.

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### I.

*COMMON METRE.—SINGLE.*

Phil. iv. 7.

MAY peace, which from the Lord proceeds,  
Which Christ alone imparts,  
Which human knowledge far exceeds,  
Preserve and keep our hearts.

### II.

Psalm xxviii. 9.

LORD, bless thy people, who to thee  
Do all their safety owe ;  
Feed thou thy flock, and raise them up  
When they are fallen low.

Unknown.

### III.

Rev. v. 13.

BLESSING and honour, glory, pow'r,  
By all in earth and heav'n,  
To him who sits upon the throne,  
And to the Lamb be giv'n.

TATE.

### IV.

Another.

To him who sits upon the throne,  
The God whom we adore ;  
And to the Lamb that once was slain,  
Be glory evermore.

Scotch Paraphrases.

### V.

*COMMON METRE.—DOUBLE.*

Phil. ii. 10, 11.

LET every creature bow the head  
To God's exalted Son ;  
Since God hath rais'd him from the dead,  
And plac'd him on his throne.

Let every mortal tongue confess  
 That Jesus is the Lord ;  
 Thus when the Saviour's name we bless,  
 The Father is ador'd.

## VI.

Hebrews xiii. 20, 21.

Now may the God of peace and love,  
 Who from the shades of death  
 Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep  
 To draw immortal breath,

Enrich our souls with every grace,  
 That we may do his will ;  
 And all that's pleasing in his sight,  
 Inspire us to fulfil.

RIPPON'S Collection

## VII.

Rev. i. 5, 6.

To him, who wash'd us from our sins  
 In his own precious blood ;  
 And made us kings and priests, before  
 His Father and his God :

To him who died and rose again,  
 Be glory ever giv'n ;  
 And may his wide dominion spread  
 Throughout the earth and heav'n.

## VIII.

Rev. v. 9, 10,

WORTHY art thou, who once wast slain,  
 To open every seal,  
 And from the book of God's decrees  
 His counsels to reveal.

Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,  
 From sin hast set us free,  
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
 And we shall reign with thee.

Partly from WATTS.

*LONG METRE.—SINGLE.*

## I.

Matt. xxi. 9.

HOSANNA\* to king David's Son,  
 Who reigns on a superior throne ;  
 We bless the Prince of heavenly birth,  
 Who brought salvation down to earth.

WATTS.

## II.

1 Tim. i. 17.

Now to the great eternal King,  
 Th' immortal God, we mortals sing ;  
 God only wise we glorify,  
 Invisible to mortal eye.

S. D.

## III.

1 Tim. vi. 15, 16.

To him who dwells in heavenly light,  
 Beyond the reach of human sight,  
 The King supreme, the Lord of heaven,  
 Be endless praise and honour given.

## IV.

2 Thess. ii. 16, 17.

MAY God the Father, and his Son,  
 From whom all love and grace proceed,  
 Comfort our hearts, and 'stablish us  
 In every virtuous word and deed.

## V.

*LONG METRE.—SIX LINES.*

Jude, ver. 24, 25.

To him whose wisdom, love and power  
 Preserves us in temptation's hour,  
 Who will present our souls complete  
 Before the glory of his seat ;  
 To God, our Saviour, only wise,  
 Let songs of praise and honour rise.

\* The word Hosanna signifies, “ Save, we beseech thee ;” it is an ascription of honour to Christ as our Saviour.

*ALL SEVENS METRE.*

2 Cor. xiii. 14.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
 And the Father's boundless love,  
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,  
 Rest upon us from above.

NEWTON.

*SHORT METRE.*

## I.

Rom. xvi. 25, 27.

To God the only wise,  
 Who keeps us by his word,  
 Be glory now and evermore,  
 Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

## II.

2 Cor. xiii. 14.

THE grace of Christ our Lord,  
 The Father's boundless love,  
 The Spirit's blest communion, too,  
 Be with us from above.

## III.

Mat. xxi. 9—John i. 14.

HOSANNA to the WORD,  
 Who from the Father came;  
 Ascribe salvation to the Lord,  
 And ever bless his name.

*HALLELUJAH METRE.*

## I.

1 John iv. 19—Gal. iii. 13—Col. i. 12.

To him who lov'd us first,  
 Before the world began,  
 To him who bore the curse  
 To save rebellious man :  
 To him who forms  
 Our souls for heaven,  
 Be endless praise  
 And glory given.

WATTS.

## II.

Mat. xxi. 9—Acts v. 13—Phil. ii. 11.

HOSANNA to the King  
Of David's royal blood ;  
Behold, he comes to bring  
Forgiving grace from God :  
Upon his head  
Shall honours rest,  
And ev'ry tongue  
Pronounce him blest.

WATTS.

## III.

Heb. i. 6.—Rev. v. 11, 12.

WITH angels round the throne,  
And saints who dwell above,  
We join to praise the Son,  
And sing his wondrous love.

Worthy the Lamb,  
Who once was slain,  
O'er heav'n and earth  
To live and reign.

## IV.

1 Cor. xv. 47—Col. i. 18—Acts v. 31.

To Christ the Lord from heav'n,  
The first-born from the dead ;  
The Prince of life, be glory giv'n,  
And wide his kingdom spread :

Through earth's extent  
His honours raise ;  
And all consent  
His name to praise.

SINCE the death of my brother, the late DR. JOHN CLARKE, I think I am at liberty to say, that many of the variations and additions in this Collection of Psalms and Hymns, were either made or suggested by him : that the alteration of the 149th Psalm was altogether his own ; and that the whole work passed under his critical eye and correcting hand before it went to the press. For this, and for many other acts of Christian friendship, his memory will ever be precious to me.

J. B.

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**FINIS.**





